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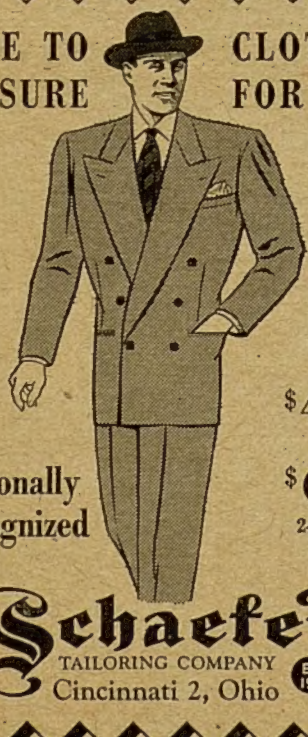

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Kodachrome by John and Cossie Mechling—F. P. G.

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Pride's Castle
BY FRANK YERBY
Author of "The Golden Hawk" and "The Foxes of Harrow"
Lord Johnnie
a novel by
Leslie T. White

Here's Reckless Love and Bold Adventure that Tops Even the Thrills of THE GOLDEN HAWK and THE FOXES OF HARROW!

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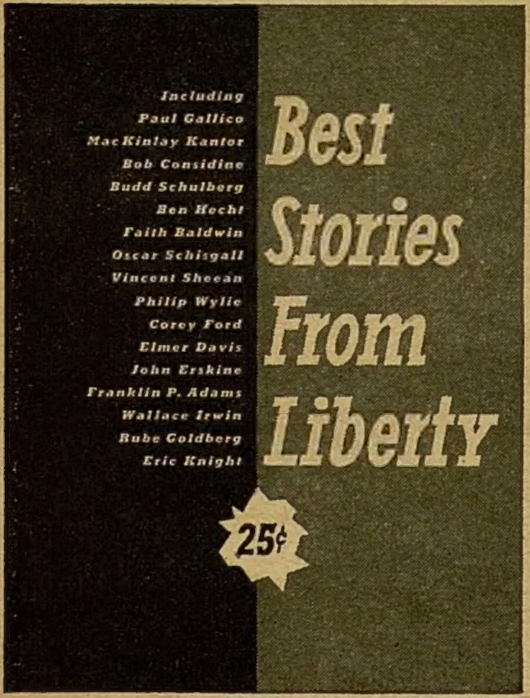

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HOW GOOD IS YOUR CHILD'S TEACHER?

By EDITH EASTON

in collaboration with Grace DeKay, former President of
Elementary School Principals' Association, New York State

◆ How well a child does in school is largely dependent upon the excellence of his teachers. For this reason it is as important to grade the teachers as it is to grade the students.

Below are 25 questions. Only one division of each question applies to your child's teacher. If you don't know the answer, find out. Your child can give you many of the answers. You may also ask the teacher or the school superintendent. You are entitled to know.

Score 4 points if answer is (*a*), 2 if (*b*), and zero if (*c*). A mark of 90 to 100 is excellent; 80 to 90, good; 70 to 80, fair; below 70, failure.

1—Why did she go into teaching?
(*a*) Because she believed teaching was the most important job she could do.
(*b*) Teaching was a secure job with long vacations.
(*c*) Teaching was something to do until she got married.

2—What is her attitude toward children?
(*a*) She feels responsible for the social and mental growth of each child.
(*b*) She is interested in the "best" children.
(*c*) She is more interested in what she teaches than in whom she teaches.

3—What is the child's attitude toward her?
(*a*) A friendly leader.
(*b*) A fair boss.
(*c*) A dictatorial adult.

4—How is her self-discipline?
(*a*) Her dealings with children are always kind, helpful.
(*b*) She has a quick tongue, quick temper.
(*c*) Expects more self-control of the children than she does of herself.

5—What is her attitude toward parents?
(*a*) Important people to work with.
(*b*) Some intelligent enough to talk to.
(*c*) A necessary evil.

6—How competent is her principal?
(*a*) Inspiring educator, able and willing to give help and leadership.
(*b*) A person swamped by detail, who does help at times.
(*c*) Someone unaware of a teacher's need for leadership.

7—What is her place in the community?
(*a*) Respected citizen whose ability to contribute is recognized.
(*b*) A skilled teacher, no place in community activities.
(*c*) A servant who is permitted no minor vices.

8—How much training has she?
(*a*) A master's degree, at least two years' practice teaching.
(*b*) A bachelor's degree, at least two years' practice teaching.
(*c*) A bachelor's degree.

9—How much teaching experience?
(*a*) Ten years or more.
(*b*) Five years or more.
(*c*) One year.

10—Is she growing professionally?
(*a*) She is continuing her studies in order to increase her knowledge and abilities.
(*b*) She is alert to her needs, learning from experience and books.
(*c*) She is perfectly satisfied with herself as an instructor.

11—Has she a rich cultural background?
(*a*) She has much to stimulate the children from her past experiences.
(*b*) She is enriching herself as fast as she can.
(*c*) No intellectual curiosity.

12—Is she keeping up with the world?
(*a*) She is well informed on social, economic, political problems.
(*b*) She reads the headlines.
(*c*) Wouldn't know about Joe DiMaggio's heel.

13—How strong is her feeling for democracy?
(*a*) Respects the dignity of the individual regardless of race, color, or creed.
(*b*) Tries her best, doesn't always succeed.
(*c*) Has many prejudices.

14—Is she personally attractive?
(*a*) Her inner beauty is obvious.
(*b*) Pleasant enough but colorless.
(*c*) Messy, sour looking, or redolent of garlic.

15—How is her voice?
(*a*) Pleasant, well modulated.
(*b*) Fine, except in times of excitement, when it tends to rise.
(*c*) Harsh, monotonous, too loud or too soft.

16—How much energy can she generate?
(*a*) Enough to remain enthusiastic all day almost every day.
(*b*) Enough to operate, as a rule.
(*c*) Gets tired, irritable.

17—What is her disposition?
(*a*) A good sense of humor.
(*b*) Even-tempered but humorless.
(*c*) Unpredictable.

18—What is her teaching personality?
(*a*) She is a good actress, a good salesman, she considers teaching an art.
(*b*) Has imagination, except on Mondays, which are always blue.
(*c*) Leads children in the art of clock-watching.

19—What is her home life?
(*a*) Happy, secure, personal problems under reasonable control.
(*b*) Happy enough, but brings home worries to school.
(*c*) Unsettled.

20—Is she a good "housekeeper"?
(*a*) Distributes and collects supplies efficiently, helps children respect equipment.
(*b*) Slightly disorganized, but will get reports in on time.
(*c*) Overwhelmed, finds things after a flurried search.

21—How much academic progress does her class make?
(*a*) All students learning according to their own capabilities.
(*b*) She is successful with all but two or three children.
(*c*) Children are working below their ability to learn.

22—Is she able to recognize a child's problems?
(*a*) She is aware that every child has different needs.
(*b*) She sees differences, but decides they are temporary.
(*c*) She is bored with children.

23—Does she develop a child's self-reliance?
(*a*) She stimulates rather than directs, encourages rather than criticizes.
(*b*) She protects pupils from their mistakes.
(*c*) She is overcritical, tactless.

24—How is the class morale?
(*a*) Each child is on the team.
(*b*) Individual stars set the pace.
(*c*) Children are competing, unwilling to help each other.

25—Is she fully aware of the responsibility of her job?
(*a*) Yes.
(*b*) Oh, sure, but life is pretty short.
(*c*) No.

Liberty VOX POP

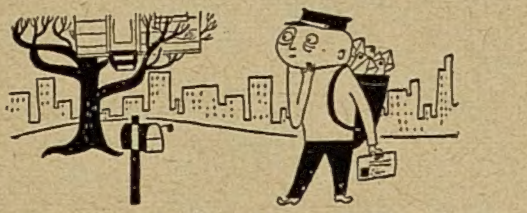
THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Correction

CLEVELAND, OHIO—In the article entitled Hope for Hard-of-Hearing Children (July), Dr. Warren H. Gardner is cited as head of the Cleveland Hearing and Speech Center. I have been director of the Center for the past four years. Dr. Gardner is chief of the Division of Hearing and Speech Therapy.—*George J. Fortune.*

But Can't You Just See it?

BILOXI, MISS.—In your story The Big Room Up Front (June), the first few lines mention that "he came at last to the old building in the middle of the empty lot." Reminds me of the time I lived upstairs over an empty lot, or the time we went up the hill scattered in a bunch. How can a lot be empty if it has a building on it?—*J. Reichert.*



The Puzzle Picture

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Please advise Ruth C. Bowers (Vox Pop, July) to move over. When the Cockeyed Crosswords first came out, I would glance over them and then rush out to the nearest pub, deciding that as long as I had the d.t.s I might as well enjoy them. Finally I made the supreme sacrifice to sanity by completing one. That did it! Since that day I have considered my life incomplete for each month I failed to solve the puzzle. So mark my name among your cockeyed customers.—*E. H. Cairns, Jr.*

If this were a special cockeyed edition of Liberty, we'd print the whole bale of letters like this that came to Vox Pop. By press time, returns were in from every state but six, where probably the drought had dried up all the ink.—VOX POP EDITOR

The Beautiful Big

DETROIT, MICH.—I have just read Leigh Quackenbush's article, Give Us Back Our Buxom Beauties (July) with much interest, amusement, and three cheers. My complaint is that it was very disappointing to return to the cover and see such a famished form pictured. Please, Mr. Editor, aren't there any cover girls who look like they ate almost every day? If not, please stick to children and animals.—*Eleanore Hamel.*

DAILEY, W. VA.—Dear Mr. Quackenbush, I'll love you forever for your article. You guessed it—I'm hefty. Never entered my mind before your masterpiece that I might be "desirable." I always figured I was just plain old overweight. Now, though, I have a new outlook on life.—*Eileene Vanscoy.*

"You Live After Death"

TULSA, OKLA.—I must tell you how much I enjoyed the condensation of Harold Sherman's You Live After Death (July). It is one of the most enlightening and satisfying articles I have ever read in a popular magazine and should do much to dispel fear and encourage living on a constructive level.—*Vena S. Naughton.*

HOWARD, KANS.—I have been interested in spiritual investigation for a number of years, but have found very little literature on the subject outside of Duke University reports and a few schools of thought on occult subjects.

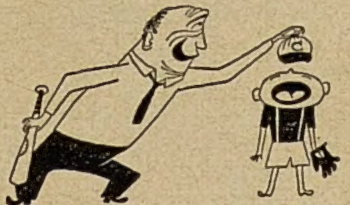
Mr. Sherman's writing on this subject is extremely well done. He has a way of making everything perfectly lucid.

I am very grateful to you for giving this article to the public.—*(Mrs.) Miriam Beaty, Probate Judge.*

PASADENA, CALIF.—Have just read You Live After Death. When anyone presumes to know "the unknowable," then there is only one word that describes that person correctly: "fanatic." Let's stick to what we know.—*J. M. Byler.*

Skunk Rhubarb

MOUNT BLANCHARD, OHIO—*Re* your June cover: Children's smiles and laughter are rays of sunshine from heaven. In my opinion, anyone who will cause a child to cry, even for "art's sake," is a dirty, low-down skunk, and I hate skunks.—*Geo. R. Williams.*



The First Skidders

BURBANK, CALIF.—Please, gentlemen! It is "Skid Road," not "Skid Row" (How San Francisco Sobers 'Em Up; July). The term was originally applied to the honkytonk section of Seattle's water front by the lumberjacks of that region, with

(*Continued on page 10*)

T stands for the **Terrible Time** that most women have every month in their struggle with belts, pins and external pads. Sanitary protection has been called women's oldest problem and until recently little progress has been made toward its solution.

A stands for **Another Way** to deal with this problem —by means of "Tampax," a doctor-invented device which absorbs while being worn internally instead of externally. Made of highly absorbent cotton, it is inserted with patented applicator.

M is for the **Millions of Women** (yes, actually millions) who have already adopted this miracle Tampax — college students, secretaries, trained nurses, housewives, sales girls, athletes, actresses—all kinds of women all over the world!

P indicates the new **Poise and Confidence** resulting on those days from the use of Tampax. No odor can form. No chafing. You can't even feel it. Wear it in tub or shower bath if you like. Easy disposal.

A represents the **Absolute Certainty** that no single bulge or ridge under your dress or skirt will be caused by Tampax. It simply *can't*, because Tampax is worn internally. It's only one-ninth the size of the other kind!

X stands for all the **Ex-Users** of external pads who now march up to their drug or notion counters each month and buy Tampax —3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

STRANGE
things happen
here!

The Dark Continents of Your Mind

DO YOU struggle for balance? Are you forever trying to maintain *energy, enthusiasm,* and the *will to do?* Do your personality and power of accomplishment ebb and flow—like a stream controlled by some unseen valve? Deep within you are minute organisms. From their function spring your emotions. They govern your *creative ideas* and *moods*—yes, even your enjoyment of life. Once they were thought to be the mysterious seat of the soul—and to be left unexplored. Now cast aside superstition and learn to direct intelligently these *powers of self.*

Accept this *Free* Book

Let the Rosicrucians, an age-old fraternity of thinking men and women (not a religion), point out how you may fashion life as you want it—by making the fullest use of these little-understood *natural faculties* which you possess. This is a challenge to make the most of your heritage as a human. Write for the Free Book, "The Mastery of Life." Address: Scribe M.S.A.

***The* ROSICRUCIANS**

San Jose (AMORC) California, U. S. A.

Liberty WASHINGTON

By STACY V. JONES

MUD LAKE You're not stuck permanently with an unlovely or duplicate place name in your area; you can change it through the Board on Geographic Names. A dozen Mud Lakes in the State of Michigan alone have recently been rechristened Greening, Kemperman, Kempf, Pearson, Blood, Timmerman, and so on, after celebrated local citizens. Nobody can question the board's decisions preferring Birch Islands, Iowa, over Bitch Islands; and Bluff Lake, Michigan, over Snot Lake.

Thousands of natural features in this country are still nameless. To fix or change a name for, say, a mountain or river, write the board care the Department of the Interior, Washington 25, D. C., telling why the proposed name is appropriate and the extent of its local popularity; describing the feature exactly (if a creek, for instance, state where its head and mouth are); and explaining why the existing name, if there is one, is unsatisfactory. The board will send on request a three-page memo of the policy followed in applying the names of persons to natural features.

Inhabited places are harder to rename. For incorporated places, first proceed as the state law requires. Sometimes state laws also control changes affecting unincorporated hamlets. If the post-office name differs from the one you have chosen, petition the Post Office Department at the time you petition the board. And look in the Postal Guide to avoid duplication.

Local pride and sensibilities, along with usage, are given great weight. An attempt to take the "h" out of Pittsburgh was repulsed, and the sturdy residents of Martha's Vineyard succeeded in keeping their apostrophe.

IMMIGRATION Your best source of advice on the complex laws and regulations governing admission to this country, and on citizenship requirements, is the nearest office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. The headquarters are in Washington, and there are district offices in 16 important cities.

If you have a cousin abroad who wants to immigrate, tell him to inquire at the nearest American consulate, because you can't start things at this end. For your own reference, however, you may want an 18-page memorandum, General Information Concerning United States Immigration Laws. Once your cousin is here, he may need the pamphlet, Naturalization Requirements and Procedure, and the separate memorandum on Education for Citizenship. For copies, address any district office or the Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, Washington 25, D. C.

Through the public schools, the government provides free textbooks for immigrants on our Constitution and government, on democracy and to promote literacy. These are sold at the Government Printing Office.

Last year 170,000 immigrants, including displaced persons, were admitted. The figure includes 22,000 war brides, nearly 100 war bridegrooms, and nearly 1,000 children of such marriages. The law admitting war brides has expired, but a few fiancées are still arriving. The high record for naturalizations was set in 1944, with 442,000; but last year the total dropped to 70,000, partly because the inflow of aliens had been cut off during the war.

PATERNITY CARE You expectant fathers get attention for the first time in the completely revised new edition of Prenatal Care, the Children's Bureau best seller. A chapter headed This Is a Family Affair advises the young husband to join a fathers' class, to give a word of encouragement to the wife now and then, and to help with the housework. More attention also is paid mental preparation for the baby's arrival, including possible jealousy on the other children's part.

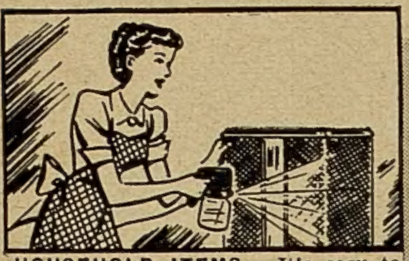
Single copies of the 80-page booklet will be sent free to parents or professional workers by the Children's Bureau, Federal Security Agency, Washington 25, D. C. Nine million copies have been sold or given away since the first version was printed in 1913. That edition said that after the babies are born, women might "be walking about the room usually after two weeks," and might go up and down stairs in a month. Now many doctors get them up within the first few days or start them on simple bed exercises soon after delivery.

Another pamphlet for parents, When You Adopt a Child, is also available for the asking. More than 16,000 copies have been distributed since it was published last year.

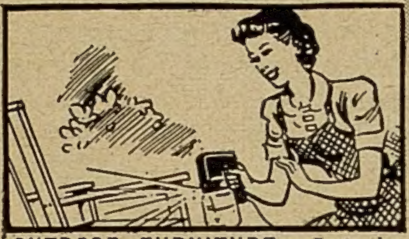
Amazing New LOW PRICED Electric Sprayer For Home Use *Makes Painting Easy!*

SAVE MONEY, TIME, WORK! GET PROFESSIONAL SPRAYING RESULTS!

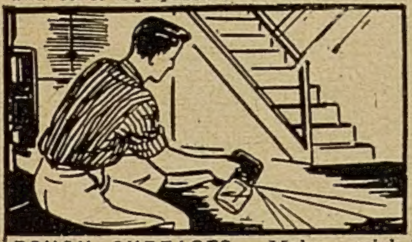
- Paint Floors, Ceilings, Walls, Woodwork, Furniture, Toys
- Enamel Auto Bodies and Fenders, Storm Windows, Screens
- Varnish Table Tops, Linoleum
- Spray Moth-Proofing Liquids in Closets and Attics
- Spray Flit or Other Insect and Pest Solutions
- Spray Insecticides on Flowers, Plants, Shrubs
- USE VIBRO SPRAYER for EVERY Job of Painting and Spraying in and Around the Home
- Self-Contained Unit—No Motor, No Compressor, Produces Equivalent of 40 lbs. Pressure!



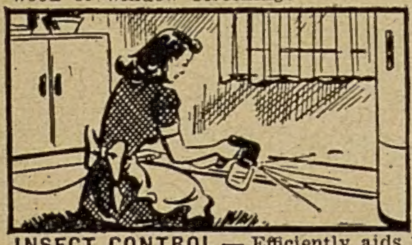
HOUSEHOLD ITEMS—It's easy to paint clothes hampers, kitchen chairs, shelving, partitions, slat fences, metal trash drums, etc., with Vibro-Sprayer!



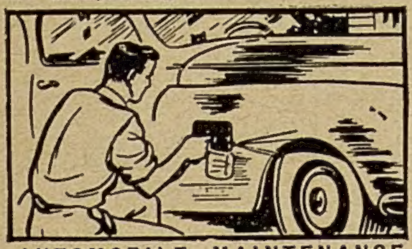
OUTDOOR FURNITURE—Just the thing for painting rustic chairs, reed furniture, brickwork, boats, wagons, and other equipment!



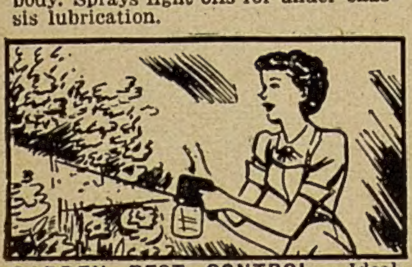
ROUGH SURFACES—Makes quick work of painting concrete, rough wood or window screening!



INSECT CONTROL—Efficiently aids extermination of roaches, waterbugs, flies, mosquitoes and other pests. Fine for mothproofing clothes!



AUTOMOBILE MAINTENANCE—Provides the answer to quick, smooth touch-up work on fenders and body. Sprays light oils for under-chassis lubrication.



GARDEN PEST CONTROL—Ideal for spraying insecticides and fungicides on flowers, plants and shrubs.

JUST PLUG IN—
PULL THE TRIGGER
& PAINT OR SPRAY!

VIBRO
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sprayer

weighs only 2½ lbs.

Glass Paint Jar Holds 25 Ounces. If Broken Use Any Standard Mason Jar.

TRY IT 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Yes, now you can do a *professional painting* job on everything in and around your house with this amazing, brand new, self-contained electric paint sprayer. Just fill the big, 25-ounce capacity, interchangeable mason jar with any kind of ordinary oil-base liquid—lacquer, glossy paint, enamel, varnish, shellac, residual type insecticides, light oils, moth sprays, disinfectants, etc. Then plug the 8-ft. insulated cord into any 110-volt A.C. household outlet—pull the trigger—and get satin-smooth, professional results *every time!*

SAVE MONEY, TIME AND WORK

VIBRO-SPRAYER paints twice as fast as a brush, saves strain, fatigue, backache and sore muscles. Paint goes on FASTER, SMOOTHER and far more EASILY than with a brush. Adjustable spray control allows wide or narrow spray, thick or fine, as the job requires. Spray radius is always under complete control. VIBRO-SPRAYER cannot clog or drip—and is amazingly simple to clean. What's more, VIBRO-SPRAYER is SAFE! Will never break in use as there is NO pressure in the jar.

COSTS LESS THAN A GOOD BRUSH

Not only does VIBRO-SPRAYER paint faster, smoother, more easily than a good brush, but it actually costs less! And because VIBRO-SPRAYER applies paint more evenly and uniformly, you use LESS PAINT—save the cost of the sprayer in just a few months! In addition, VIBRO-SPRAYER shoots a fine, even spray into deep crevices where ordinary paint brushes can't reach, makes short work of rough or pebbled surfaces that are so difficult to brush.

MADE BY A FAMOUS COMPANY

VIBRO-SPRAYER is manufactured by the world-famous Burgess Battery Company, makers of popular auto and flashlight batteries. Every VIBRO-SPRAYER is guaranteed by the manufacturer to be free of mechanical defects. In addition, we guarantee that VIBRO-SPRAYER will give you exactly the professional, fast, labor and money saving results you desire, or you may return your sprayer within 10 days for full purchase price refund. You get FULL PROTECTION under this DOUBLE GUARANTEE!

SEND NO MONEY

Send only the coupon, now. When your VIBRO-SPRAYER arrives, pay the postman only $12.95 plus small delivery charge—or enclose full payment now and we pay all delivery charges. In either case you are fully protected by the manufacturer's guarantee of mechanical perfection, and our guarantee of complete satisfaction, or return your VIBRO-SPRAYER within 10 days for full purchase price refund. Send the coupon AT ONCE!

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VIBRO-SPRAYER is completely self-contained—the ONLY unit of its kind on the market. Nothing else to buy, no hose, compressor, motor, tank, etc. Just pour liquid into paint jar, (25 ounce capacity) plug in and press the trigger! Size 8⅜" high, 6½" deep, 4" wide. Works on activated piston and suction principle. Built like professional equipment—does the work of a $100.00 unit producing 40 lbs. pressure!

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Please send a VIBRO-SPRAYER for 10 days no-risk examination. On arrival I will pay the postman only $12.95 plus small delivery and handling charge.

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NOTE: Whether you order C.O.D., or prepaid, you receive the full protection of our GUARANTEE of satisfaction or money back!

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH?

In a few score years, all who read these lines will have vanished from the face of the earth.

Every day, almost a hundred thousand human beings finish their earthly span and pass off into the vast beyond. That our turn will come we all know, but when and where and how we cannot be sure.

No merely human being ever has been able to look into eternity and tell us what it is like. No scientific knowledge or scientific instruments can pierce the curtain that divides this world from that into which all of us must eventually journey.

All we know about God's eternal plans for us . . . all we know about what lies beyond the grave . . . comes from the God Who made us and to the extent He has seen fit to reveal it to us.

But we can face eternity without fear. For we do have a definite answer to the mystery of death. With the facts God has put at our disposal through the inspired books of the Old and the New Testaments, the Catholic Church always has given, and gives today, a definite answer to the tremendously important questions raised by the fact of death.

Man's life in this world, the Church tells us, is a preparation for the world to come . . . a testing-time which ends with our death. What happens after that depends on whether death finds us loyal to God, or opposed to Him and the way He expects us to live. ". . . it is appointed unto men once to die and after this the judgment" (Heb. IX:27).

Christ gave us (Matt. XXV) a description of God's judgment which leaves no room for doubt that our worthiness of everlasting reward will be judged solely according to the way we have lived our lives on this earth.

Death does not bring merely a long, unconscious slumber, but rather a quick awakening to the irrevocable judgment of our Creator. Nor does it bring us a second chance to prove ourselves or to amend our erring ways. In our own hands rests the opportunity . . . and upon our own heads the responsibility . . . to determine if death shall be the threshold to everlasting life among the blessed, or among the lost.

Men blessed by youth and good health often feel that death for them is far away — something to be worried about only in the twilight years. Some scoff at the suggestion that an everlasting hell could be permitted by a merciful God. Others seem to think that God will treat them kindly if they live reasonably moral lives, even though they pay Him no special honor which is His due.

But whatever they think . . . however they avoid the question . . . all men must eventually face the fact of death. To think about it wisely . . . and in time . . . is the most important thing in our lives. If you would like more information on this subject . . . on Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, the end of the world and the resurrection and judgment of all men . . . we shall be happy to send you an interesting pamphlet free of charge. Write today for your copy of Pamphlet No. 14—L.

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
Religious Information Bureau
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MO.

Liberty VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 7*)

reference to the greased wooden roads upon which the ox teams skidded the giant logs out of the forests.—*Russell Blaiklock.*

Senator Williams Does Not Condone Nepotism

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I desire to call your attention to an inexcusable error in the article by Senator William Langer appearing in the July 1949 issue of Liberty Magazine, where in listing relatives on the Senatorial payroll, Mr. George Williams is shown as my son and occupying the position of Adminstrative Assistant.

Mr. George S. Williams not only is not my son, but is not related to me in any manner. Evidently you based your conclusions solely upon the similarity in names. At no place in the Congressional Record, which you quote as your authority, can be found any reference to a relationship existing between us. For your further information, I do not have, nor have I ever had on my staff a member of my own or my wife's family. I do not condone the placing on the payroll of anyone who does not actually perform official duties whether such person be a relative or not.—*John J. Williams.*

Liberty sincerely regrets the error to which Senator Williams calls attention. The lists of representatives and senators having relatives on the payroll were compiled by research workers employed by Liberty. A researcher telephoned each office to check on relationships, and the error in this case can only be ascribed to a misunderstanding in a telephone conversation. Senator Langer is in no way responsible.—THE EDITOR.

RANDOLPH FIELD, TEX.—Senator Langer's article could have just as accurately been entitled How Many Congressmen's Relatives on Your Payroll? You (and I) pay taxes that supply their wages (and mine). They can find the capital to practice "nepotism," to quote the senator, but just recently they turned down a bill to raise the wages of your sons and daughters in the service a few paltry dollars.

My annual income is $1,200. Several of the congressmen's relatives draw more than half of that amount monthly, according to the article. There are seven pay grades in the enlisted ranks and I am in the fourth pay grade (sgt.), so there are three grades that draw even less than I.

Congratulations to Senator Langer for a fine article.—*Sgt. D. L. H.*

Crime's Paying Again —In Chicago

Chicago's underworld finds the going a little tougher under the Windy City's reform regime, but the authorities still wink at crime, prostitutes vie for the convention business, and some saloons offer the bawdiest shows seen anywhere

By LLOYD WENDT

READING TIME 16 MINUTES

For three days after Martin H. Kennelly took office as reform mayor on April 15, 1947, Chicago was perhaps the most crime-free metropolis in the world.

Then on Friday night, April 18, Chicago began sounding like its old self again. Somebody stole Alderman Francis J. Hogan's automobile. Four thugs armed with submachine guns lined up 50 patrons of Jim Morris' saloon at 9100 Ashland Avenue and robbed them. Four bandits kidnaped and tortured Louis Peick, a union official, forcing him to give up more than $20,000 of union funds. Two women were assaulted by rapists in the Fillmore police district. And suburban Cicero, not to be outdone, reported that burglars had looted a doctor's office of $5,000 in cash and 1,400 grains of assorted narcotics.

"See," the relieved mobsters told one another, "things is gonna be O.K."

But things have not been O.K. Since he took office, Kennelly's crack-down has small-time politicians screaming. Easy sources of graft have been dried up. Wide-open handbooks are out. The police commissioner has been freed of political demands. The city government is being run on a businesslike basis. Ward heelers can't get their cousins and brothers-in-law on the payroll.

A north-side ward committeeman summed it up like this: "That bluenose mayor is ruining me. There's no more dough and no jobs. My people don't like it. He'll never get another vote in my district."

The north-side committeeman was certainly exag-

Photo by Rae Russel—Pix

Crime's Paying Again—In Chicago

Continued

gerating on two counts. Mayor Kennelly is no bluenose reformer; he knows Chicago better than that. The complaining ward boss is still making plenty of money. It just comes harder now.

For Chicago is not cleaned up, despite Mayor Kennelly's good intentions and complete independence of the political machine that put him in office. City business affairs have vastly improved, and for that Chicago owes Kennelly everlasting thanks. But crime and vice are rampant. Organized criminals, remnants of the Capone gang, have not been run out of town. Actually they are muscling in on new territory. Police officials in the bad districts continue to take protection money. The morale of the police department, in the opinion of qualified experts, is near an all-time low.

Jack Guzik, the top gambling boss, may be unhappy, with his handbooks closed or operating furtively, but the gang is moving in on the lucrative north-side tavern-and-vice business, while on the south side, where the local political boss has proved himself more powerful than the mayor, the multimillion-dollar policy (numbers) racket runs wide open. Crime in the black belt, heart of this politico-policy empire, smashed all previous records last year.

On the near north side, in the Clark Street Tenderloin and along Rush Street, bawdy shows continue to divert visitors, cheap honkytonks violate all the laws on the books, sex offenses and purse snatchings send crime statistics sky high, and prostitutes solicit brazenly in many of the taverns. The political boss of the area weeps because the handbooks are raided and the vice squads harry the call flats, but the official collector of protection money continues to make his regular rounds and few places are raided without warning.

West Madison Street, a wallow of sin patronized by drunken derelicts and foolish sight-seers, is still going strong. Vile exhibitions may be witnessed in the tavern booths, if not on the stamp-sized stages of the numerous saloons.

The Loop is comparatively quiet. There are no more handbooks operating openly in the shadows of the City Hall. But the convention visitor—and Chicago is the country's great convention city—can, by seeing the right bellhop or cab driver, get a good-looking girl, the directions to an upstairs bookie joint, or a list of rowdy strip-tease spots complete with "B" girls—paid hostesses—any night in the week.

◆ Despite the best efforts of Chicago's handsome blue-eyed bachelor mayor, one fact remains clear: Organized crime is not going to give up easily after years of power and enormous prosperity.

No one expected, nor expects, Mayor Kennelly to clean up Chicago completely. It's not a one-man or a one-term job. The mayor has curtailed graft in the higher realms of politics, restored city credit, and cut the patronage lists—big accomplishments. He has angered grafting politicians to the point that his re-election will be impossible unless honest citizens rally to his support. But he has made no real headway against Chicago's most dangerous criminal element, the organized gangsters.

None of the known mob big-shots, such as Guzik, Murray (the Camel), Humphreys, Tony Accardo, Gus Alex, Tony Capezio, Jimmy Allegretti, the Fischetti brothers, Charles and Rocco; Dominic Nuccio, or the new, blustering loud-mouths, Marty (the Ox) Ochs and Paul Labriola, have been jailed more than temporarily or run out of town. These worthies, in fact, together with Dominic DeBello and Dominic Brancato, have moved out of their west-side lairs to force them-

Chicago, like most big cities, is one of startling contra
There are all the resources of art and science on one hand
pitiful slums, such as this one in Maxwell Street, on the ot

selves into ownership of 14 flourishing saloons on
near north side.

It is this region that is probably best known
Chicago visitors, who largely finance the viciousn
In a snug area immediately north of the Lo
bounded on the east by Rush and on the west by Cl
Street, are some 100 saloons, night clubs, and depra
dives. Half of them employ "B" girls who mingle w
the trade. Twenty-two are known to be spots wh
syndicate prostitutes pick up men, whom they take
hotels in the area. There are at least five pervert de
And, despite police department drives, there have b
34 handbooks, which are raided from time to ti
Almost inevitably, the bookies are warned in adva
of the raids.

Farther north is a region of call houses, where e
gant young women, and some not so elegant, w
summonses to choicer hotels in the Loop. In betwe
really big conventions, for which the girls are som
times booked in advance, they loiter in the hotel b
rooms, looking for customers.

The Tenderloin region is protected. Night clubs p
$150 to $250 a month to a police department rep
sentative who also happens to be a favorite of the lo
political czar. Taverns pay $50 to $100, depending
the business they do. Card rooms and handbooks
off as cheaply as $25 a month since Kennelly has be
mayor, because business is bad. Even the propriet
of properly run saloons must pay to the recogniz
collector.

The protection money in this district is estimated
total $27,000 a month. In lesser areas it averag
$10,000. For a period, as the result of the investigatio
of the Chicago Crime Commission, a crime-fighti
organization of Chicago business men, the collect
was removed from the Tenderloin area. But he so
was back, though his name remained on the payroll
the police district to which he had been transferre

Protection is expensive, but worth it. A saloon wi
$2,000 worth of physical assets can be sold for $20,0
if it has the good will of the police. There are far t
many saloons in Chicago, some 10,000 of them, ar
many cannot make money unless they purvey indece
shows, countenance prostitution, cater to pervert
stay open after legal hours, or clip customers by cu
ting liquor and padding checks. To do these thing

ith impunity, they have got to pay the collector.

Activity in the Tenderloin area is on a highly organ-ed basis, particularly since the "Three Doms"—uccio, DeBello, and Brancato—have moved in, forcing any reluctant tavern owners to sell or to accept them s partners. Police raids are rarely successful; the warn-ng system is excellent. Taxi drivers cart suckers in rom the Loop, "B" girls induce them to stay in the averns until thoroughly drunk, and then, in many nstances, pickpockets or strong-arm men rob them f their remaining funds.

While strip teasers on the stage stop just short of omplete nudity, special exhibitions of the vilest kind re presented in the private booths of some of the averns. Most of the "B" girls do not engage in prostitution, but some act as lures for boy friends who spe-ialize in robbery.

Prostitution continues to be less prevalent in the enderloin, or anywhere else in Chicago, than when he late Dennis Cooney was vice overlord for the apone syndicate. Nevertheless organized vice rings ave reappeared. One, with headquarters in a near north-side hotel, has 75 to 100 girls who are required to call headquarters every hour, to get assignments or to report on their own activities. They take their customers to any one of nine well-known hotels in the region. Prices, once as high as $100 for the more attractive women, have dropped to from $20 to $50, still allowing a generous margin for protection. It is estimated that about one-third of the prostitutes in the north-side area work for one or the other of two syndicates.

Crime breeds and flourishes in slum areas and Chicago can boast ome of the worst slums anywhere. Playgrounds are hard to find in areas like this. These boys find their fun on a vacant lot.

An honest effort is being made to stamp out this business. In 1948, vice squads loaned by the police department to the Committee of 15, a secret anti-vice group, raided 22 disorderly houses and 17 call flats, arrested 668 persons, 367 of them females, got convictions in 343 cases. Since customarily a judge does not sentence a girl arrested for the first time, this is a high record of convictions.

The fix, definitely, is not in. When, during a recent convention, five girls and five big-time business executives were arrested in a leading Loop hotel, pressure was put on the mayor's office and the police commissioner to stop the wheels of justice. The efforts failed. The men forfeited their $500 bonds, and the girls were fined.

At the same time, however, there is definitely an alliance between vice groups and certain police officials in the districts. A short time ago an out-of-town man was robbed by a harlot he met in a saloon. Most men would keep quiet under the circumstances, but this individual, a six-footer, returned to the saloon, where he threatened to beat up the owner unless he got his money and property back.

The saloonkeeper asked for a little time. A few hours later the robbery victim received his personal possessions and wallet, with the money intact. Then came the amazing dénouement: The girl complained to her protectors, who in turn told the story to the police.

Two officers called on the tavern owner. "What's the idea of lousing up the act?" they demanded. "If the chump was making trouble, you should have sent him to us. We coulda made some dough for getting back his stuff. You made a mistake and it's gonna cost you five hundred dollars."

The tavern owner paid. "I had to do it," he insisted. "If I didn't, they woulda framed me proper."

"There are plenty of good, honest policemen in the Chicago department, but they are not getting much encouragement," says one investigator. "Mayor Kennelly has forced the political big shots to stay away from the commissioner's office, and that is all to the good. Commissioner John Prendergast put out a reorganization order a year ago that would be a good one if carried out. The commissioner, however, refuses to delegate authority to the new deputies he has created. Captains in the bad districts continue to be little czars.

"When a complaint is made against their practices, Commissioner Prendergast sends them the complaints. In other words, they're asked to investigate themselves! The Chicago department will have to be reorganized completely to win an all-out war on Chicago crime."

There is unanimous agreement among the leading students of Chicago police activities that so long as Prendergast, admittedly an honest man, remains on the job, Mayor Kennelly will never succeed in cleaning up Chicago. And despite Mayor Kennelly's war on political grafters, there remain centers of corrupt political power such as that *(Continued on page 67)*

A Chicagoan who had one too many passes out near the French Casino in North Clark Street, with the poster of a strip teaser for a backdrop. Most of the taverns feature lewd shows.

Photos by Rae Russel, Pix; Roger Coster, Rapho—Guillumette

OKAY MARY

He needed luck to bring the plane safely through the treacherous, storm-swept peaks—and this plane was named for a girl who had let him down

By HUGH B. CAVE

Liberty SHORT SHORT • READING TIME 7 MINUTES

Had you asked Bill Reavey on Monday morning what he thought of Alaska, he would have grinned and said, "Marvelous!" Quite likely he would have told you that flying freight from rail's end to a wilderness mining camp was the best deal he'd had since the war.

But had you put the same question Monday afternoon, he would have looked at you blankly and said nothing. The mail had arrived and with it a letter from his folks in Indiana. In the letter was a clipping.

"Mr. and Mrs. Edgar L. Furbish," the clipping said, "announced yesterday the marriage of their only daughter, Mary, to Mr. Robert Trainor, vice-president of the First Commercial Bank."

You see, Bill, what happens when a guy stays away too long?

Reavey returned the scrap of newspaper to his pocket just as Matt Murdock, his boss, came into the operations office.

"Your plane ready, Bill?" Murdock asked.

"All ready. We've half an hour yet."

Murdock shook his head. "Not if you're smart. The weather's turning rotten."

Reavey shrugged as he stepped outside. He had been flying supplies to the mine for weeks, and the weather over that wild mass of

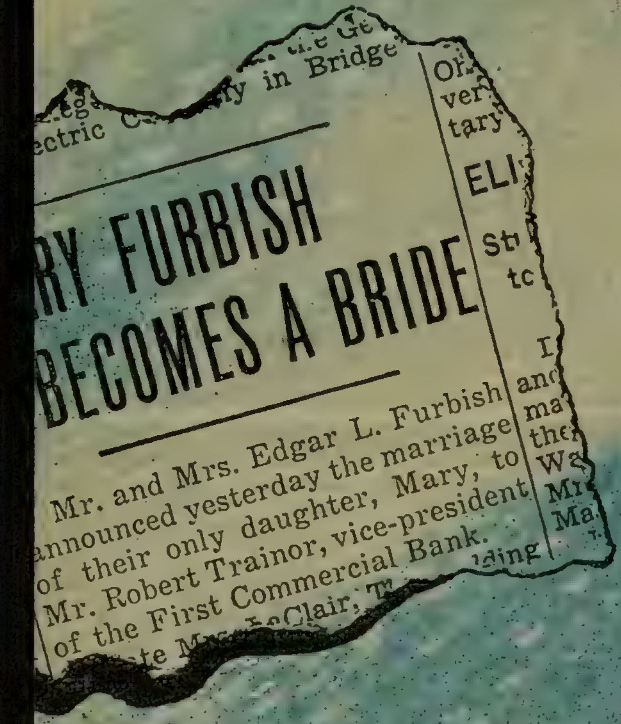
Illustrated by Dick Dodge

untains was almost always bad. o she married that fellow from bank, he thought miserably, dging across the wind-swept d. She wouldn't wait. . . .

His plane was being warmed up, d he approached it, around piles crated goods and fuel drums, m the rear. His scowl lengthened. e of the boys had given the ship's me a coat of fresh red paint. ickly he looked away, but in that ak air the crimson letters danced though suspended on strings be- e his face: M-A-R-Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar L. Furbish nounced yesterday the marriage their only daughter, Mary, to . . ."

He scanned the sky anxiously as DC-3 climbed from the barren strip. Even in good weather ne of the towering peaks along route were all too ready to trap unwary pilot. Today not even e glittering crown of McKinley, tter than twenty thousand feet gh, could be seen through the ickening soup. Head winds buf- ted the ship viciously.



RY FURBISH BECOMES A BRIDE

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar L. Furbish announced yesterday the marriage of their only daughter, Mary, to Mr. Robert Trainor, vice-president of the First Commercial Bank.

Ed Fraser, his co-pilot, glanced him and grinned crookedly. 'ake it easy, boy. Mary never let down yet."

Bill had no answering smile. He ondered what Ed and the other o would say if they knew about e newspaper clipping in his pock- . Because *he* knew about the clip- ng, his vigilance was razor sharp. he plane which he had named for ary Furbish might not be so cky now. It, too, might break the ith.

Did you think of that, Mary, when u decided not to wait? Did you ive a thought to what it might ean to MacAndrews, Dexter, and raser, who worship your name on beat-up old DC-3 and think of ou as their guardian angel? Those oys were in the war, too. They be- eve in that kind of thing . . .

He could not climb high enough to clear the worst of the hidden peaks ahead—not with the plane groaning under such a load. That made it tough.

Joe Dexter came forward to report on the cargo—a nice kid, young but ambitious. "Everything O.K.," he announced with his small-boy grin. "Bring on your weather!"

"No jitters?" Reavey asked.

"No, sir!"

"The front office has priority on jitters," Ed Fraser chuckled. "We've none to spare for you."

"Look, skipper," Dexter said. "Do we stay over at the mine tonight? The reason I ask—MacAndrews and I dated two of those nurses we flew in last week for the hospital."

"You'll be able to keep it."

"Oh boy! Now, if only you'd join us, skipper—that cute little blonde thinks you're really special. But I suppose—" Joe let it drop, knowing that Reavey never went out on dates. The sweetest girl in the world was waiting for the skipper back in Indiana.

At that moment Reavey saw what he'd been looking for and dreading, and the perspiration on his face turned cold. Dead ahead a torrent of wind-driven snow roared through the haze, swirling, stabbing, weaving like the head of a great white serpent.

On the whole of the run the enemy wind could not have picked a better ambush. The plane was rumbling through a tortuous defile between mountains. Reavey strained to see the ragged peak at its end in time to lift the laden ship over it. There was scant room for maneuvering in that narrow pass. Now the rushing mass of snow was on them, reducing visibility to zero.

Reavey slid the ship on her side, weaving away from the nearer mountain wall. She could be plucked in flight like a butterfly by that howling wind, funneled in upon them through the gap toward which they struggled. He put her down, saw the tops of the scrub pines below just in time, and flattened out again—so close to the valley floor that the treetops must have been seared by the exhaust.

◆

It was like dodging Jap fighter planes on the trip across the Hump in CBI, he thought wryly. A veteran Hump pilot, he used every maneuver in the book. But that screaming wind, straight from the Arctic icebox, was still engaging him in a dogfight when the valley ended. With a towering wall of rock and ice dead ahead, a ghostly road block in the blizzard, there was but one way to go.

"Baby," Reavey whispered, "be good!"

He hauled the plane's nose up and she thundered skyward. Like a river in full flood, the wind crashed against her belly. For one terrible instant she faltered, seemed to lose her nerve, hung fluttering in space. Reavey's face turned dead white.

Beside him Ed Fraser said softly, "Come on, Mary. Do it, baby."

The battered plane stopped shaking. Like a fly buzzing out of a bottle, she continued her climb.

Ed Fraser let out a stored lungful of breath. "Another two feet," he gasped, "and I could have written my name on that ice wall!"

Reavey was silent. Even when MacAndrews and Joe Dexter came forward to thump his shoulders, he said nothing. He knew what the boys were thinking, though. He guessed what they'd say.

◆

He was right. When the plane landed at the mine an hour later, they said it: Their adopted angel, the skipper's girl friend, had brought them through again.

Reavey listened with a scowl. Then, because he had always leveled with these boys, he took the clipping from his pocket and said, "Read this," and walked to the supply shack and found a can of paint and a brush, then sat on the stoop, waiting for the boys to depart. While waiting he struggled to put his muddled thoughts in order.

Maybe it was his pride that was hurt most. He and Mary Furbish had never seen eye to eye on some things, such as the need for flying a beat-up plane in Alaska.

"Skipper." Joe Dexter was standing awkwardly before him. "I and the boys know how you feel, and we're sorry as hell. But we think we ought to tell you something. I was elected to come over and give you the dope."

Reavey waited, frowning.

"A lot of girls are named Mary, skipper," Joe said. "MacAndrews' mother is. My sister, too." Clumsily Joe fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette. "Ed Fraser calls his wife Mike, but her real name's Mary, and their little girl is named after her. We never pushed the point before, skipper—we didn't want to take anything away from you—but we always kind of figured we had more than one guardian angel. The old bus belonged to all of us."

Dexter's gaze clung miserably to the paint can. The skipper was staring at him, wordless. "You—you see what I mean, skipper?"

Reavey stood up. Strangely, he was smiling. Holding the paint can at arm's length, he solemnly poured its contents onto the frozen earth and said, "God love you, Joe—the bunch of you." Then he squared his shoulders. "That nurse, Joe. The little blonde. What's her name?"

"Why don't you ask her?"

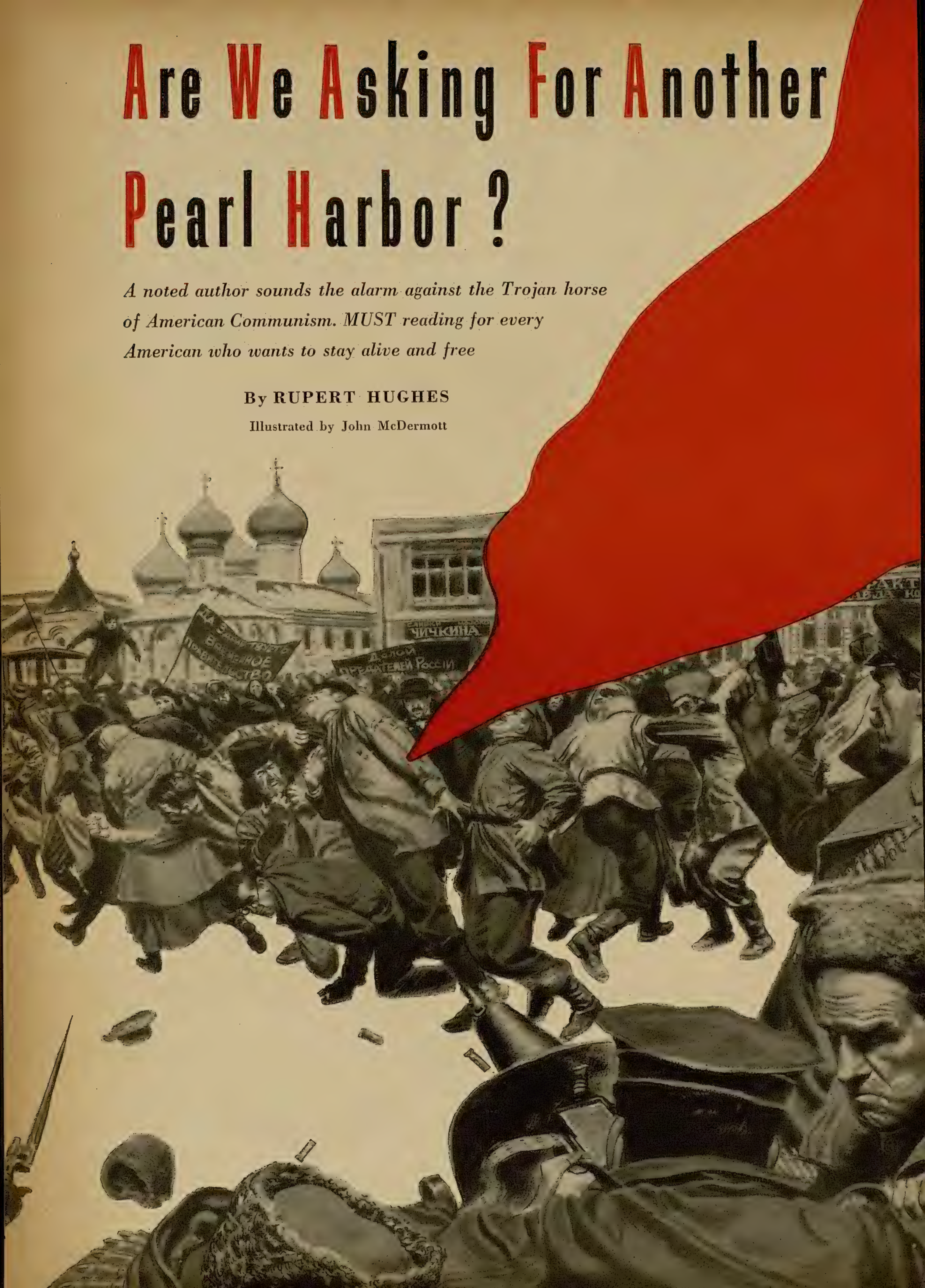
"O.K.," Reavey said. "I will." ◆◆

Are We Asking For Another Pearl Harbor?

A noted author sounds the alarm against the Trojan horse of American Communism. MUST reading for every American who wants to stay alive and free

By RUPERT HUGHES

Illustrated by John McDermott


ДА ЗДРАВСТВУЕТ ВРЕМЕННОЕ ПРАВИТЕЛЬСТВО
ЧИЧКИНА
ДОЛОЙ ПРЕДАТЕЛЕЙ РОССИИ

Nearly two hundred million Russians were enslaved by 67,000 Communist followers We have in the United States over 825,000 Communist followers!

EADING TIME 13 MINUTES It is a glarng fact that a fifth column is now lourishing insolently in our counry and heaping abuse on patriots nd on patriotism itself. Many of hese fifth columnists are strongly ntrenched in public favor in pulits, college faculties, newspapers, heaters, publishing houses—everywhere. They are as dangerous to ur national security and our merican ideals of freedom as any f the secret Russian spies, of whom there are thousands, bribing nen and women and kidnaping Kosenkinas.

We have our own pro-Soviet clergymen, as ardent in glorifying Russia as the "Red Dean" of Canterbury.

One of the ironies of our perilous situation is that the Reds and fellow travelers who revile our institutions use them as a screen and a shelter while toiling for that Communism which is plotting to substitute for our freedoms the lack of freedom in Russia.

The fact that a man is a clergyman or a scientist is no guaranty that he is true to his country. During our Revolutionary War, thousands of clergymen opposed our battle for freedom openly and secretly. It was a clergyman who wrote a propaganda poem calling all our most honored founding fathers demons of hell. He denounced George Washington as the vilest of all the sons of Belial. Our first American traitor was not, as so many suppose, Benedict Arnold, but our greatest American scientist next to Benjamin Franklin — Dr. Benjamin Church of Boston who, after he fled to Europe, was given the title Count Rumford.

In Canada, two persons were convicted of outright treason. And they were atomic scientists! Raymond Boyer and Alan Nunn May divulged atomic secrets to Russian spies, and confessed it. Boyer was asked on the witness stand:

"You were handing over to somebody who was obviously an emissary of the Russians information which your oath of secrecy forbade you to give?"

He answered, "That is correct."

"You realized, Dr. Boyer, that what you were doing was contrary to the oath you had taken?"

"Yes."

If that is appalling, what word can one find for the disclosures that our Atomic Energy Commission has confessed to giving highly paid scholarships to Communists?

But certain scientists are only a small part of the huge army of citizens who batten and fatten on our money while doing their worst to betray our sacred liberties.

◆ If you want to be aware of this growing menace and are not afraid of being shocked, write to the Government Printing Office in Washington and ask for a pamphlet entitled Review of the Scientific and Cultural Conference for World Peace, held in New York City on March 25, 26, 27, 1949. It is issued by the Committee on Un-American Activities.

I wish there were space here to quote the organizations listed in this pamphlet as subversive. The organizations all have high-sounding names, and you will find here the names of scientists, preachers, teachers, artists, actors, writers, dramatists, musicians, and others whom you are doubtless honoring and perhaps enriching by your patronage.

Albert Einstein is a great mathematician, but it is harder to understand why he takes his place so frequently alongside the Russophile enemies of science than it is to understand his formulas of relativity. Why is the world-famous novelist, Thomas Mann, rarely found among those who applaud the country that has given him not only fame but a haven? Louis Adamic acts as if it were we, not the Russians, who have oppressed his native land. Hungary has been infamously treated by the Russians, but Emil Lengyel's name is frequent among the friends of Communism. I could name many others; but this is not a directory.

Paul Robeson can justly criticize a few American states where a few million Negroes have not yet received their rightful share of our liberty. But why does he so ignobly prostitute his noble voice to chanting the praises of a Russia where 200,000,000 people of all races live in servitude? In our benighted country Robeson became a football star, a concert singer, an actor. Yet you find his name affiliated with

(Continued on page 48)

SPARKLING DIAMOND

Major-league big wheels gawk popeyed at San Francisco's Seals Stadium. It's the plushiest, swankiest ball park in the land, where every fan is treated like a king

By AL STUMP

READING TIME 11 MINUTES A heavy-set, bright-eyed Westerner stepped into a major-league ball park a few seasons ago and asked directions to his grandstand seat. "Y'go up there," muttered an indifferent usher, jerking a thumb toward the rear rafters. Paul Fagan was left to find his own way.

Squeezing into the hard, cramped seat, Fagan took quick mental notes. As a visitor to Eastern baseball, he was struck by the size of the crowd—only a few thousand somnolent fans. It hardly seemed a big-time turnout.

But Fagan, San Francisco multimillionaire industrialist with a yen to bring major-league play to the Pacific coast, wanted more evidence than this. Systematically he checked off what he saw.

Seating: Poor, both in size of seats and location. Fans crowded on narrow perches and in many cases forced to peer around steel pillars.

Stands: Badly run down; in need of paint and repairs.

Field: Lighting not uniform; outfield bumpy and not well-turfed; inadequate screens as protection against fouls.

Players: Many in dirty uniforms; others unshaven. No handkerchiefs in use—big-leaguers blowing noses in front of fans by two-finger method.

On the way out, Fagan was bumped by several drunks roaming freely through the crowd. He saw no park police. Making a final inspection in the restrooms, he found those places in a disgusting condition.

That was all the springboard the fiery Paul I. Fagan needed to plunge into the building of a new baseball empire—one in which the fan is king. Today, due to his inventive mind and fortune (estimated at $80,000,000), Seals Stadium in San Francisco has become America's model ball park. Fagan has jabbed a needle into moribund baseball operation, started what amounts to a revolution in the national sport, and enlisted two million Bay region fans in his fight for a third big league. A number of experts believe that the next major franchise—the first granted by the tightly monopolistic pastime in more than 40 years—will go to San Francisco.

Seals Stadium would provide a perfect backdrop. It is the only park in the country combining such luxuries as 100-per-cent visibility, a costumed girl usherette corps, imported turf, "beautified" ballplayers, a shatterproof-glass backstop, an eye-restful color scheme, immaculate stands—and even perfumed a in the swanky restrooms!

"It's an opera house that makes some of our par look like burlesque joints," commented one big-leag manager after a tour of the stadium. "At last the fa are getting a real break."

Baseball's first efficiency expert, Paul Fagan is merely interested in operating the cleanest and mo streamlined of arenas. His "park of tomorrow" w mean nothing unless it accomplishes the dream major baseball in San Francisco, admittedly a maj city. To that end he has led the minor (Class AA Pacific Coast League's campaign to win top status fro the National and American leagues. Fagan's platfor is simple: Why should the best baseball be confined only 11 cities in seven states and the District Columbia? This season the debate grows hotter.

Like Fagan's sparkling diamond, you can't beat th output of players from San Francisco's teeming san lots. From Seals Stadium came such aces as Pi Bodie, Jimmy O'Connell, Willie Kamm, Harry Heimann, Paul Waner, Lefty Gomez, Earl Averill, Fran Crosetti, Joe and Dominic DiMaggio, Ferris Fain, Bo Chesnes, and Larry Jansen. Westerners grow more insistent that such talent not be drained away by "raiding" clubs in New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, an Boston.

Can the Pacific coast, with less than 15,000,000 population, pay major salaries?

"Yes!" cries Fagan. Cold gate-receipt figures indicate that he may be right. In 1945 the Seals drew mor fans than the Boston Braves, Cincinnati Reds, an Philadelphia Phillies. In 1946 the Seals set a mino league attendance record of 731,000. In 1947 the Sea played to 640,000 persons, while the major-league S Louis Browns drew only 332,000.

And last season Fagan made things so cushy for th long-neglected man in the stands that his team appeared before 1,300,000 customers and beat the Browns home figures by more than a quarter-million paid admissions.

The "minor miracle" has been worked by exactl

Photo by Matt Southard

Fans sitting back of the plate at Seals Stadium never get that wired-in feeling, for the backstop is of shatterproof glass. And no matter where you sit, the seats will not cramp your style.

Photo by Ted Needham

Even the players are "beautified." They must, among other things, wear freshly laundered uniforms for each game. That's George Metkovich of Oakland, safe. Catcher is Will Leonard.

reversing the old baseball sales motto: "Sell 'em a seat, a score card, and a sack of peanuts and they'll be happy." Fagan brands this as foolish economy. He foresees the making of a vast new legion of patrons through providing first-class facilities. His private survey shows that 75 per cent of the U. S. population never goes near a ball park. Unlike many club owners, he intends to tap this huge untouched audience.

At Seals Stadium the show starts with a royally garbed doorman greeting you at the main entrance and bowing you in. At the turnstiles, pretty young women in fashionable costumes smile brightly as they tear tickets. Inside, the snappy Sealettes—35 fetching maidens in $100 suits that match the park color scheme—function like a well-drilled chorus line. Beamingly they get you to your seat without delay. And when you sit down in Seals Stadium, it's like flopping on the overstuffed at home. Seats are ample and cushions are thickly padded.

The single-deck plant sparkles in its bright dress of green and Chinese red. One of Fagan's first moves was to banish the blatant outfield signs advertising commercial products.

"But they're profitable," he was told. "Maybe so, but to me they're only eyesores," said Fagan. At a loss of $25,000 a year, the fences were painted a pleasing dark green.

The occupational ailment of American fans, the stiff neck, is unknown in San Francisco. There are no pillars blocking the view. Customers behind home plate watch the game through the novel $10,000 crackproof-glass backstop, another Fagan innovation.

Littered aisles are regarded with horror in this Taj Mahal of baseball. Clean-up crews swarm over the seating area and painters swing busy brushes. One lady fan approached Fagan, saying, "We appreciate such tidy accommodations, but I've got fresh paint on my dress."

The lady got an apology and a new dress. Patrons with complaints are never (*Continued on page 66*)

NOBODY'S DOG

By **COREY FORD** and **ALASTAIR MacBAIN**

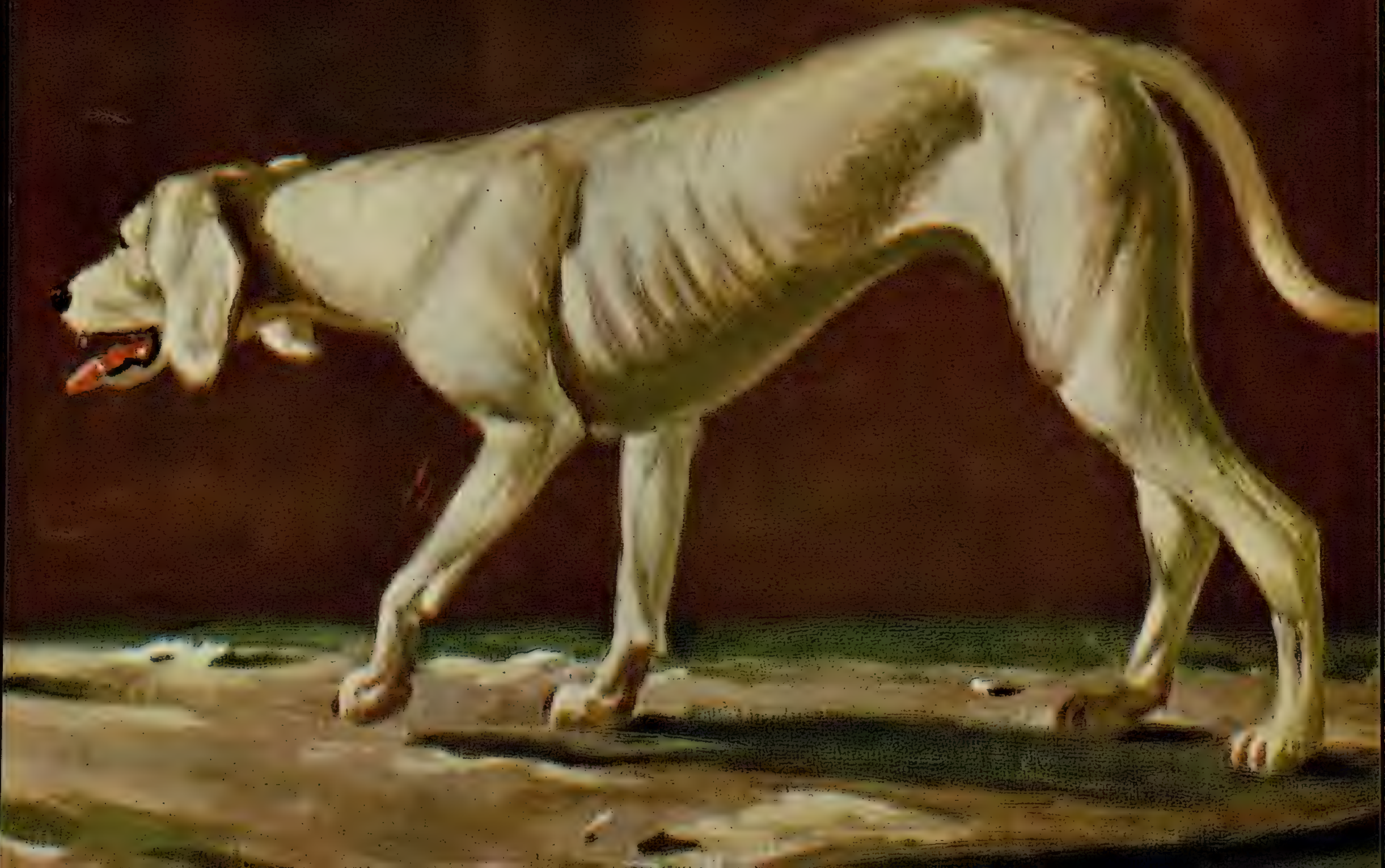
The only thing he could safely be called was a dog, and there was some argument in town about that

READING TIME 15 MINUTES He trotted down the street at an angle, his left feet hitting the ground a little ahead of his right, and his rear end swinging from side to side like a loaded trailer. His brow was furrowed in concentration, and occasionally he paused and snuffed loudly at the sidewalk and lifted his head again, puzzled.

He had never been good at tracking. There was a trace of bloodhound somewhere in his ancestry—it showed in his lopped ears and red-rimmed mournful eyes—but the strain had been crossed and crisscrossed with Airedale and collie and shepherd until the only thing he could safely be called was a dog, and there was some argument in town about that. His legs were splayed and pointed outward, he had a protruding lower lip like a camel, one eye was brown and the other china blue. His coat was an indeterminate sand color, tufted in spots like an old doormat and worn quite bare at the elbows and hocks. His kinky tail was coiled so tight that it seemed to lift him a couple of inches off the ground, giving him the constant appearance of running downhill.

He rounded the corner and worked his nose in frantic circles to pick up the scent again. He progressed more cautiously along the main street, keeping a weather eye peeled for danger. Ahead of him, halfway down the block, a little girl with pigtails and a malevolent expression was leading a spaniel on a leash. For a moment he debated the wisdom of retreating until this menace had passed; but his escape was blocked by a pair of pigeons which had alighted in the dust *(Continued on page 72)*

Illustrated by Mario Cooper



BEAUTIFUL STOOGE

Virginia Mayo fled to Warners to do some acting; but with Danny Kaye on the same lot, she's not sure it's permanent

By ELIZABETH WILSON

READING TIME 4 MINUTES When producer-director Roy Del Ruth was casting around for a capable actress to play showgirl Carla North in his Red Light (and you can be sure the Johnston office kicked that one around before they O.K.'d it), he remembered Virginia Mayo's brassy Marie, the man-crazy war bride in Best Years of Our Lives, and decided he had to have Virginia for the role. A loan-out was arranged. Now the grapevine has it that Red Light is another "sleeper," and that the critics will be saying, as they did when they reviewed Best Years, that Virginia is a fine dramatic actress.

Virginia hasn't had such a break since Best Years. At that time the critics said her performance would change her entire career; make her a junior Bette Davis, or a Barbara Stanwyck with dimples. But before the critics could grab their predictions out of their typewriters, Boss Sam Goldwyn had her stooging for Danny Kaye—for the fifth time. She also stooged for Bob Hope.

Virginia had every right to be nasty about this, but she's a pleasant girl. So she just said good-by to Mr. Goldwyn and moved her make-up box to Warner Brothers. Danny Kaye is at Warners too, but Virginia's admirers are hoping for the best.

Actually, 26-year-old blonde Virginia hasn't any desire to be the greatest living dramatic actress. She'd rather be another Betty Grable. "My legs are my fortune," she says, "but Hollywood won't let them work for me."

"You don't want to be another Bette Davis?" one aghast writer asked her recently.

"What's the matter with Betty Grable?" asked Virginia sweetly. "She's doing all right." (Grable is just about the biggest moneymaker in Hollywood.)

Virginia Mayo was born in St. Louis and was only six when she confided to her aunt, Mrs. Alice Jones Wientge, who operated a dramatic school, that she wanted to be a movie star. Aunt Alice took over Virginia's training. As a child she danced in the chorus of the St. Louis Municipal Opera, and after completing Benton Grammar School and Soldan High Schools she joined the floor show at the Chase Hotel in St. Louis.

When Andy Mayo's comedy horse Pansy, a two-man job, played the Chase, Virginia filled in as the ringmistress. She stayed with the act for four years, and changed her name from Virginia Jones to Virginia Mayo. The act was a huge success in Eddie Cantor's Banjo Eyes on Broadway. It also played the Radio City Music Hall and the corn-belt cabarets. She was playing Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe when Sam Goldwyn caught the act one night and decided that she would look good in Technicolor.

Despite the fact that she doesn't particularly like them, horses are always popping up in Virginia's life. Pansy offered no problems, but she can't say the same for the ones her husband, Michael O'Shea, has on their ranch at Encino. Any time Mike gets a call to help with a round-up or appear in a rodeo, he's off and away. Virginia rarely goes

Photos by Bob Wallace

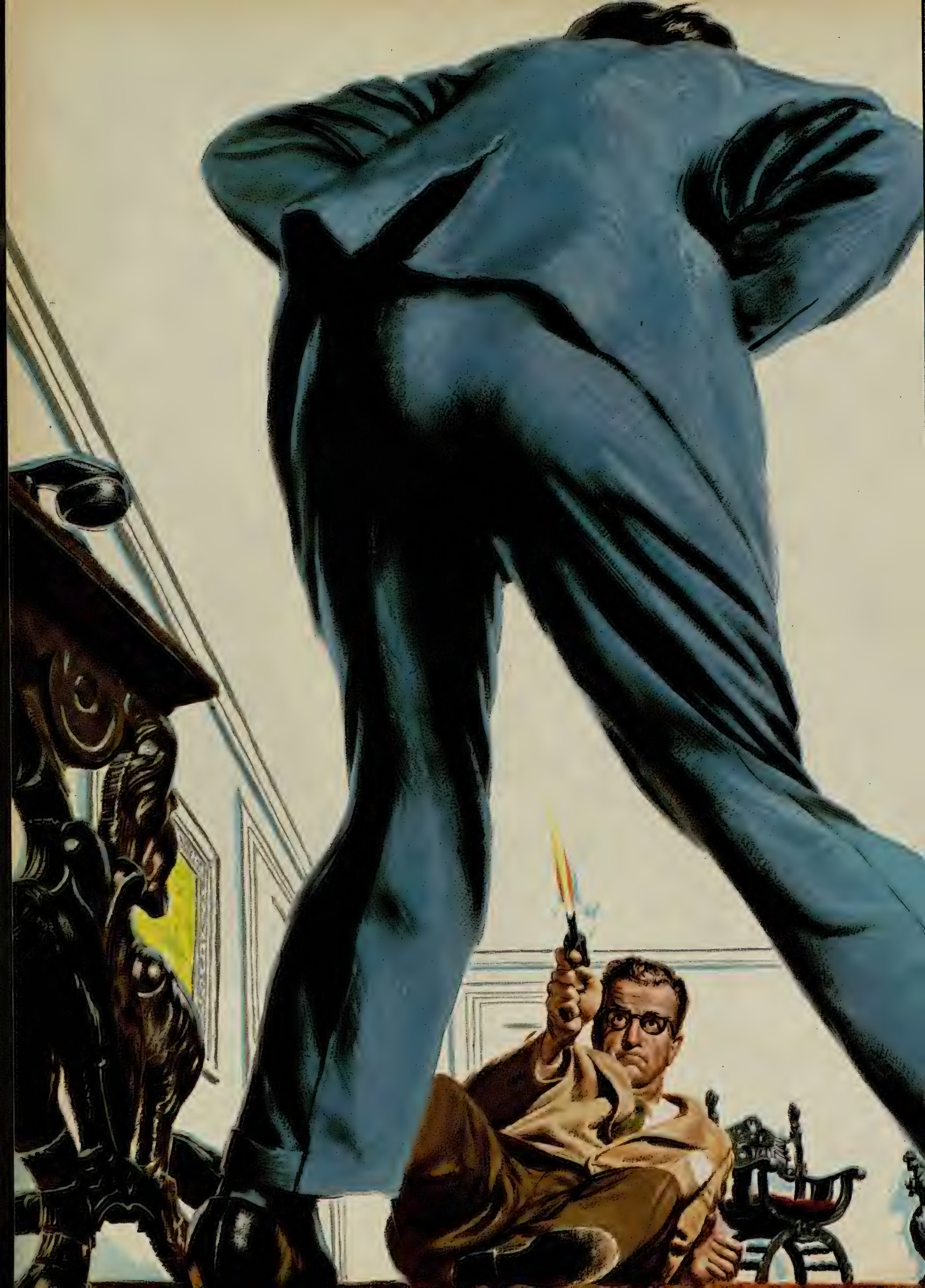
with him. "Rodeos," she says with a shrug, "are all pretty much alike."

Mike does not share Virginia's overwhelming enthusiasm for dogs, but if she can be tolerant about his horses, he can be tolerant about her dogs. Virginia is a real dog-lover, especially of stray mutts. Once she had a dog named Dinky who went everywhere with her and rustled his meals by going to the nearest restaurant and dancing.

The O'Sheas have been married two years. They met when they were both playing in a picture called Jack London.

When she isn't busy on a picture, Virginia sketches. Her friends say she turns out some creditable work. She attends dancing classes three times a week with Mme. Catherine Ettienne, the ballet teacher. Virginia, who weighs 115 pounds, says, "A beautiful body is not an accident. You have to work for it." She also takes singing lessons from opera coach Nina Kochetz. Virginia doesn't intend to be left at the post when and if that Betty Grable call comes.

Last year the O'Sheas went to London with the Command Performance contingent from Hollywood. It was their first trip abroad and they took time off for touring. Virginia got her biggest kick out of Versailles and the waxworks. She went to the waxworks to see what they had done to Danny Kaye. ◆ ◆



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

By GEORGE HARMON COXE

Illustrated by John McDermott

READING TIME 31 MINUTES As county medical examiner, Dr. Paul Standish was accustomed to having his plans complicated by official business which, it seemed to him, usually came at the most inopportune times. On this particular Thursday evening, however, the call from the telegraph bureau at ten ten interrupted nothing more than a quiet evening at home.

A police sedan, assigned to Standish by the dispatcher while the call was being made, was angling toward the curb when he reached the sidewalk, and a short ride uptown brought him to a medium-sized but somewhat expensive apartment-hotel called the Sheridan Arms. Two other police cars were parked out front when Standish got out, and a uniformed policeman stationed in the modest lobby waved him toward the elevator, saying, "Sixth floor, doctor."

The sixth floor proved to be a sort of penthouse comprising two sizable suites, one of which was occupied by the owner of the building, a man named Willard Corbin. It was here that Lieutenant Ballard of the homicide squad was waiting.

There were others in the front room when Standish entered, but after his first quick glance he went directly to the crumpled figure on the floor, aware now that the victim was Corbin, seeing the dark stain on the coat front and the larger stain on the rug. He discovered then that the man had been shot once through the chest, and when he lifted a limp hand he found it still warm.

Stepping back to let the police photographer get his pictures before the body was moved, Standish glanced at Ballard, and then at the two men being questioned, one of whom he recognized as Harry Boynton, a husky, hard-muscled man of forty or so. The other man, the apartment-hotel manager, whose name was Lloyd Gaynor, was a few years younger, handsome in a smooth, superficial way, with a pleasant manner.

"Mr. Boynton came in at ten," he said, "and two or three minutes later he called me at the switchboard. I came right up and—we telephoned police headquarters."

"You have a date with Corbin, Harry?" Ballard turned to Boynton.

"Not exactly. I told him I'd stop by."

"What'd you want to see him about?"

"Business." Boynton tipped one hand. "Corbin's got an interest in that night club of mine. Sort of a silent partner."

He said other things about that partnership, but Standish let his thoughts slide on, aware that Boynton was talking about the Club 17 and recalling other things he knew about the man who, over a period of years, had done a variety of things, none of them entailing any physical effort and all of them associated with gambling in some form or other.

◆ Remembering these and other things, Standish found himself speculating about the dead man. He had heard that Corbin got his start lending money to workingmen at usurious rates—until the laws were rewritten to take care of such things. Since then his loan business had been on a more respectable basis, though still profitable, since at fifty-five he was moderately wealthy and had extensive real-estate holdings.

"He was like that when you found him, Harry?" Ballard said. "You didn't touch him?"

"I touched his shoulder," Boynton said. "I didn't know what was the matter with him. I spoke to him and he whispered something—like a name. That was all. He must have died right then."

"You didn't get the name?"

Gaynor cleared his throat. "Could it have been Vanning?"

"Vanning?" Boynton frowned. "Could have been. Sounded like—yeah. Van. I didn't get it all, but it sounded like Van."

◀◀◀ "He grabbed his stomach, bent over, and slumped down. He rolled over on his side and—"

"Here's once," the detective said to Dr. Standish, "when all you've got to do is get me that slug and give me the p.m. report." As usual, the detective was mistaken

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Continued

Ballard turned and faced the manager. "Who's Vanning?"

"I don't know," Gaynor said. "I never saw him before. But this young fellow came in about a quarter of ten and said he had an appointment with Mr. Corbin. Two or three minutes later the light from the apartment flashed on the board, but before I could plug in, the light went out. I thought someone up here had picked up the phone and then changed his mind."

"Then what?" Ballard asked.

"In another minute or so Vanning came back downstairs. He hurried out without saying a word." Gaynor shrugged. "That's all I know. Mr. Boynton came in later and—" He let the sentence dangle as one of the plain-clothes men spoke to Ballard.

"There's a dame named Vanning runs a dance studio over on Elm Street," he said. "On the third floor of a red-brick block."

◆

Ballard told the fellow to start checking, then turned back to Gaynor, asking if there was any way a person could get in and out of this apartment without Gaynor seeing him. The manager explained.

He said that the building was made up of small suites except for the two on this floor, which were larger. Here there was a rear entrance giving on a service elevator. It would be possible for someone to get down that way.

"But not without me seeing him," he added. "At least not after nine o'clock last night. I'm not supposed to be on the switchboard," he said in answer to Ballard's prodding. "I do it one night a week when the regular man is off. There's a back door on the first floor and it's supposed to be locked. I checked last night around nine and found it unlocked, so I locked it and brought the key to the desk. If anyone had come down the service elevator after that, he would still have had to come out the front way."

"And no one did?"

"No, sir."

"You don't have anyone on the front elevators?"

"Not after eight o'clock."

Ballard nodded. He asked if there wasn't a Mrs. Corbin, and Gaynor said yes.

"They're separated," he added. "I have her address and phone number downstairs if you'd like them."

Ballard thanked him. He said he'd be down in a few minutes, and Harry Boynton, watching Gaynor leave, said, "How about me, lieutenant? O.K. to go?"

Ballard said yes. He said he'd want a formal statement from Boynton the next day but that was all for now. When the door closed he turned to Standish, who was making a second examination of the dead man.

"No complications, are there, doc?"

"None that I can see," Standish said. "The slug that killed him must have hit a bone, because it's still in him. Also there's a slight abrasion on the knuckle of the right hand."

"Corbin may have slugged Vanning before the kid shot him." Ballard, a tall, sandy-haired man with shrewd gray eyes, shifted his weight from heel to toe and looked uncommonly pleased with himself, an attitude that was understandable when you knew the background of his friendship with Dr. Standish.

For in the past there had been many times when Ballard had come to Standish to ask his help, once the fact of *(Continued on page 61)*

Winchell

What goes on behind the scenes of the greatest single newscastin act in radio business

READING TIME 4 MINUTES The greatest single act i radio business originates in a small drab studio of th American Broadcasting Company in New York City Its star is Walter Winchell, who broke into vaudevill with the Gus Edwards' troupe some 40 years ago an is still going strong.

Winchell hit the big time in 1930 when the maker of Lucky Strike cigarettes shrewdly turned him loos in front of a microphone. Today—after selling ocean of hand lotion for 16 years—Winchell's program sell shiny new automobiles for the Kaiser-Frazer Compan and does it so phenomenally that the star is pai around $12,000 for, roughly, 13 minutes of his specialt each Sunday night.

Winchell's unprecedented success in riveting an estimated 30,000,000 people to their loud-speakers wee after week, year after year, with nothing more to sel than the news and nothing more with which to sel it than his fighting spirit, a dynamic delivery, and th diddlings of a telegraph key, has caused his rivals t gnash their molars in envy. No other radio commentator has ever come within a country mile of hi Hooper rating (recently: 29.2) and few broadcasts o

Photos by William Leftwich

Walter Winchell, like most good troupers, is nervous before showtime. Zero hour for his broadcast is some minutes away as he scans news from the teletype. Later he will doff that coat.

At Work

By ERNEST LEHMAN

any type have been heard by more people. Walter Winchell is an integral part of Sunday in America.

It is difficult to explain some of the public and private potshots aimed at him by detractors who, in the same breath, concede their admiration for his militant patriotism and his championing of such worthy causes as the Runyon Cancer Fund.

Undoubtedly Winchell's fearlessness frightens the timid. Many a self-effacing citizen squirms uneasily beside the radio as W. W. lashes out at Presidents, dictators, and home-grown bigots with a luxurious lack of restraint. Hopeful people, praying for world peace with fingers crossed, sweat with anxiety and project their fears onto the bearer of ominous tidings, turning him into a menace. Or perhaps the easiest explanation of the anti-Winchell brigade is that it has always been one of the dearest and most fondly cherished of American traditions to "knock the champ."

Except when he is treating a troublesome sinus to the Roney Plaza's Miami Beach sunshine, or presiding over the Hollywood scene from the vantage point of his unofficial headquarters at the Twentieth Century-Fox film studios (which once employed him as an actor), Winchell broadcasts from a tiny studio adjoining ABC's newsroom.

Like all good troupers, he is nervous before broadcasting. He scans wire-service reports for last-minute news stories that might make food for talk. In an office off the newsroom sits his lawyer, Ernie Cuneo, who checks the script for possible libel and errors of fact.

Winchell himself has fashioned the script earlier that evening, combining the most airworthy items in his Monday-morning syndicated column with late-breaking Sunday dispatches.

As nine o'clock nears, Winchell banters spiritedly with his announcer, chats with Rose Bigman, his famed Girl Friday, and hurls a steady stream of patter at the few close friends who have earned the coveted privilege of accompanying him to the broadcast. Occasionally the phone rings, and Winchell grabs it himself, giving short shrift to anyone without news.

At eight fifty-five, final corrected script in hand, he goes into the broadcasting booth, accompanied by his announcer, a technician, and the actors, if any, who take part in the commercial. Only rarely does Winchell permit a visitor to view the show.

He removes his jacket, loosens his tie and collar, shoves the ever-present gray felt hat farther back on his head, and sits down at a table in the center of the room, using two thick telephone directories as seat cushions for the maximum of comfort.

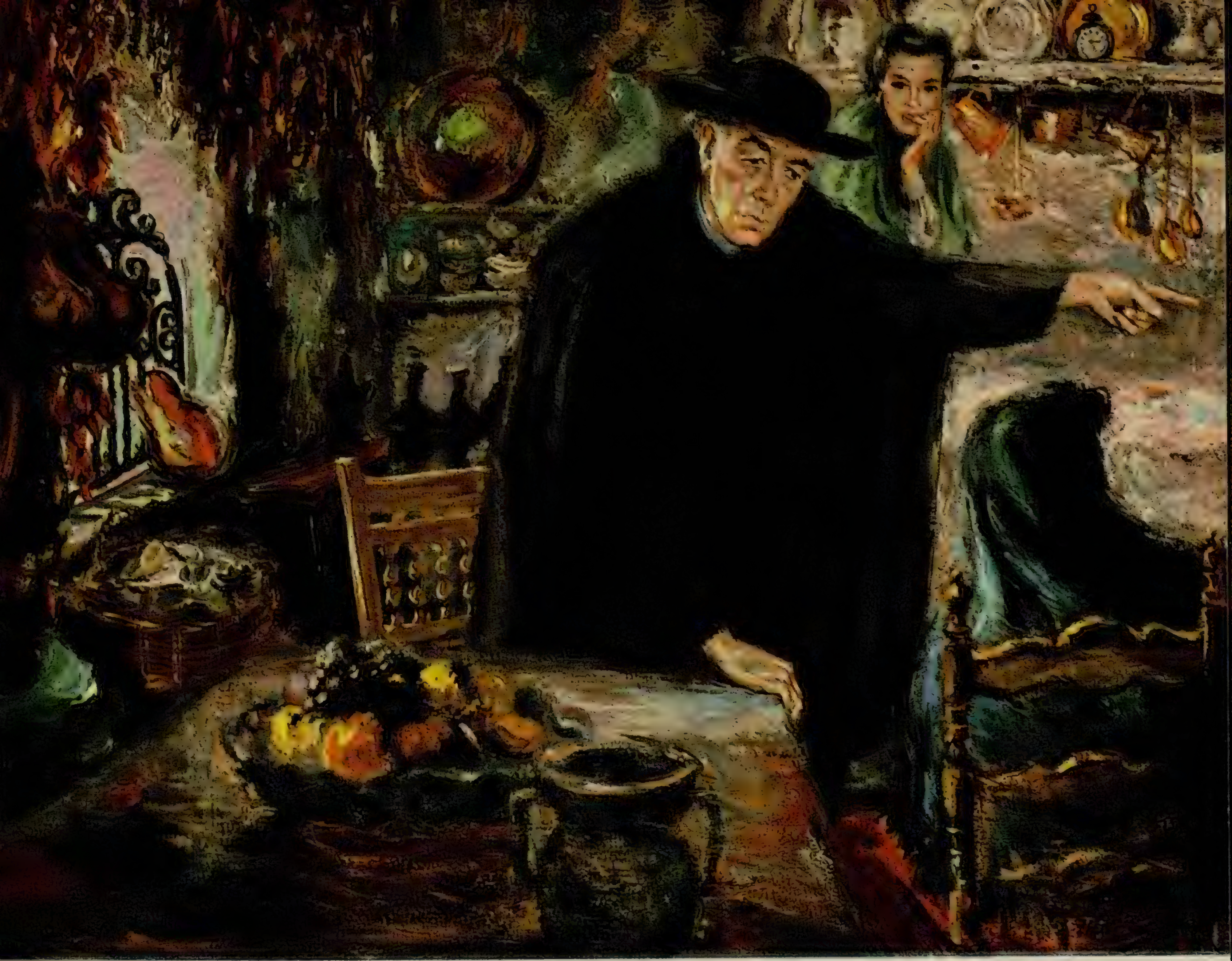
He takes a couple of dry runs on the telegraph key. He rattles off a few lines of the script. He gulps down a paper cup of water. He clears his throat, twists his tie, and shifts in his seat. Across the nation, 30,000,000 Americans sit waiting. The control room signals for silence. And then . . .

"The Kaiser-Frazer Journal—starring Walter Winchell . . ."

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North and South America and all the ships at sea! Let's go to press! Flash! . . ." ◆ ◆

Winchell is seated for his weekly program. Telegraph key and an ABC mike are at his elbow. He has loosened his collar and tie and has taken a couple of dry runs on the telegraph key.

Here Winchell listens to a playback. He maps each program with great care and frequently checks up on himself to see how it all sounds. Rarely does he permit a visitor to view his show.



"This girl—what about her? What sort of

The Bishop's Staircase

Once in a great while comes a story so powerful and true to life that reading it is a great experience. Such a story is this one

By CARMEN LÓPEZ

READING TIME 24 MINUTES The Bishop was tired. It had been a long, weary day—nine endless hours of struggle to make the stubborn mill owners and the equally stubborn delegates from the workers' guild come to an agreement. In the end, when all had seemed lost, the Bishop's patience had given out, and his terrible temper had actually frightened the lot of them into a compromise.

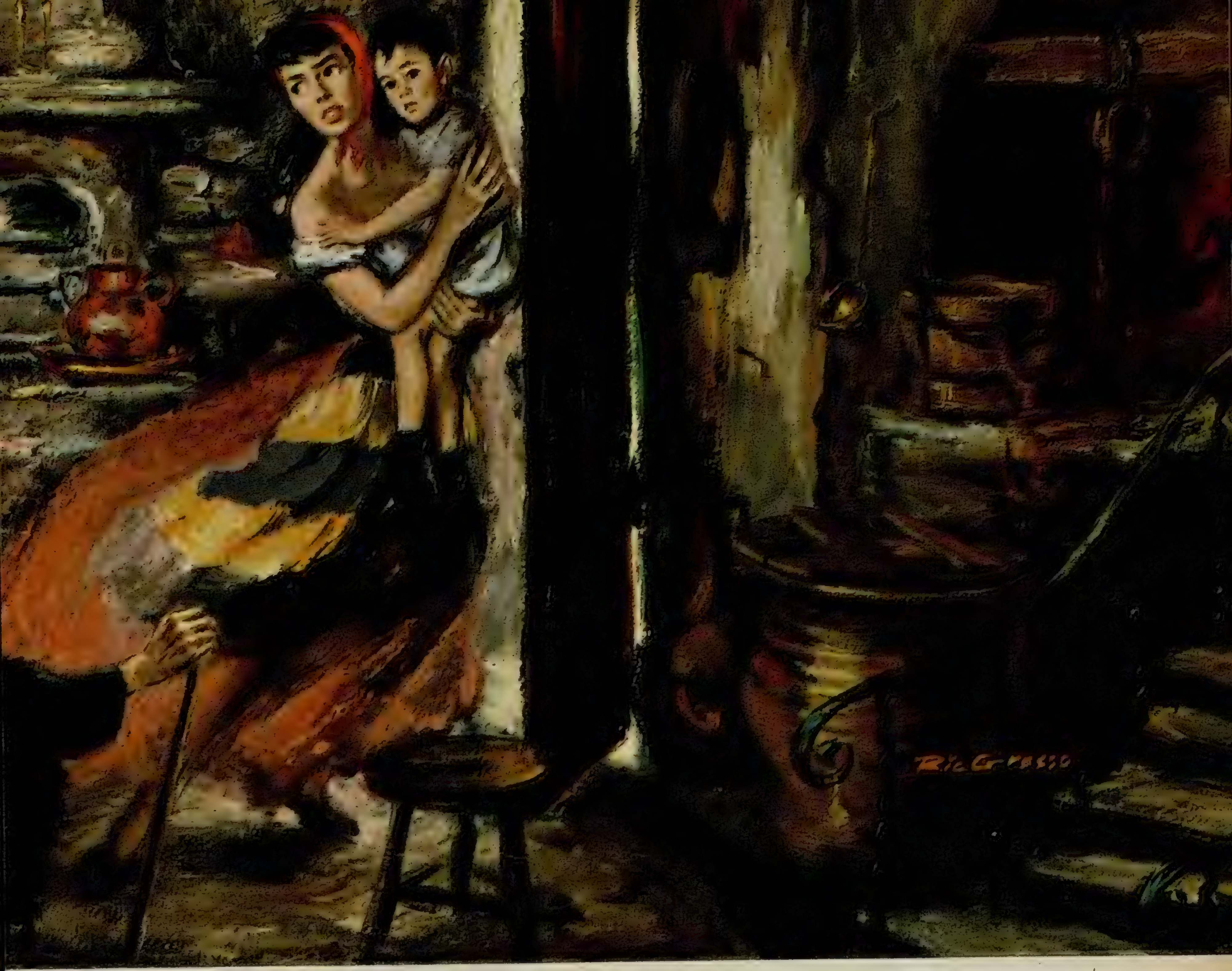
In spite of his tiredness, the Bishop felt buoyed up and cheerful when he left the meeting, for the compromise agreement removed the gloomy specter of bakers' empty windows and soup lines that had haunted the Bishop for weeks. It would be all to do over again and again, he knew, but for the coming winter there was respite, and it cheered him.

As he passed through the door of his own house, his cheerfulness and buoyancy evaporated like a mist, and tiredness enfolded him again. The episcopal palace was huge—too large for any one man, even for a bishop—he had often thought.

Now, as he stood at the foot of the great staircase, looking up, he hesitated as if wondering whether or not he could make the effort of climbing it. Two men behind him looked at the Bishop with anxiety, for each, in his own way, loved him.

Brother Anselmo, the steward of the household, was small, round, busy, and had a cherubic look. Brother Joseph was the Bishop's confidential secretary—tall, gaunt, with the austere face and unrelenting eyes of an Inquisitor. These were the two people closest to the Bishop in his daily life. They did not fill the emptiness in his heart.

Brother Anselmo looked up at Brother Joseph and whispered, "He looks so tired! And no wonder! Whoever heard of a bishop having to involve himself in strikes and disputes and contracts!"



girl is she? Why aren't they married?"

Brother Joseph did not even glance down as he replied severely, "Bishops in other ages carried the cross in one hand and the sword in the other."

A faint smile flickered across the Bishop's face as he continued to stare up at the staircase. It was of white marble, with a grand sweeping curve (this palace had been built for a duke). And he had smiled, thinking of the shock it would have given his two assistants had they been able to read his mind just then.

For the Bishop was thinking, What a perfect balustrade for a boy to slide down!

As he started to climb and touched the marble, he added mentally, A little chill perhaps, but he would soon warm it up.

The Bishop was the oldest of four brothers—five, if he counted his half-brother Esteban. His father had permitted his oldest son to enter the priesthood reluctantly but without too great objection.

"God knows how to choose well," he had said ruefully.

But then he had looked forward to other sons and their children. The Bishop wondered whether his father might have consented so readily had he foreseen what the future held. Two of the brothers had been drowned in a shipwreck off the coast of Cuba; a third was married and childless.

The youngest, the half-brother Esteban, was twenty-six. He should marry and have children, of course, but the thought of Esteban's children induced no enthusiasm in the Bishop. He had never quite been able to reconcile himself to the marriage that had produced Esteban. An old man marrying his housekeeper less than two years after his wife's death—a wife to whom he had been happily married for thirty-five years! Why, his father had been older than he himself was now when Esteban was born!

The Bishop was fifty-seven—not too old—but old enough to have already lost many of the friends of his youth. He could count on the fingers of one hand the people who would still call him by his first name, and have fingers to spare. Eminence, the Bishop had discovered, was a lonely place.

On the small secretary in his sitting room, where his private mail was placed, he found a letter. It was from Marica, his old nurse. Until three weeks ago she had been, nominally, his housekeeper as well. Brother Anselmo really managed the house. Then she had suddenly decided she wanted to return to her village. And her going had left the Bishop more alone than ever. She had cared for him since he was three, and was one of the few people who seemed to remember that he had not been born a bishop.

He had instructed Esteban to keep an eye on Marica, and to let him know if anything went wrong. She mentioned that she was well. Yet

(*Continued on page 68*)

Illustrated by Ric Grasso

Is it true what

Six thousand of America's loveliest girls are professional models. Are they the party girls the tabloids make them out to be? Take a look behind the scenes and see what they really are

By CYNTHIA HOPE

READING TIME 11 MINUTES What is the truth about models? Are they the party girls, the home wreckers and the husband snatchers the tabloids make them out to be? Are they beautiful but dumb, and do they spend all their leisure night-clubbing, drinking, and looking for millionaire husbands? Who are they? How do they live? Why do they hit the headlines so often?

There are 6,000 girls who call themselves professional models, and to get the facts about them for Liberty's readers, we talked with the heads of the four leading New York model agencies, with several of the top magazine-cover girls, and with Robert Knight, editor of Hold-It, the racket-busting trade journal of the model industry.

At the outset, these authorities agree that too many girls come to New York with little if any knowledge of the enormous complexities of the model mill. A great many have only Christmas or birthday money to tide them over while they haunt the model agencies.

The busier agents interview thousands of girls a year: John Powers about 5,000; Harry Conover more than 3,000. Less than 1 per cent ever become top wage-earners. But many stay on in the city anyway. Quite often these are the girls who hit the headlines, give the slur to the word "model."

Most models insist that the almost unbearable tensions of the modeling business are the cause of many a professional beauty's downfall. "The shakes," for instance, most dread occupational ailment among models, can end the career of even a top cover girl.

Since long exposures sometimes require a model to hold perfectly still before the camera for five seemingly endless seconds—or for eight seconds in some color shots—the slightest tremor on a model's part blurs her image on film, spoils a shot that may have taken two hours to set up. Once a model falls prey to this flinching nervousness, it can wreak havoc with her psychologically. Just the conscious effort to hold steady in front of the camera is often enough to bring on the dread tremor. Since a model's time is worth from $10 to $50 an hour, and the photographer's fee for a color shot may run to $1,500 and up, a ruined batch of film caused by a model's jitters involves a loss which blackballs the model forever at a studio.

Some girls resort to drugs in an effort to counteract the tremors, or shakes. They take a capsule of a few grains of phenobarbital to relax tense facial muscles and steady camera nerves. But those who let drugs take over usually land in a psychiatric ward. Models find that small doses of any of these drugs have to be stepped up more and more to be effective. And it is easy for a model to kid herself about the actual "bigness" of a job. When she gets to this stage, she finds *(Continued on page 49)*

THESE MADE SPECTACULAR MARRIAGES

MRS. WINTHROP ROCKEFELLER was Barbara (Bobo) Sears and lived in a modest apartment before her marriage last year.

EDITH BACKUS was modeling and living quietly at home with her mother when she met Jack Chrysler. Now she is Mrs. C.

THESE MADE GOOD IN HOLLYWOOD

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN not so long ago was called Brunette of the Year. Since then she has won stardom in the movies.

JOAN CAULFIELD, star of Paramount's new film, Dear Wife, was modeling clothes when a movie talent scout saw her.

THESE MADE GOOD IN SPECIAL CAREERS

DORIS BRYN is beautiful proof that models can be smart, too. She helps her husband manage a profitable leather business.

ANITA COLBY, called the "Mad Hatter" because of her penchant for ultra-sensational hats, is now in the television field.

Photos by Twentieth Century-Fox; Paramount, International News; Richard A. Little; Claude W. Huston; Pix, Inc.

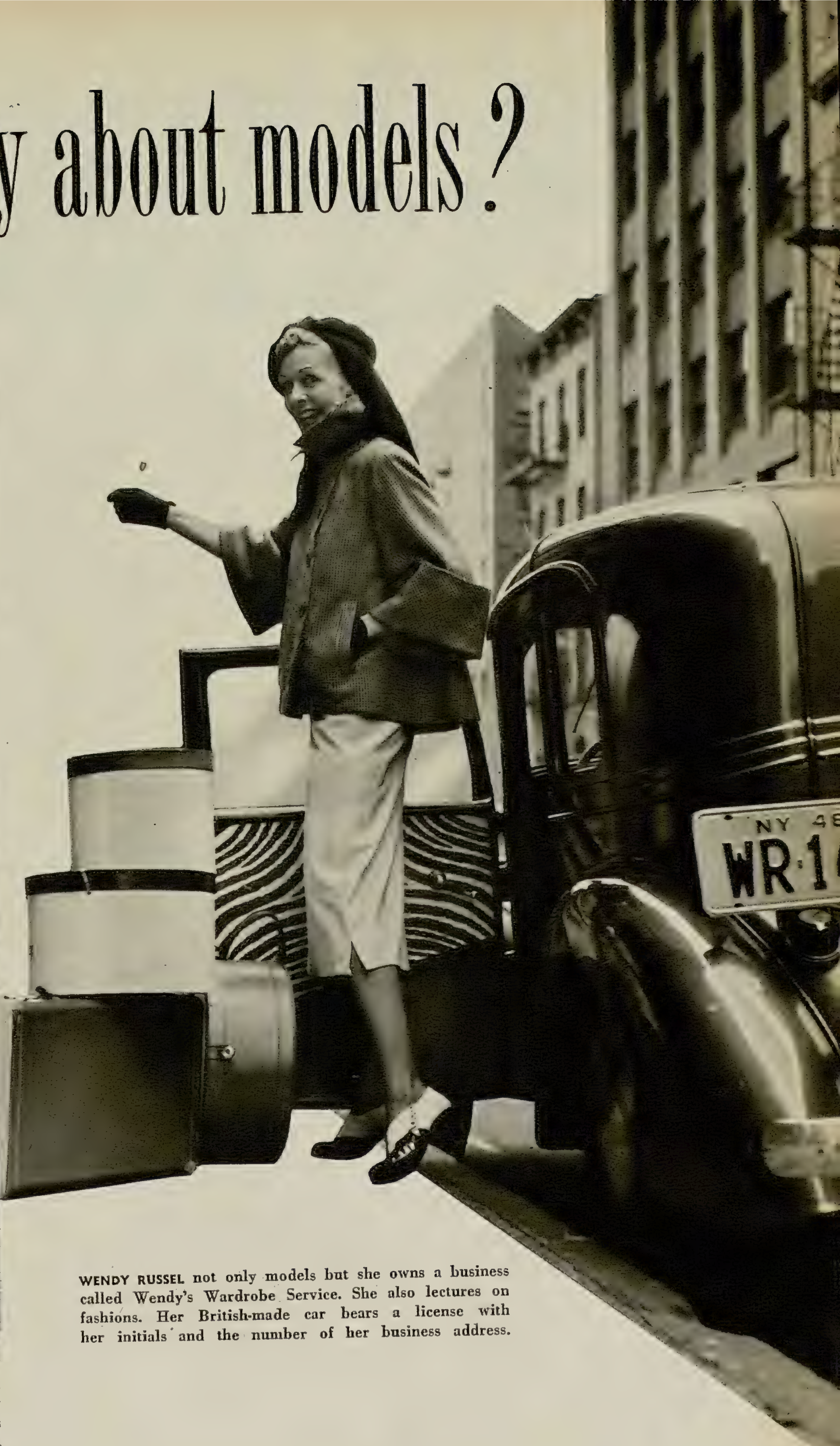
they say about models?

and FRANCES ANCKER

DOROTHY TEMPLE as she looked when modeling a new hair-do. She's now the wife of Philip Liebmann, the Rheingold heir.

SUSAN HAYWARD, who hails from Brooklyn, stepped into Hollywood roles after getting a start as a model in New York.

GEORGIA CARROL when she used to model unique turbans. Now she is a wife and mother. She is married to "Prof" Kay Kyser.



WENDY RUSSEL not only models but she owns a business called Wendy's Wardrobe Service. She also lectures on fashions. Her British-made car bears a license with her initials and the number of her business address.

Liberty SHORT SHORT • READING TIME 7 MINUTES

baby mine

By FREDERICK NEBEL

There are some things a ballplayer's wife can never tell her husband—especially if she loves him

◆

It began in St. Louis, the first week in August. We knocked over the Cardinals in a close one, three to two, extra innings. Joe Denny singled with Umstotter on second in the fourteenth, and that was it. It was the last hit Joe got for some time. That was very nice for Red Devlin, a hotshot just up from the minors. Red wasn't with us for that St. Louis series—he was back east getting over a Charley horse—but that was when his star began to rise. And it was hell for Joe Denny. Listen.

St. Louis. We came back to the hotel from the ball park and I steered Joe toward the bar, but he said, "Wait a minute. I better phone Mary first."

He went upstairs to the room. Whenever we were on the road he always phoned his wife a couple of times a week. Sometimes she'd put the three-year-old on and Joe would talk baby talk: "Is Daddy's yidda man taking good care of Momsy-womsy?" Stuff like that, the kind you bear in silence from a pal. He was nuts about that kid.

When he didn't come down to the bar, I went up to the room. He was sitting looking out the window. "They're having trouble getting the call through," he said. "No answer, they say. Can't be. It's Joey's feeding time."

He wouldn't go out to eat, so I went out myself. Then I went to an air-conditioned movie. When I got back, Joe was in bed.

Daylight and the sound of Joe's angry voice woke me up.

"Where the hell you been?" he was yelling. "What do you mean, don't yell? I'll yell if I want! I've been trying since five yesterday and I been awake half the night. . . . That's what you say. Prove it! The phone company can't be wrong all night— Hello, hello. Hey!" His jaw was hard, his eyes blazing.

I went into the bathroom and washed my teeth. He was gone when I came out. I didn't see him again till the clubhouse that afternoon.

The Cardinals shellacked us. Joe went hitless. He let a guy sliding into second break up a double play, and he let an easy ground ball go through his legs that cost us two runs. He didn't get another hit in St. Louis. When we left he was batting .301. He didn't phone home again.

The manager wired east for Red Devlin to join the team at Cincinnati. Devlin turned up with a tight grin and a look in his eyes that showed he'd been watching the batting averages. I never liked the guy —but he was good for the team. He was plain murder on the base paths, and because he'd been a pretty good middleweight boxer, not many guys tangled with him. Joe had taught him a lot. Joe had even found him a place to live back east and had him in for a home-cooked dinner. What was good for the team was O.K. with Joe.

But Joe didn't phone home from Cincinnati. When we left, his batting average was .289. His fielding was haywire. The manager began giving him looks. Red Devlin didn't miss one of those looks.

There's no place like the home park to a club in a slump. Besides, I figured that when Joe and Mary got together, face to face, things would be different. But I was wrong.

I went up to see Mary, and the kid sat on my knee.

"Joe's playing sand-lot baseball, Mary," I said. "What's the trouble?"

"You're a nice guy, Bingo, but maybe you're butting in," she said.

I put the kid down and picked up my hat.

"I'm sorry, Bingo," Mary said, "but I kind of feel funny with a guy that heard my husband on the phone tell me to prove I wasn't out all night."

"He was excited, Mary. He didn't mean it. It ain't like Joe not to apologize."

"He did apologize," Mary said. "But it wasn't in his eyes. He couldn't look at me."

I could never stand to see a woman cry, so I walked out.

Next day the manager said, "O.K., Red, you at second. Joe, take a rest."

Red Devlin played second like a dream, and a guy that tried to spike him out of making a double play was carried off the field cold. He homered with the bases empty. We won, ten to three, in a breeze.

Joe kept warming the bench. He sat down at the end, silent and hangdog. His eyes followed Red Devlin, and whenever Red made a fine play you could see Joe nod to himself. But the team wasn't steadied. We were in and out, up and down. Red could hit a long ball, but most times it was in a fielder's glove. He wasn't a clutch hitter.

None of the other guys hung around Joe any more. The pepper was out of him. He just watched Red Devlin, following every move. There was no anger in his face, no envy, no hatred. There was nothing.

The first of September, Cincinnati came in for a five-game series. "We gotta take at least three of these games—or else," the manager said. Or else, we all knew, we could kiss the pennant hopes good-by.

◆

The Reds threw Elwell Blackburn at us in the first game. Joe sat stiff and wooden, and sometimes there was sweat on his face, and all the time Blackburn was on the mound Joe didn't take his eyes off him. He sweat hard when Red Devlin fanned in the seventh with two on and two out. We dropped it, three to one. We took the second and third. They took the fourth. They wanted three too, so for the fifth game they came back at us with Elwell Blackburn. We were tied up in the ninth, one to one, and with two out, Umstotter doubled down the left side and Devlin was next up.

Joe rubbed his hands together—suddenly, all at once, hard. "Mister," he said to the manager, "I can hit Blackburn."

"He's hot today," the manager said.

"Mister," Joe said—he was always polite to the manager—"we need a single. I can get us a single."

Illustrated by Casey Jones

Devlin came back to the dugout with his mouth hanging open.

Joe stood easy at the plate. He singled sharp over second on the first pitch. Umstotter came in standing up.

◆

"Joe," I said in a tavern after the game, "what happened?"

He looked at his beer. "Bingo, I been a dope. You remember that night in St. Louis?"

"I heard you on the phone."

"That's what I mean. Away so much, I was always scared Mary, being lonesome, might fall for some other guy. When there was no answer, I figured she parked the kid somewhere and went stepping with some guy. Bingo, I tried not to believe it. I tried hard. When I came home, I apologized—but I—I still wondered. And Mary could tell. And being scared of that, I was scared of my job. I was scared of Devlin. And the more I was scared, the worse I got. But this afternoon it came to me. I believed in her—all the way, Bingo. Don't ask me why. I just did. And when I believed in her, I believed in myself. I wasn't scared of Devlin. I knew I could hit Blackburn." He lifted his beer. "Bingo, we're going to cop the pennant."

They had me up for a home-cooked dinner the night before we left on our last road trip.

"Sugar-pie," Mary said, "will you run out for some butter? I forgot."

"Right, baby mine," Joe said.

"Well, Mary," I said, "I'm glad your husband and my pal came to his senses. He was an awful dope to think there was another guy around."

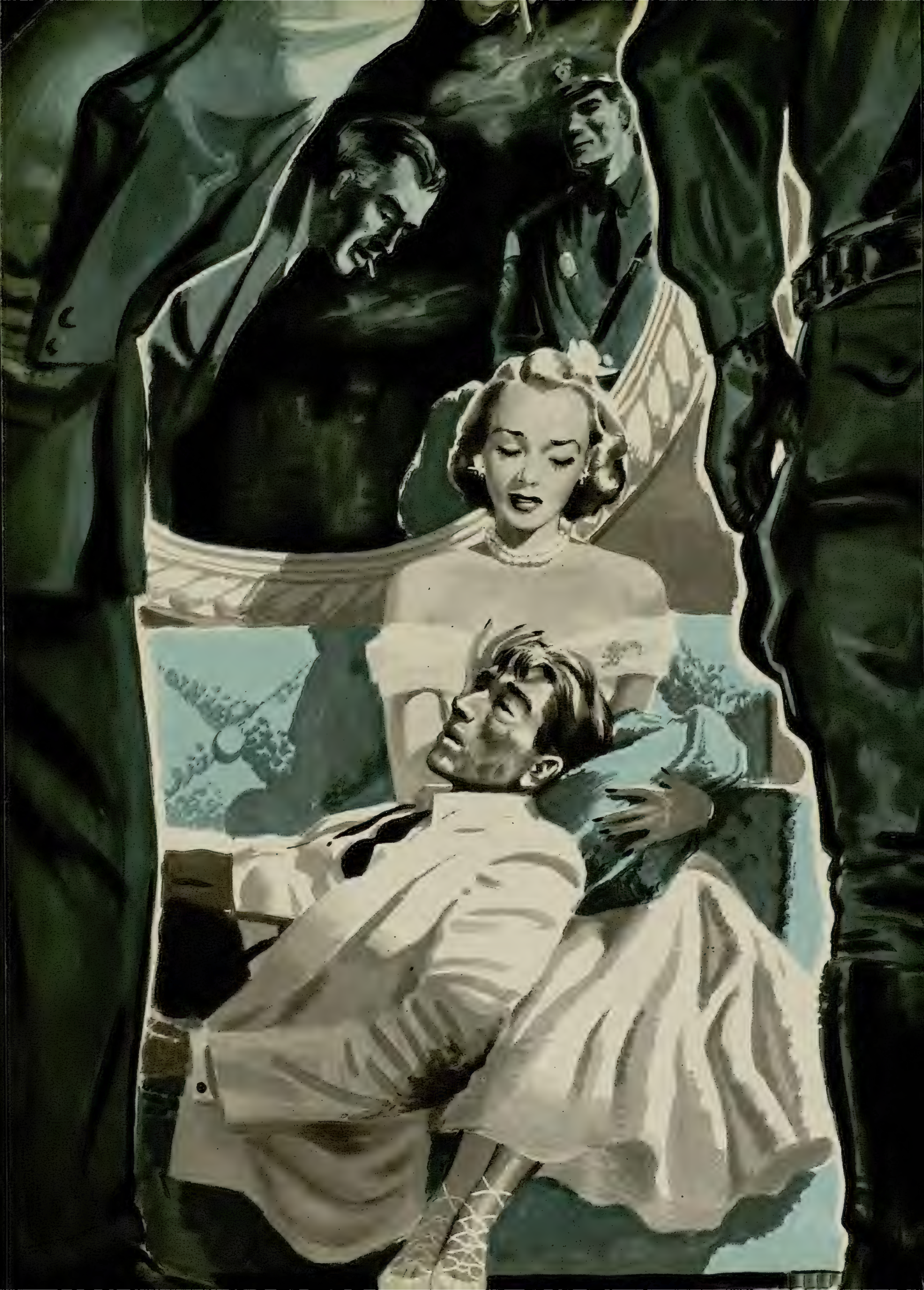
"Bingo," she said, "there was."

"I don't get it."

"That night Joe tried to get me on the phone, Red Devlin was here—tight as a coot and making passes at me. The phone kept ringing and I didn't answer it because I knew I couldn't shut Red up and Joe would hear him. I told Red if he didn't shut up and get out, I'd tell Joe. And he said, 'Go ahead, tell him. He'll try to take me and I'll put him in the hospital for the rest of the season.'" She almost cried. "Bingo, what could I do? Bingo, please, for Pete's sake, don't ever tell him! I had to get my brother Al, a cop, to come over and take Red out. Al kept it quiet. You've got to, Bingo!"

"Look, sugar-pie," I said. "I want us to win the pennant, don't I? And Joe's my pal, ain't he?"

Mary squeezed my hand. "And he's my man, Bingo," she said, "and I love that man." ◆ ◆



A Bullet For My Love

e favored me with a long, level look. “Sounds good, Keith, but I could with a little more passion in your voice. Tremolo effect”

y OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ustrated by John Pike

PART THREE

ADING TIME 34 MINUTES I was lying a couch. My head was elevated, d I squinted up through the eye ich wasn't so painfully swollen the other. I closed the eye again. idn't know where I was or how got there, but if it was all right th Judy Overton to lend me her as a pillow, it was twice as O.K. th me. The thought struck me at this would be a dandy way to end the rest of my life—just rest- my head on her lap, having her nd stroke my forehead. It seemed at recently I'd become more utely aware of the fact that Judy s a very intriguing young lady; at she was something more than e important half of a tops radio that I was running.

hurt all over. Especially my e. Details of the recent battle rted coming back to me. Rocky ran was a tough opponent. Then emembered that he was dead. A ot had sounded just in time to e me from a slight case of angulation. Rocky had sagged d then pitched on his face.

opened the eye again, being reful not to let Judy know that had recovered consciousness. I s in somebody's office: the man- er's at the Casa Linda night club, resumed. The room was all over ps. I could see Bert Lane of e Hollywood Division and Marty alsh of Homicide. Sitting near ne was a tall, very handsome an with prematurely gray hair d a little clipped mustache. I ard someone call him Sergeant am. Propped against the far wall s the gigantic frame containing e hundred thousand dollars that nnie Clayton had won at the oadcast that evening. Standing either side of it were the two iformed cops, MacDonald and nroy.

Lane was saying: “All right. So eith Williams and Rocky Moran alked out the back way toward e parking lot. Couldn't you figure ere was gonna be a beef?”

Conroy said, “They'd been quarreling, sure. But Williams was taking him out to smooth him down.”

“And Bonnie Clayton?”

“Looked like she was just goin' along for the ride.”

“O.K. Then a little while later you heard a shot. Why didn't you get out there, but fast?”

Conroy jerked his head in the direction of the frame. “It was *that*, lieutenant. Guarding that was what we was paid for. We was scared to leave it.”

“So you stood around jawing while a man got killed . . .”

“Aw, it wasn't that way. You know it wasn't. We had a problem on our hands. Finally Mac says, ‘C'm'on—leave us take the frame with us.’ So we did.”

MacDonald said, “We didn't make no speed, lieutenant. That frame

(*Continued on page 76*)

SYNOPSIS

PART I: I first met Valerie Palmer, a beautiful dynamic young widow, in Las Vegas. I introduced myself: Keith Williams, advertising agency representative.

I was there with Judy Overton, star of the Judy & Oliver radio show, to meet our sponsor, L. Joshua Quincy, president of the Deliciosa soft-drink company. He had authored a doggerel riddle for the program that would pay the correct guesser $100,000. Millions listened every week.

While Valerie, Judy, and I were dining, Rocky Moran, used-car dealer, and Stanley Bishop, his manager, came over for a chat.

On the drive back to Los Angeles that night we were followed. Was someone after the $12,000 Valerie had won, or the answer to the $100,000 contest riddle from Judy? But after firing one shot, which almost hit Judy, the guy turned back.

The next day, Bonita Clayton, Moran's secretary, introduced me to Robert Abernathy, a student who lived over Valerie's garage. Later, at Judy's, I met Helen Dunbar, a New York songwriter on the trail of Clifford Harrison, to share with him money earned by their former collaboration. He had been a friend of Valerie's dead husband, but Valerie said she did not know where Harrison was.

After Judy's show Wednesday night, I took her home. I heard a scream I quickly reached Judy's side and saw Helen dead on the floor, a bullet hole over her heart.

PART II: The murderer of Helen left two clues: a scribbled copy of the radio contest riddle; and Robert Abernathy's gun. After questioning Abernathy, detectives Lane and Walsh decided he was not the killer.

Oliver Sherman, Judy's partner, wanted to marry her at once in order to protect her and because he was very much in love with her.

Valerie asked me to dinner one night. She frankly admitted Rocky Moran had made a play for her, chiefly, she said, because her husband had left her $300,000. Rocky had also been on very friendly terms with Bonnie. While Valerie was preparing the dinner, I thumbed over some music on the piano. I found the song Clifford Harrison had written—the song that had made Helen Dunbar think Valerie was lying when Valerie had denied knowledge of Cliff's whereabouts.

To everyone's surprise, Bonnie Clayton won the $100,000. She said Abernathy had helped her solve the riddle. L. Joshua Quincy threw a big party for her. At the height of the gaiety Rocky Moran strolled in, very drunk. He went straight to Bonnie, congratulated her and kissed her. She slapped his face—hard. He grew ugly, and I managed to get him outside. When he saw Bonnie, who had followed us, he gave her a punch that sent her sprawling. I went for him. His hands were almost on my throat when I heard a shot. Rocky pitched forward, lay motionless. I knew he was dead.

◀◀ Bert Lane came over to where Judy's lap and I were and said he thought I ought to sneak out the back door, go home, change clothes, and freshen up. He said I looked like seventeen cents' worth of hamburger.

Photos by Slim Aarons—Pix

ITALIAN CHILDREN now play on the beach at Anzio whe the U. S. invasion forces landed. Barbed wire and mines a gone and the church, which suffered heavily, has been restore

CASSINO'S RUINS with a boy driving a herd of goats through them. Allied and German bombs literally pulverized the town of Cassino. A new city has grown up a mile from the old site.

THE ISLE OF CAPRI was well known to G.I.s, especially to me of the Air Forces who went to the Piazza, the island's bes known landmark, to rest. Shown here is Capri's main squar

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

WHAT IT'S LIKE OVERSEAS TODAY

The G.I. has left his mark on Italy and North Africa, even if some of the evidence has such overtones as jeeps used for prowl cars in Rome and Eisenhower jackets as Class A uniform for guys named Giuseppe instead of Joe

PART THREE By ED CUNNINGHAM

READING TIME 16 MINUTES *The road to Rome began at Paestum. Twenty-eight miles north is Salerno; 145 miles beyond that, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the catacombs. Barring detours, you could drive it in four hours. It took the U. S. Fifth Army eight months, three weeks, and three days.*

There were some road blocks en route. First, the medieval Tower of Paestum, manned by Nazi machine gunners. Then the Volturno's "hairpin loop" and its flood-swollen, blood-stained waters. Next, the mud, mules, and mountains of the winter line. Monastery Hill at Cassino. Venafro, Anzio, the Rapido. . . .

Left behind at each stop, more white crosses for more Americans who wore out their luck before Highway 6 finally became Via Roma.

◆ Remember the Foro d'Italia? G.I. leaves in Rome started there; a hot shower, new uniform, orientation lecture. Then the conducted tour of the Vatican, Coliseum, Piazza di Venézia, St. Calixtus catacombs. Later a *vino* at Doney's sidewalk café, with that smiling *signorina* you met in the Villa Borghese. That night the Red Cross dance at the Corso Club.

What's it like five years after? Well, the G.I. imprint on Rome is about as indelible as those left by the Goths and the Gauls. They came, saw, and conquered, too. When they left, the Eternal City went back to being eternal. That's what it's doing now.

Some G.I. traces remain, but most have Roman overtones. Jeeps are *carabinieri* patrol cars, Eisenhower jackets are Class A uniform for guys named Giuseppe instead of Joe. Corso Umberto's shoeshine boys have graduated into black-market dollar buyers, using G.I. English for their spiel. Americanese made one laudable imprint, however. Five Vatican Swiss Guards admit they learned the U. S. version of the king's English.

TOWER OF PISA with photographer in the foreground. G.I.s used to come here for a look at the famous leaning tower. The photographer was doing business there then, as he is today.

THE GALLERIA, Naples landmark that was the gathering place for all G.I.s in south Italy, has been cleaned and polished. The glass dome is intact again and the wineshops are busy.

TEST ROAD for Italian army jeeps winds through Futa Pass, once a G.I. battleground. An Italian whose sister married a G.I. sergeant from Arkansas keeps the Futa Pass signs painted.

GUS BASSILAS, the Greek owner of this refreshment stand in Oran and a former resident of Salt Lake City and Omaha, still has military customers—a French sailor and his girl.

ONLY ANIMATION atop the Empire Theater roof garden, the former Red Cross club in Oran, is the Arab sweeper. The beach mural is about all that is left to show G.I.s once were there.

WHAT IT'S LIKE OVERSEAS TODA

Continued

Prime evidence of the Eternal City's resiliency, how
ever, is the Hotel Excelsior. Its current unruffled cal
and dignity would amaze U. S. officers who staye
there when it was Fifth Army's rest hotel. No lieu
tenants falling down elevator shafts, no ballroom bat
tles between tankers and infantry, no "reception line
on Via Véneto.

Not even a likely successor to that 88th Division cap
tain who drank 68 rum-and-cokes in 24 hours. Onl
the Excelsior bartenders still speak of the captain i
reverential tones.

Via Véneto's other officer hotels have had change
too. The Regina Carlton, opposite the U. S. Embassy
was an Air Corps hotel. Its Rainbow Room is the hote
lounge now, the slot machine in the bar still gets stuc
just about jack-pot time. But, more important, pro
prietor Francesco Lanzi is now the grandfather of
G.I. baby. His daughter married Pfc. James Perri
hotel desk clerk during its Air Corps days. Next doo
at the Ambassador Hotel bar, a familiar face is miss
ing. Charlie Castellati, world famous for his martinis
died last March, leaving behind 22 scrapbooks of auto
graphs collected in his 38 years' bartending in Ne
York, Paris, London, and Berlin.

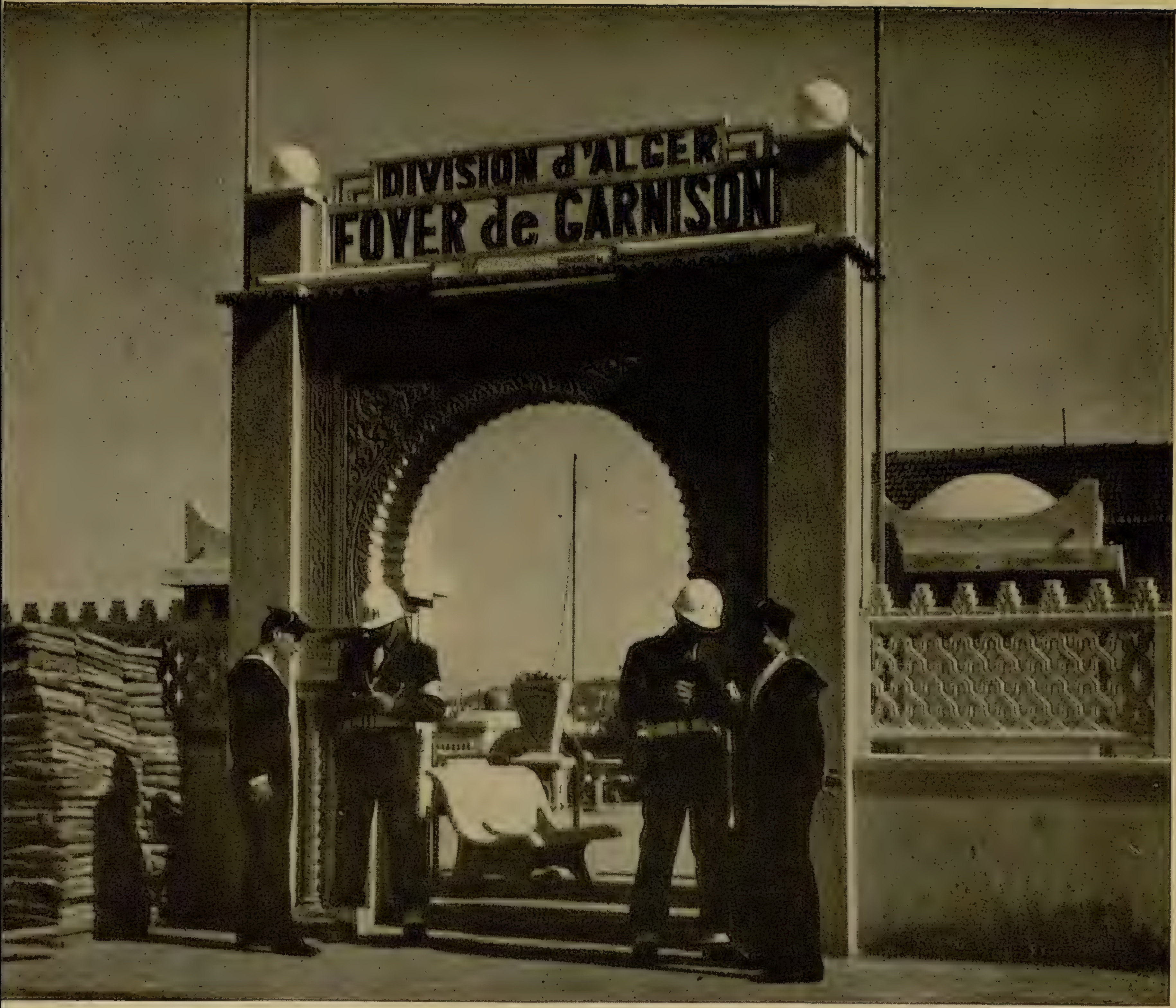
◆ Another familiar but less lamented Italian face i
gathering dust at Foro d'Italia, the former G.I. res
camp that was once Mussolini's Fascist youth-trainin
center. Pushed beneath a cellar staircase is a five-foot
high bust of Il Duce. Scraped on his left cheekbone ar
the names of a couple of his conquerors, "Pfc. B. Da
voli" and "Gus, Chicago."

Italian civilians use the Foro's swimming pool, bu
the theater in Building C is still G.I. It is occupied b
the American Graves Registration Command, last U. S
Army unit in Italy. The stadium where the Fifth Arm
held its 1944 summer track meet is now a sheep pas
ture.

Like the Hotel Excelsior, Rome's old Red Cross clu
is much more circumspect these days as Palazzo Rus
poli. It's a civic museum—as a fifteenth-century sho

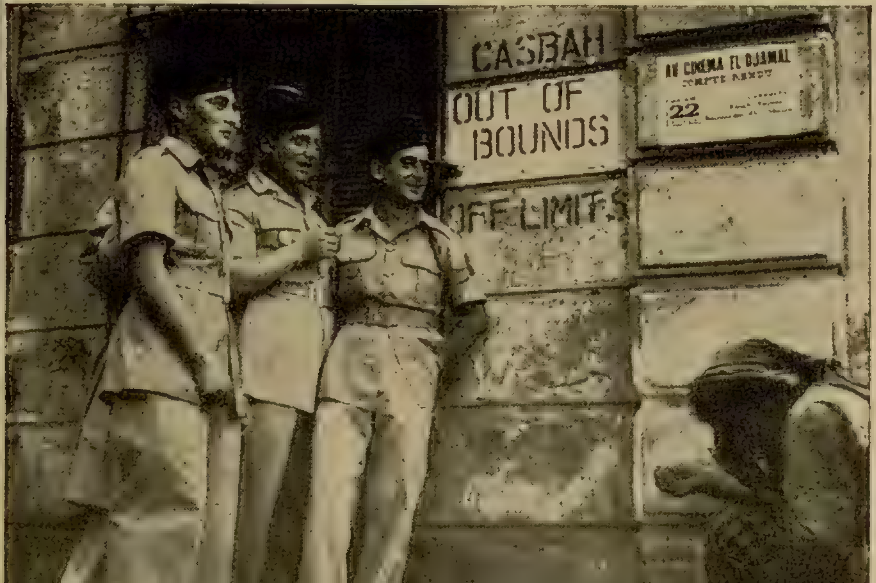
ORAN'S MARIGNAN CAFE in the Hotel Martinez, and known to wartime visitors as the Continental, still has its wicker chairs with iron legs, but cognac is only 60 francs per shot today.

CANASTEL, once a replacement depot and later a rest center for U. S. troops in North Africa, is now a gambling casino. Scrub grass covers concrete slabs that were mess-hall floors.


DIVISION d'ALGER
FOYER de GARNISON

THESE FRENCH M.P.s could pass an old U. S. Third Army uniform inspection except for the reversed M.P. on their helmets. They're at the old G.I. center on Algiers' Boulevard Carnot.

Photos by Ed Cunningham


CASBAH
OUT OF BOUNDS
OFF LIMITS
CINEMA EL DJAMAL
22

RELICS OF G.I. DAYS in Algiers. U. S.-posted "Off Limits" and "Out of Bounds" signs in Algiers' Casbah are all that remain of G.I.-occupation days. These French soldiers are sight-seeing.

THE CASBAH STREETS in Algiers are as crowded and as dirty as ever. Shoeshine boys do a big black-market business in cigarettes, some of which they buy from U. S. merchant sailors.

WHAT IT'S LIKE OVERSEAS TODAY

Continued

place, not as a G.I. memorial. Visitors to the Gold Room are forbidden to lounge on its Renaissance furnishings as guys from Iowa and Vermont once did.

Prince Ruspoli, owner of the palazzo, once more presides at the weekly conferences of Vatican lay dignitaries held in Le Galleria. That's where G.I.s jitterbugged under the eyes of Julius Caesar, Tiberius, and other Roman rulers whose busts line the Renaissance-frescoed conference room.

◆

Naples was the Galleria, and the Galleria was brain-whirling figments of sound, sight, taste, and smell. "'Merican cigarettes, Joe? I give highest prices." . . . Beggars, young, old, blind, crippled. . . . Cognac that tasted like kerosene. . . . Cinema Umberto, Cinema Colosseo. . . . Odors of garlic, cheap perfume, unwashed bodies. . . . Souvenir shops, with nude figurines, gaudy pillow covers, inscribed ash trays. . . . "Give me one carmelli, Joe?" . . .

Wineglasses splintering on stone floors. . . . G.I.s drinking, G.I.s drunk. . . . Girls' legs without stockings. . . . Men in black mourning armbands, and shoeshine boys barefoot in December. . . . "You like meet my sister, Joe?" . . .

Neapolitans are singing gayer songs these postwar days, songs like Santa Lucia and Funiculi Funicula, which reflect their rising spirits. Galleria Umberto, Naples' world-famed arcade, has its glass dome again; its shops are stocked with candy, clocks, leather desk sets, and those china figurines so dear to Neapolitan hearts. True, the dock and the industrial areas still bear war scars. But the Galleria, the heart of Naples, has been cleaned and polished. Each one of those empty metal grids in its ceiling is now filled with glass. That's reason enough for any Neapolitan's song.

The post-G.I. Galleria keeps better hours; it's all but deserted at 11 P.M. Cognac at the Assisi sidewalk café is 170 lire (30 cents); only 110 across the walk at Cinema Umberto's café. American cigarettes are black-marketed at 300 lire (50 cents, compared to 85 cents in 1944). The price drops the week before U. S. Navy ships pull into Naples. And unescorted girls at the Galleria still start conversation with "Give me one cigarette, please."

Champagne is 3,500 lire a bottle at the Trocadero, a cup of coffee costs 400 lire at the Garden of Oranges, the swank spot overlooking the bay. All the flossy water-front hotels are back in operation except the Nazi-demolished Grand Hotel; the new U. S. Consulate office is to be built on that site. Villa Ortensia, the officers' club on Via Oracio, is now occupied by the Soviet Consulate General. PBS headquarters, opposite the Hotel Oriente, is the Italian Ministry of Finance, and U. S. Information Service has taken over Fascist Party headquarters on Via Medina. And Via Roma jaywalkers are worse than ever, now that no G.I. drivers are here to put the fear of God in them.

Those 200-odd ships sunk in Naples harbor by the Germans have been raised, work is under way on a new dry dock that could handle the Queen Mary.

Across the Bay of Naples the Isle of Capri is catering to royalty and wealth again after two years' Air Force and Army service. But the Piazza clock still chimes the quarter hours five minutes late, and tourists gather near the *funiculari* entrance to watch the Naples and Sorrento steamers docking. Souvenir shops along Via Camerelle display no more ash trays labeled "Rest Camp, Capri," but those gay-colored straw hats, rope sandals, and tinkling Capri bells are available.

The bougainvillaea? It's just as lovely and, with the jasmine, as nose-soothing as ever. Remember Michelangelo, the paw-shaking donkey? For 800 lire he'll still plod his way up the slopes to Villa Jovis, with its legend of Tiberius and the virgins. Monty Banks, the old Hollywood star, is back at his villa overlooking Piccolo Marina. The 15th Air Force used it while he was in the Pacific with the Fifth Air Force. Banks, husband of Gracie Fields, is building a swank vacationing spot near his own villa, complete with swimming pool and 100 cabanas.

Capri's old Red Cross club, the Bombay, is the Al Campanile Ristorante now, owned by Umberto, once the bartender at Luigi's. He redecorated it, but, for old times' sake, retained the bamboo bar and South Sea island murals in the back room. G.I. relics didn't fare so well at the Quisisana Hotel's basement bar. Remember those old outfit designations over the arched doorway—"52nd Fighter Group," "817th Bomb Sq.," "U.S.S. (CL 82) Providence"? They're painted over now. And the unit patches on the fireplace, the 5th Army, 1st Armored, 45th Division, 985th Field Artillery, they're gone, too.

But the Quisisana's gardener hasn't forgotten the Americans. He never will, according to Paul Ippolito, the assistant manager.

"Our gardener, he is a very passionate gardener," Ippolito explains. "He loves his garden, his palm trees, his arbored walks. When the American officers roast hot dogs beside his bougainvillaea vines, he is very unhappy. But when they take bricks from his flower beds to make the *pizzeria* oven—that is too much! He weeps. He says he will never plant flowers again."

◆

Olevano, Contursi, Mignano, Mount Sammucro, San Vittore, Pozzilli, Ardea, Ponte D'Istia, Torniella, Mount Beni, San Cristoforo, Colle Barucci . . . Ever hear of those places? Probably not; they never got many headlines. They're just places where Fifth Army soldiers ate, and slept, and fought, and died.

Anzio today? Rome vacationists, some registered at the newly named Clark Hotel, sun-bathe on beaches free of mine fields and barbed wire, drink Marsala at the Miramar or Cambero, the new dockside cafés where the invasion troops landed. Roads out of Anzio still have memory-freshening bomb craters, shell holes by courtesy Anzio Express, dugouts that were jeep parks. AGRC crews still search for 90 missing American casualties. Mine sweepers continue to work around Aprilia and Latina.

Nature has hidden much of Italy's war-marred lands, but at Cassino it's different. They built a new town, restored the abbey. But it's as sun-stark as ever. Still no trees.

◆

G.I. memories are dramatized daily on Leghorn's clotheslines and telephone poles. Crazy-quilt collections of skirts, pants, jackets made from G.I. blankets and sweaters; a baby's bib that was an O.D. washrag. And Leghorn phone poles, still with white-painted welcomes from "Stan, the Donut Man," the Red Cross canteen worker who went in with assault troops.

Italy five years after leaves more sobering imprints, too. Battle monument to 361st Infantry, 91st Division, near Mount Adone, its lettering chipped and obliterated. The Jerry pillbox at Civitavecchia, "home" for a family of six. Bella Nympha's headless statue, still in Cisterna's main square. Hammer-and-sickle signs, new Fascist slogans, on walls, poles, public buildings. Communist mayors at Anzio and Nettuno, burial ground for 7,718 Americans who lost their lives between Salerno and Rome.

◆

The soldiers moved cautiously along Promenade de Letang, their M-1s ready. Snipers were still a threat, although Oran had fallen during the night. Then more startling than a rifle shot:

"Hey, Americans, you want a beer?"

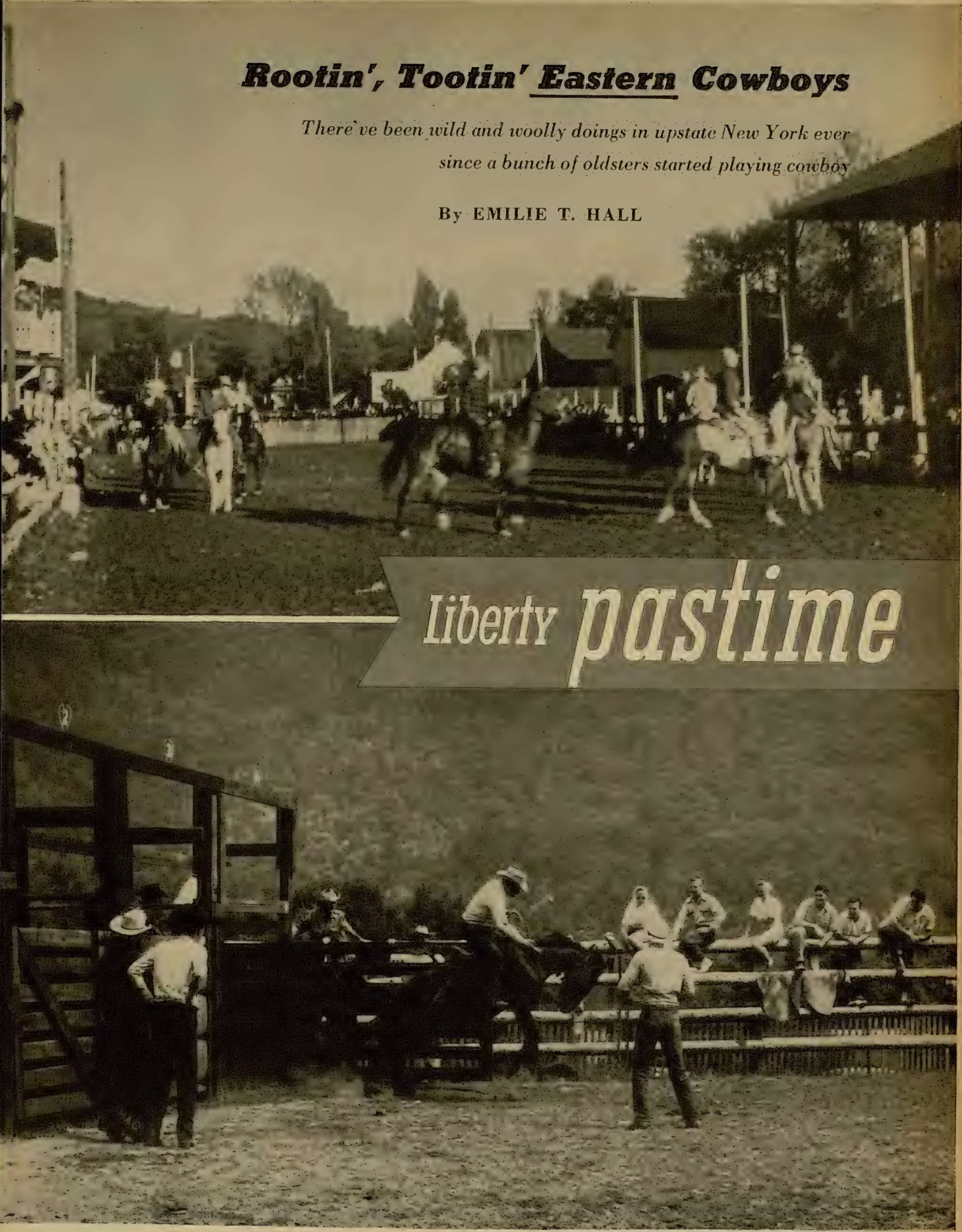
He stood at the counter of the Promenade's drab little refreshment stand, a (Continued on page 47)

Rootin', Tootin' Eastern Cowboys

There've been wild and woolly doings in upstate New York ever since a bunch of oldsters started playing cowboy

By EMILIE T. HALL

Liberty pastime



hoto by Glen Mason from Black Star

If you can't sit a bucking horse, you can ride in the parade that precedes the rodeo. (Below) The amateurs sit this one out and let the pro bronc buster take over.

Skip Batterson of Elmira, astride her horse, is "dolled up" for a big rodeo.

◆ When the Board of Trade gave Colonel Jim Eskew 350 acres of mountaintop land to move his JE Ranch Rodeo headquarters to Waverly, not even the most optimistic local booster could see this upstate New York town, nestled in the rolling foothills of the Alleghenies, becoming the Rodeo Capital of the East—as the show's press agent, Foghorn Clancey, so enthusiastically dubbed it the first day.

And even Clancey hadn't expected things to turn out as they did, with local riders stealing the thunder and turning Waverly into a center for amateur cowboying.

At the time, arrival of Eskew's popular county-fair-circuit performers hardly caused a ripple, except, of course, among the small fry, who promptly broke out in a rash of playing cowboy.

That was ten years ago, and the whole matter might have stopped there, but playing cowboy is catching. So catching, in fact, that Waverly today is the mecca for the darndest rootin', tootin', rough-riding gang of afterwork cowboys and cowgirls east of the Mississippi.

The fad has spread to ten states and has blossomed into a national organization, Rodeo Fans of America, complete with a monthly magazine.

The riders no longer have to go to Waverly to see a good cowboy show or ride in a rodeo. They put on their own and provide thrills enough to attract large lists of entries and gratifying crowds of spectators.

On workdays the make-believe cowpokes and their families dig into their regular jobs. But there the similarity ends. While most of us are snatching the last forty winks in the morning, the dude riders are feeding their mounts, cleaning stables, polishing gear, and getting things in shape for a late afternoon workout against the next rodeo. Come Sunday, they pack a lunch, load the kids in the car, the horses in the trailer, and take off across the country to play cowboy at a show ten or maybe 150 miles away.

A good percentage of the shows are official, with high-scoring riders becoming eligible for the play-offs for national R.F.A. championships.

Eastern rodeos are for small fry too, as Mickey Vincent is ready to prove.

Former national R.F.A. champion amateur cowgirl, 22-year-old Barbara Keefe of Ithaca, New York's Zane Grey Corral, has won more than $100 in rodeo purses in a single year. Barbara works in a bank from 9 A.M. until 3.30 P.M., and earns about $35 a week. Most of this is spent on her horse Spot and her new Morgan colt Danny Boy. She pays for Spot's keep by feeding and watering nine other horses daily. Afternoons she spends from three to four hours riding and practicing.

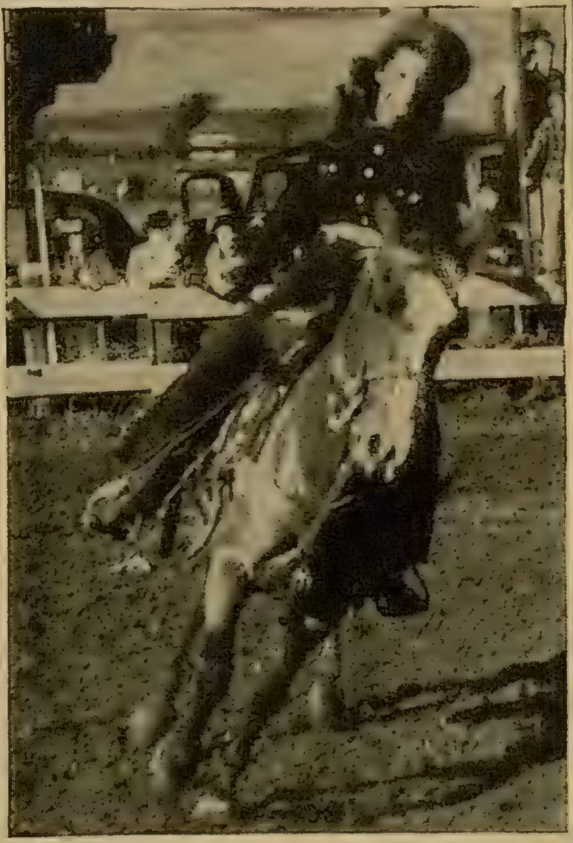
Present R.F.A. champion cowgirl is a 48-year-old schoolteacher of Moravia, New York, Mrs. Evelyn Rodee, a member of the David Harum Corral. Mrs. Rodee and her pure-bred Morgan, Skipper, proved their versatility last year by also copping the first prize and trophy at the National Morgan Horse Show in Vermont.

Primarily, Rodeo Fans of America operates to promote interest in amateur rodeos and Western-type horse shows. The Fans like to think of themselves as cowboys first and are never so happy as when the whole family is rigged out in Western riding clothes. They also make much of Western hospitality.

Leo Brady, six-foot Endicott, New York, dentist who fathered and for many years headed R.F.A., puts it this way: "We're all kids at heart and we've all dreamed kid dreams of cowboys and bucking broncos. The only difference between us Fans and other folks is that we've made our dream come true."

Rodeo Fans of America was born in 1941 in Doc Brady's office. That was a while after Eskew's outfit moved to Waverly. Brady and his cronies—Bob Hotchkiss, who had a wallpaper and paint store down the street; the Rev. Royson Cuddy, attorney John Smith, and the late banker Lynn Sanford—got to talking about rodeos and what a lot of fun they can be both for riders and spectators.

Next thing they knew, they had wheels in motion for organizing Rodeo Fans. A form letter quickly lined up 68 members.



Ruth Jenkins of Oswego, New York, and her horse cut a corner at high speed.

In near-by Elmira, "Bud" McLaud was considered slightly nuts when he suddenly changed from English- to Western-type horses and saddles, but he managed to get about 30 riders together and they organized the nation's first local amateur corral, naming it for Will Rogers. Those who were not already R.F.A. members joined, and the Will Rogers outfit became Rodeo Fans' first corral. Elmira now has a second corral, the Square D.

Up in Cortland, 56 miles away, someone heard of the Will Rogers outfit and decided it was just the thing to pep up the old home town during gas-dry years. Cortland's David Harum Corral won General

It's scenes like this one at the J. E. Ranch at Waverly, New York, that bring the rodeo spectator out of his seat.

Photos by Black Star and AG Research

These Eastern cowgirls are competing in an event called the musical stalls.

Jerry Bryant of Oswego knows that a well-groomed mount helps win prizes.

Wainwright's praise when the group rode in his Welcome Home parade at Schenectady.

Meanwhile corrals mushroomed farther and farther from the "Rodeo Capital." Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, organized the Canyon Corral; Bridgeport, Connecticut, the Circle Dot. The Hopalong Cassidy Bar 20 was started at Baltimore; and in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, local fans joined the Monahee Saddle Club. Today there are 54 local corrals, and the movement still is growing.

The real thrill of an R.F.A. show comes in the running races and stunt events. Popular with spectators is ladies' musical stalls, a counterpart of the game of musical chairs but infinitely tougher. Competition is keen and the gal riders aren't above jabbing one another's horses in the ribs.

Some say Fans' investment in horseflesh, at current prices, runs close to six figures, while the money the dude riders have spent on Western clothes and saddles is anyone's guess. The average rider may have as much as $500 invested in his horse, tack, and fancy clothes. Despite this rather sizable sum, the sport continues to attract a broad cross section of workers in the low-income brackets, as well as professional and white-collar workers.

If you ever get to New York around round-up time, you want to watch your step or some of our boys and girls will fool you too. That long, lean, rootin', tootin' cowboy you are about to ask for his autograph may be an upstate bank clerk with his tongue in his cheek, or a factory worker from the wilds of Baltimore. He's as close to the real thing as you're apt to find east of the Mississippi. ◆ ◆

Marta Toren has the most important role of her career. This is her fourth film.

LIBERTY'S PICK OF THE PICTURES

SWORD IN THE DESER

A picture that co-stars Dana Andrews, Ma Toren, and Stephen McNally, with heaviest fig ing in the Palestine warfare for its backgrou

By ELIZABETH WILSON

SWORD IN THE DESERT (Univers International), written and produ by Robert Buckner and co-starr Dana Andrews, Marta Toren (a Sw ish import), and Stephen McNally gratifying proof that not all Ho wood film producers are content dish up formula pap. It is bound to one of the most talked-about pictures of recent ye The first film to lift the curtain on the fighting Palestine, it opens on a high note of suspense a keeps it up until the final fade-out, pil action upon crashing action. Not even romance is permitted to interfere with dynamic pace. The action sweeps from Mediterranean to desert and mountain wit terrifying climactic battle on the heights above the H City. Andrews plays a mercenary American shipmas who is caught up in the fury of the fighting betw the British and Israeli underground troops. The s total of producer Buckner's efforts on this pict is a breath-taking narrative in a historic setti

Vogel (Stephen McNally) knocks out a pursuing British off (Marten Lamont). Vogel has to protect a shipload of refug

Heart of the picture's story is the efforts of Dana Andrews as Mike Dillon to smuggle refugees into Palestine. Mike is finally caught, but refuses to betray Israeli leaders.

Vogel, an underground lieutenant and handy with his fists, is restrained by Kurta (Jeff Chandler) from slugging Dillon.

Underground fighters are cutting through a British prison stockade to free the prisoners. Fighting is raging near by.

Liberty's MOVIE REVIEWS

By Elizabeth Wilson

ANNA LUCASTA (Columbia) is strictly for adults, and especially for those grown-ups who like high-voltage, well-acted drama. Based on Philip Yordan's sensational and successful play, the film, with Mr. Yordan as the producer, retains most of the dramatic elements which made it so very popular on the stage. The Lucastas are an earthy, shiftless Polish-American family who scheme to separate a personable young college man (Bill Bishop) from his bankroll. As presented on the stage, the Lucastas were Negroes. As Anna Lucasta, the good-looking girl of the family who is forced to become a streetwalker by her jealous and abnormal father (Oscar Homolka), Paulette Goddard, complete with hip swing, gives a convincing performance. Broderick Crawford, Mary Wickes, and John Ireland stand out in a fine cast. Irving Rapper directed the film.

The Lucasta family, headed by Oscar Homolka as the brooding, moody father, hoped to use daughter Anna (Paulette Goddard) to win riches.

COME OUT OF THE STABLE (Twentieth Century-Fox) is the sort of entertainment that all the family will enjoy. Clare Boothe Luce's story of two French nuns who come to the village of Bethlehem in New England to set up a children's hospital is both heartwarming and amusing. Loretta Young and Celeste Holm play the nuns. The good sisters learned about American customs from the G.I.s in France. The fact that the nuns have no funds, nor even the bishop's permission for their work, doesn't deter them. In order to get the building site they want for their hospital they visit the bookmaking parlors of Angelo Rossi (Thomas Gomez), who is the head of a gambling syndicate. They get their land and the gamblers get St. Jude medals. One of the most outstanding performances in the film is given by Elsa Lanchester, who plays an eccentric painter.

Loretta Young and Celeste Holm in the role of nuns who drive a jeep, even through heavy traffic. That's Dewey Wilson in the background.

ROSEANNA McCOY (Samuel Goldwyn) is that old McCoy-Hatfield hassle done up with some frills by Hollywood's famous producer. Just in case you may have forgotten, the McCoy-Hatfields are the most notorious feuding families of America who "had at each other" in the Cumberland mountains from 1863 right through to 1910. In the midst of all this feudin' and a-fightin' young Joan Evans makes her screen debut in the title role, and it's a fairly safe bet she will become a top star. Farley Granger is cast as Johnse Hatfield. These two young players make quite an effective love team, which is what Mr. Goldwyn had in mind all along. The cast also includes such celebrated actors as Raymond Massey, Charles Bickford, Richard Basehart (He Walked by Night, Liberty, January, '49), and Aline MacMahon. Sonora, California, is used as the locale.

Roseanna McCoy (Joan Evans) is used as a shield by the Hatfields. Johnse Hatfield (Farley Granger) holds Randall McCoy (Peter Miles).

WHAT IT'S LIKE OVERSEAS TODAY

Continued from page 40

short, swarthy man, smiling hospitably.

“Don't scare, soldiers. I'm like you. I live twenty years in America. Salt Lake, Omaha, Pocatello. I'm Gus the Greek. Come on, have a drink. This great day for me. Americans come to Oran. Anybody here from Salt Lake or Omaha?”

Gus Bassilas still runs the Promenade refreshment stand in Oran, selling lukewarm *biere,* potato chips in paper funnels, and 15-franc *limonade* with bottled-in flies. Included with every purchase are Gus's memories of his 13 years in the United States and the First Division soldiers. But one thing still bothers Gus:

“All those soldiers, from Augusta, Georgia, Macon, Georgia, Atlanta, Georgia, and Carolina, Texas, Alabama—but nobody from Salt Lake or Omaha!”

Oran is the place where many Americans heard their first enemy bullet, saw their first friends die. Later they swarmed down Boulevard National, looking for gin, girls, a good time. After Kasserine Pass, Oran also became famous for a place called Canastel. Remember that parody of That Old Gang of Mine:

“There goes Jack, there goes Bill, back to Canastel. . . . All the boys are singing hymns; they've forgot Sweet Adeline. Those Jerry shells are raising hell with that old gang of mine.”

Canastel was North Africa's first replacement depot. Mud in winter, dust in summer, chow lines a mile long. Today scrub grass covers concrete slabs that were mess-hall floors; near by, a discarded G.I. garbage can. At the Casino, formerly a U. S. recreation hall, French kids ride outdoor swings while their fathers play baccarat in the old mess hall.

Joe's Joint and Al's Place in Oran are just memories, along with Tent City and Hospital Center. The U. S. Navy camp on Canastel road is a French Army recruit-training center. Only G.I. left-overs at the Empire Club, now the Empire Theater, are the Coney Island murals on the roof garden. The Continental Bar is Le Marignan now; next door, Le Pergola has an eight-piece band that often outnumbers the customers except when the U. S. Mediterranean fleet visits the city.

Out at Ain-el-Turck, the Castel Plage bar still has those murals of a Navy Hellcat shooting down a Nazi plane over Fort Lamoune.

Just 447 kilometers east of Oran is Algiers' much publicized Casbah. Prewar travel folders pictured the Casbah as “the Moslems' walled city of mystery and romance.” Then G.I.s invaded North Africa. They

JAMES CROW DISCOVERS HIS SPRING, 1825

On Glenn's Creek, near Frankfort, Kentucky, Old Crow whiskey continues to be made today, using the same limestone spring used by founder James Crow.

OLD CROW

OLD CROW
OLD CROW
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

A TRULY GREAT NAME

Among America's Great Whiskies

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND
UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT

100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

found the Casbah much more exotic in rotogravure than in Africa.

The Casbah had romance, but at fixed prices. If you ignored the "Off Limits" signs, you could find places like the Sphinx. It's still there, at No. 7 Impasse de Chartres. Current rules of the house: No Arabs allowed, Sunday afternoons reserved for the French Army, prices 200 and 400 francs. The Casbah is as crowded, dirty, and evil smelling as ever.

Back in Algiers' French section, Arab shoeshine boys still spot Americans at 50 paces, even without O.D.s. Algiers stores, well stocked now, have had glass windows since 1947. Rue Michelet has lights, too, but it's wasted effort because the town folds up after 10 P.M.—except the night Marcel Cerdan beat Tony Zale. That was wilder than V-E Day. Those three D-Day hulks, one the former President liner Thomas Stone, still lie on the rocks east of Algiers harbor. Air France and TWA occupy the old officers' club at Maison Blanche.

Hotel Aletti, the "Passion Pit" of war years, converted the first-floor bar into its lobby, reopened the Casino. Eisenhower's old headquarters, the hilltop Hotel St. George, has a brass plaque marking Room 18, where he and General Wilson made "decisions vital to the strategy of the war in the Mediterranean." Phillippe, the maître d'hôtel, saved the glasses Ike and Churchill used when the British Prime Minister visited Allied headquarters. He recalls, too, Ike's ban on his staff officers ordering wine with lunch. Ike said it would be lemonade or water only, during working hours.

The Algiers mademoiselles? Well, they have feather-cut coiffures now, wear crepe-sole sandals and boots instead of those wartime wooden-sole shoes. Dresses are Paris styled. No more of those homemade skirts and suits fashioned from O.D. blouses and trousers.

◆ *Casablanca is the biggest American airport outside America. It handles more than 35,000 passengers each month, and 20,000,000 pounds of mail and cargo. It is the aerial Grand Central Station. Through it from five continents come soldiers headed home. (Stars & Stripes, June 17, 1945.)*

Downtown Casablanca still kindles a lot of wartime memories. Place de France, the sun-baked assembly point for *fiacres*, flies, and beggars. The Shell Building, once Atlantic Base Section Headquarters, now Air France. Afternoon *aperitifs* at Boulevard de la Gare's arcaded sidewalk cafés. The Sultan's palace, No. 1 tourist attraction. Ex-officers' mess, Roi de la Bière, now remodeled, with a Bar Americain that even has swinging doors. France Auto, former two-story U. S. Army motor pool next to the main post office, now a five-story building. The Medina, minu its familiar "Off Limits" signs.

Memories get a different refresh course at the airport, stop-over sp for thousands of U. S. serviceme When ATC left, the French to back Cazes airport, converted som of the barracks into homes f civilian employees. It's still a bu field.

Most startling contrast to G days is the old mess hall near th base theater. It's a mess sergeant nightmare now. In the kitchens six-foot Viking bake oven sits sand caked and rusty, its grease-smeare instruction plate bearing an iron epitaph: "Use cleanout rods eve day. Clean burners each week."

Flanking the oven are five 2 gallon steam boilers, cobweb-co ered and rusty, and six cookstove trade-marked "South Bend Mall able, South Bend, Indiana." Ne door, the dishwashing room is K.P.'s dream come true. Sand ar soot coat the cement floor. Flakin rust covers the once-gleaming m tal stacking tables. Two Fastspra dishwashing machines, "Made Red Bank, N. J.," are smashed an abandoned. Even a guy who g K.P. on Christmas Day couldn have asked greater retribution.

Casablanca's airport mess ha like a lot of other places in Nort Africa, is the 1949 answer to th 1942-46 prayer of every G.I.—it gone back to the people who had in the first place. ◆

ARE WE ASKING FOR ANOTHER PEARL HARBOR?

Continued from page 17

more than 50 organizations found to be Communist fronts.

Langston Hughes and W. E. B. Du Bois are Negroes whose bitterness against the undoubted cruelties inflicted on many of their race in this country might be excused if they did not sing the praises of Russia, where there is freedom and prosperity only for the chosen few.

There are many Negroes who realize the farce of praising Russia over the United States. Among them are writer George Schuyler and Dr. Ralph Bunche.

It is shocking to find in the Un-American Committee's pamphlet the same names over and over again on the membership lists of groups branded as subversive by the government—the names of such talented people as Norman Corwin, Aaron Copland, Olin Downes, Albert Einstein, Matthew Josephson, Albert Kahn, Alfred Kreymborg, Corliss Lamont, Arthur Miller, Norman Mailer, Jo Davidson, Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, O. John Rogge, Uta Hagen, Frederick Schuman, Paul Draper, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Frank Lloyd Wright.

Among fellow travelers, the native Americans outnumber the foreign-born. Donald Ogden Stewart is a lively wit who has grown rich because his scenarios have been bought for enormous sums. He is linked with more than 70 Communist-front organizations. Why?

Dorothy Parker is a gifted writer who was paid vast sums by Hollywood. What just grievance has she against her native land?

Dashiell Hammett, the detective-story writer, never wrote a tale as mysterious as his own presence in more than 40 Communist-front organizations.

A name of high prestige in the American theater is that of Clifford Odets. He attended the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace and shouted these astounding words:

"I cannot blame the Soviet Union because an apocalyptic beast is running loose in our world today, and its name is money, money, money. As an American, in the tradition of all American artists of th past, the moral values of my wor are in question, not Russia's."

There you have it! He "cann blame the Soviet Union." Th "apocalyptic beast" is not Stali but American money, which is fee ing and sustaining what free wor is left.

"My world," says Odets, does n even question Russia's morals b only our American morals, and h says he follows "the tradition of a American artists of the past." H either flatters himself or slande all American artists outrageousl

Clifford Odets is typical of a larg number of American writers wh have filled their pockets with Holly wood money, then ridiculed or re viled their benefactors.

Their names appear repeatedly i the various organizations labeled a subversive in the Un-American Ac tivities Committee pamphlet.

The ten Hollywood writers an producers who were brought befor the House Committee on Un-Amer ican Activities refused to answe even the question, "Are you a mem ber of the Screen Writers' Guild? let alone whether they had eve been members of the Communis Party. They all denied the right of Congress to investigate anybod except non-Communists.

Isn't it laughable—or is it damnable?—that these ten writers, o

May 24, 1949, filed in the Federal Court in Los Angeles a suit declaring that the so-called "black list" had caused them damages amounting to $51,858,795? And this was in addition to a previous suit still pending asking for $35,038,325. In other words, these ten modest fellows rate their worth at the astronomical total of $86,897,120, or $8,689,712 apiece!

One of the suits that makes up that aggregate of over $80,000,000 has been filed by Dalton Trumbo. He began his career as a humble worker in a bakery. People used to expect to begin humble. But it was characteristic of a certain Communistic quirk of mind that when Dalton Trumbo's abilities worked him up to the plutocratic salary of $4,000 a week, he did not feel gratitude for a country where the poorest may become the richest, but devoted his talents to glorifying Russia, where most of the 200,000,000 are slaves, and poverty is both universal and permanent.

Dalton Trumbo was powerful enough to secure a contract not only omitting the usual "morality" clause but including a clause saying that he could not be discharged because of any "political obloquy." His contract had two years to run when his studio tried to get out from under that $400,000. He sued, not as a wealthy capitalist but as a downtrodden friend of the downtrodden slaves. Yet his income of $200,000 a year is the equivalent of 5 per cent on a capital of $4,000,000. And he hates capitalists! That is to say, he hates other plutocrats.

These poor millionaires who are suing for $80,000,000 are too poor to pay their lawyers. So they published appeals for contributions of no less than $70,000 to pay their lawyers.

And now the pay-off! A banquet was held in Hollywood to raise funds for the poor ten. And who added his voice? A prominent American scientist, Dr. Harlow Shapley's name appears with amazing regularity in nearly every movement or group the Attorney General has branded subversive.

Neither Dr. Shapley nor any one of the ten has ever, to my knowledge, expressed a word of horror at the infamies of Stalin, who has butchered more people than Hitler and who enforced an artificial famine that starved 3,000,000 Russians to death.

There is no field where the Communistic spirit is not one of intolerance and persecution. For nearly 20 years they have held sway in the fields of American literature, music, and movies, art and dramatic criticism. They have denounced wholesome American books, plays, paintings — everything. They have screamed at censorship, yet upheld Russia, where the government controls all the arts.

They have a vast auxiliary army of men and women who deny that they are Communists or are too cowardly to join the so-called "party"—a party with a secret membership!

One of the Princeton professors in the atomic group refused, on May 26, to answer when asked if he were a Communist. On May 26, at Ithaca, the executive committee of the Association of Scientists sent a telegram to Senator McMahon protesting against any regulation that would require those who are given government-financed fellowships to make affidavits that they were not Communists! What business is it of ours whether a scientist is an enemy or not?

We are breeding wholesale treason in this nation and protecting the traitors while they perfect our ruin.

◆ Henry Wallace ran for President on a platform pleading for friendship with Russia and reviling everything American. Can you imagine how long he would have lived if he had run against Stalin and said what he said of Truman? Read in the Un-American Committee's pamphlet the list of Americans who praised Wallace for the near-treason of his friendly letter to Stalin. Read the list of 221 Wallace supporters. He had thousands of devoted followers, people like Charlie Chaplin, Katharine Hepburn, and no end of others who put up money and made speeches acclaiming him.

Russian Communism has always openly announced that our American republic is its ultimate goal for destruction. Before we entered World War II, our American Communists fought preparedness, conscription, lend-lease. They screamed for peace, while Hitler and his blood-brother Stalin ravaged Europe. The moment Hitler attacked Stalin, the American Communists screamed for preparedness, conscription, lend-lease—to Russia. The moment the war was over, Russia became our more or less open enemy again. Immediately all the American Communists became pacifists again, and renewed their clever treasons.

Why don't we deport or imprison these people whose acts have so blatantly proved that they are pro-Russian first, last, and all the time? When we could help Russia, they were for us. When Russia is against us, they are against us. Is not that plain treason? In Russia they would all be dead of bullets or Siberian cold.

The Civil Liberties Union on May 22 demanded that the Department of Justice withdraw its long and growing list of subversive organizations! They won't even let us catalogue our enemies.

He that is not with us is against us. According to J. Edgar Hoover, there are 825,000 Communists and fellow travelers in this country. "Oh, is that all!" we say and go back to sleep, waiting for another Pearl Harbor to wake us. We forget that when the Russians in 1918 overthrew Czardom, they established a republic that lasted only a little while before it was overthrown by 67,000 Bolsheviks. Nearly 200,000,000 Russians were enslaved by 67,000 Communist followers. We have in the United States 825,000 Communist followers!

We are menaced by a fifth column of American Communists who have the most elaborate plans for overthrowing our government and taking it over. It will mean wholesale murder and exile here as it has in every country where the Communists have seized power.

The next Pearl Harbor will come from the sky, over our cities, our towns, our homes. Millions of Americans may perish in a few apocalyptic hours. It will be like a Judgment Day — in which destruction will fall on the innocent, on women and children.

We shall deserve that Judgment Day because we demanded it. For years we have tolerated the vilest treasons, kept the traitors in high places, and poured our treasures and our tributes of praise and trust at their feet; placed in their infamous hands the freedom that our ancestors founded for us. We shall have helped destroy the last hope of liberty on earth. ◆ ◆

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MODELS?

Continued from page 30

herself needing the pills oftener. If she has five modeling appointments a day, she is likely to stay drugged for all five. Worse yet, her pictures soon begin to show the effects. A doped smile won't sell tooth paste in a competitive market.

A tragic example of what this can do to a girl was related by a model who is still fighting her way out of slavery to the dope habit Because she hopes to return to modeling, she asked that her name be withheld.

Not until her mother arrived on a visit from the Midwest, this once popular model said, did she realize that she had become a dope addict. When the girl's mother commented on her daughter's strange appearance and the odd way she slept whenever she had time off during daytime hours, the girl began to worry for fear the truth would come out. She hid the pills. But during one of her heavy afternoon naps, her mother happened upon a half-hidden make-up case. The mother was panic-stricken upon finding a quantity of yellow pills. A chemist's analysis proved the pills to be dope.

Since this model was unable to face the camera without the aid of drugs, she not only faced a long fight against the dope habit, but also a temporary curtailment of her career. When she is able to return to modeling, there may not be a place for her.

Girls who are riding the crest in the modeling field are often called on to put in a 15-hour workday. Such a schedule is, of course, very fatiguing. Fainting is a frequent occurrence among models.

Daytime tensions comprise only part of a model's problems. She is constantly faced with "dating" troubles that few other girls encounter. It's true that no model is forced to compromise herself in order to land modeling jobs. In an industry where one big agency lists as many as 2,500 active clients, a model can keep her self-respect and still remain in the big time.

Nevertheless a girl's viewpoint must undergo a definite change when she becomes a professional beauty. A prudish attitude is impractical. In the modeling business there is no place for the coy girl. Sometimes, during the rush of quick changes at a fashion show, there is not even time for modesty.

If this is true, then you may ask if models' morals are looser than those of the average girl? Do their spectacular careers attract the wrong type of men—wolves and model-chasers? Does close contact with photographers and artists break down moral barriers?

There's no simple yes or no to these questions. A model's life presents extraordinary situations, and in most cases it takes an extraordinary girl to cope with them. For example, late night work at studios, with only the model and photographer present, is a fairly usual occurrence. And while most photographers are strictly business, there are naturally exceptions.

◆ The grapevine in the modeling business will give a girl a lead on this type of photographer if she keeps her ears open. The names of such men, together with a complete breakdown of the line they use, can be had for the asking in any large gathering of models.

Models must learn to distinguish the wolves early. Now and then, however, a new wolf cuts a swath in modeling circles before his name becomes a byword. One such was a budding "photographer" whose name was prominent in the New York Social Register. He booked one model after another on his big "jobs," often demanding that the girls pose in scanty clothing. This went on for several months before his hoax was discovered. He was not only a phony photographer, but he had never even used film in his camera while pretending to shoot his so-called "advertising photos."

Few cover girls are easy game, and even fewer, despite lurid tabloid allusions, are "kept."

The infamous cutback system is another side of modeling that has been known to cost the girls thousands of dollars a year. This undercover hold-up, which almost always flourishes without the knowledge of agency heads, forces a model to hand over gifts, "loans," and dates to the agency telephone operator who is unscrupulous enough to exact them. Since the agency telephones are a model's life line to her clients, it's easy enough for a scheming telephone operator to recommend one model at the expense of another, thereby ruining the model who won't play along.

Fur coats, handmade lingerie, and radios are a few of the things that have been passed across agency telephone boards as bribes. At one agency this racket became so flagrant before it was discovered that models were expected to attend countless "showers" and "birthday parties" given by and for telephone operators. Gifts amounting to $50 and over were the rule.

◆ The models are usually afraid to report chiseling phone operators for fear of reprisals which may cut their earnings. One girl whose career was almost ruined because she refused to kick back to phone operators cracked the racket wide open at one of the big agencies. A $20-an-hour fashion model, Margaret J—— found her appointment pad empty of bookings for three consecutive weeks. With two weeks' back rent due at her hotel and a threat of eviction hanging over her, she was desperate. Though she knew it was considered unethical, she went to the photographer who had booked her most often and asked whether her recent work had been unsatisfactory? Were clients tired of her face?

The photographer was dumfounded. He had tried to book this girl on a $150 all-day location job only the day before, but had been told by an agency telephone operator that Margaret J—— was unavailable and would be out of town until further notice. He had booked another model, *suggested by the telephone operator.*

Thus the $150 booking, that meant the difference between eviction and a comfortable lodging to this girl, was detoured to a model who was willing to kick back part of her earnings.

With this evidence, Margaret J—— laid the facts before her agent. Suspicious because of the many phony complaints he received from disappointed glamor girls, this agency head was unwilling to believe Margaret's story.

She, however, refused to drop the case until she had proved her point. Closing the door of her agent's office, she caught up his desk telephone. As though she were calling from outside, she dialed the agency switchboard and asked if Margaret J—— was available for a booking.

"No indeed," the answer came back. "Margaret is out of town. She's unavailable until further notice. But Joan McG—— is free tomorrow and she's just Margaret's size and an excellent model. Why don't you book her instead?"

Asking the operator to repeat this bit of information, Margaret quickly handed the phone to her boss. She had caught the ringleader of the group red-handed. Other phone girls were called on the carpet. Mass firings followed.

Since modeling often is so harsh, why do so many girls want to be models?

Perhaps they are spurred on by some of the spectacular marriages of former models. Models from small towns and homes have married millionaires, counts, dukes. Not long ago a bargekeeper's daughter who had turned model married one of the oldest titles in Spain. And the story of the former model who wed Winthrop Rockefeller, America's most eligible bachelor, gave the United States its most romantic Cinderella story of the decade.

Fact being stranger than fiction, the professional beauties who marry into the high brackets are almost never the girls who are shopping for fortunes. They're more often the quiet home-girl sort. Edith Backus, the model who married auto heir Jack Chrysler, was living at home with her mother when she met the young millionaire. Bobo Rockefeller was sharing a modest New York apartment with her sister the month she married Winthrop. Cover-girl Dorothy Temple's modeling earnings were going to support her small son by a former marriage just before she met and married Philip Liebmann, heir to Rheingold millions.

These marriages attracted much attention. But then, models are always targets for publicity.

◆ And who are they, these girls who smile at you from magazine covers, billboards, mail-order catalogues, and calendars? Where do they live? In this year's crop, one glamor girl is the daughter of a mechanic. She lives with her family in a crowded New York apartment building. She's making close to $300 a week right now, but she probably won't move. Those rooms are home and she loves them.

On the upper end of the ladder, at least ten of this year's busiest models are debutantes who live on Park Avenue. They model because, with all its drawbacks, modeling is still one of the most fascinating jobs. And because it is, girls will continue to pour into the New York model agencies from all over the land; from rich homes and poor; intellectual homes and homes where the lunch pail and five-o'clock whistle are part of life.

Is it true what the columnists and tabloids say about models? It's both true and false, for models are but a cross section of the U.S.A.◆◆

Liberty home

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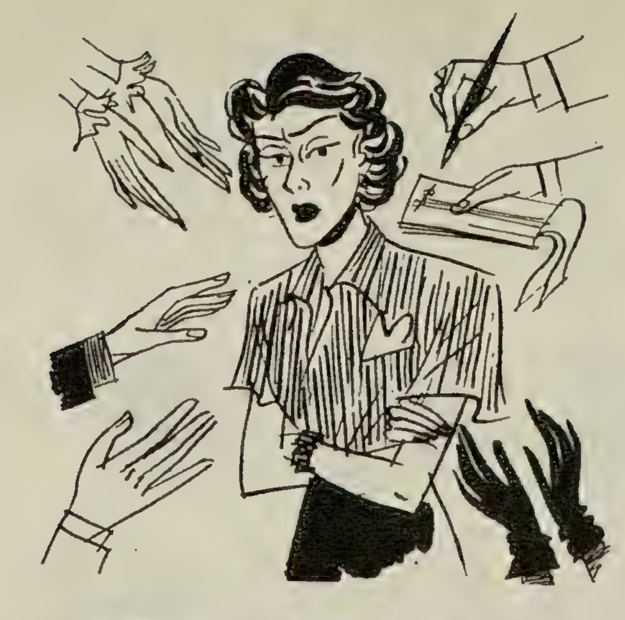
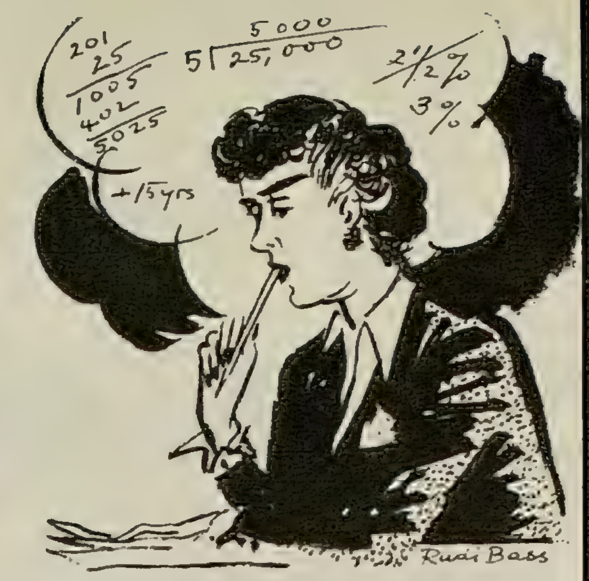
***PREFACE:** Liberty Home editors present the answers o a pertinent problem of interest to every man who has a wife and every woman who has a husband. This month's issue discusses the financial situation of widows, the need of earning a living, and the pitfalls in making a will. The food pages' first-rate recipes for the novice, and sophisticated ideas for a gourmet husband will get attention at every dinner table.*



DON'T fall for a touch or a plea for a handout while you are emotionally upset.



DO make a budget which will enable you to lead the normal life you are used to.

WHAT EVERY WIDOW SHOULD KNOW

If you are newly widowed, you face one of the great emotional, social, and financial challenges of your life. But you can avoid the heartbreak of millions of women before you by heeding a few simple guides

By SYLVIA F. PORTER

◆ It has happened. You are alone, have become one of the 6,700,000 widows in our land today—facing a great emotional, social, and financial challenge of your life. Now, more than ever before, you need common sense and courage. For you are at a key turning point, from which you can go on to build a new, fine, and satisfying life, or from which you can fall back into a dull, disheartening existence.

So little has been done to help guide us, the women, through the bewildering financial forests that face us when suddenly we find ourselves alone. A library could be filled with the books suggesting we try to remake our lives by going on a world cruise, if we can afford it, or throwing ourselves into community work, if we have the time and money. "Keep the hands and mind busy" has been the trite, traditional message of well-wishers. A favorite subject of sob sisters always has been subtle or direct advice on how to get another man.

But virtually nowhere can we find the information we need most—information on how to manage the money willed to us, how to avoid the obvious financial pitfalls, how to get started again with minimum heartbreak and loss.

The average inheritance left to a woman in America disappears within seven years! Why this shockingly short financial life?

Because so often the woman who receives this inheritance hasn't even a remote knowledge of the principles of safeguarding money. Too often she listens to wrong or unscrupulous financial advice at a moment when she is unprepared to act sensibly on any suggestion. Had she just a few fundamental guides to protect her, she could make this nest egg work for her instead of ending up working for it.

Women are the beneficiaries of nearly 70 per cent of all life-insurance policies, and every year the companies place more than a billion dollars in cash in the hands of widows. And every year most of that billion dollars slips through those same hands.

◆ Why this tragic record? Because so often the woman who gets her insurance money in one lump sum does not understand until it is too late that it is all she will get. In her first dazed, numb mood, she does not realize that the original earner of that money no longer is around to keep more coming in. Foolishly, she may spend her limited capital on unrewarding activities, unnecessary gadgets. Or thoughtlessly, she may lend her limited cash to grasping strangers or even acquaintances. Had she just the one hint that under no circumstances should she take any positive steps until she has fully reviewed and awakened to her new position, needs, and wants, those billions would remain in the hands for which they were intended.

Again and again in recent years, letters from women have come across my desk saying, "My husband left me what I thought was enough to keep me and the children going, but now it's almost all gone." And the letters go on to tell of mistaken investments in real estate or business partnerships, unlucky speculations in stocks or get-rich-quick ventures. Always they conclude, "What shall I do?" when, by the time I get the letters, there is very little they can do except try to find the best-paying job available to them. The relief offices in every city are crowded with women who can whisper truthfully, "I never dreamed I would be here. When my husband was alive we had . . ."

In today's world, wives outlive their husbands on an average of five years. This one fact suggests that sometime in our lives the experience may be yours or mine. The experiences of millions of widows shout the warning that the best way to meet trouble is to be prepared for it. To think "it can't happen to me!" is to shrink from life itself, to reveal emotional immaturity and ignorance.

There are rules, seemingly obvious and yet so fundamental, that will help you conquer whatever problem is yours and help set you on the road to a new, full life.

DON'T make loans or become the victim of some high-pressure financial "adviser."

DO consult your lawyer, who is trained to help you avoid legal entanglements.

Drawings by Rudi Bass

DON'T live high and foolishly fritter away the inheritance you'll need later.

Take it easy! Capsuled in this familiar saying is the most important advice anyone can give you. This is, in truth, a moment of deep emotional upset. You are not capable of thinking as straight as you must if you are to avoid costly and possibly catastrophic errors. Before you can decide on any course of action—concerning your own future career, your insurance, your children's education, your home, anything—you must have time to regain your balance and find out exactly where you stand and what you must and want to do.

Beware of high-pressure promoters who always read the obituary notices to check on your financial standing so they can approach you with their schemes. Some may have such knowledge about your situation that they can pose as business friends or acquaintances of your husband. They may have figures ready to show you how they can turn your $5,000 inheritance into $50,000—if you'll just let them handle it for you. Whatever form their propositions take, the aim will be to get your cash away from you quickly. So take it easy! Until you've had time to regain your emotional balance, turn them away.

Don't accept even the financial advice of your relatives and personal friends at this time. Just because they are your relatives and friends doesn't make them experts on business or investments. Their intentions may be the very best and you may be grateful for the affection and concern they show you. But wait a while. Pigeonhole all their suggestions until you're ready to weigh them intelligently and check them with completely objective outsiders, such as your neighborhood banker or an official of a local savings institution or your husband's boss.

Don't make any investment of any sort during this period—meaning don't make loans, don't buy securities, don't convert your insurance policies, don't buy annuities, don't change anything. The time will come when you'll be prepared to seek and take advice from an independent expert on these questions. If you act hastily, the odds will be against your preserving the nest egg now in your hands.

How long? That depends on you and your own situation, which only you can know fully. It may be a matter of weeks or months before you're ready to act. But this is a fundamental rule. It'll pay you dividends many times over if you'll learn it thoroughly now and apply it forever after.

◆ *Budget your money from the start.* Since four out of five husbands carry insurance, most women get some cash to tide them over those first months or years of living alone. Let's assume you suddenly receive $5,000 in a lump sum—more money than you've ever had before at one time. You'll be tempted to spend it freely because it does seem a large sum. And that's exactly what most women do.

But this is the very worst move possible. Instead the thing to do is to portion out to yourself a set amount a week—as close as you can manage to what you've been accustomed to getting and spending. Live on that while you're adding up your assets and liabilities, deciding what you have to do and what you want to do.

While you're in this important period of "thinking" rather than "acting," you'll use up some of your precious nest egg, of course. But you'll also avoid writing checks you cannot afford, making investments you should not touch. And when you're ready to act, you'll be in a better position to move in the right direction and make up whatever you've spent.

As a matter of fact, insurance policies can be so written that the widow receives the money in monthly installments which, in effect, replace the familiar paycheck. When the person receiving the insurance money hasn't experience in handling big amounts, this is a far superior system to the usual lump-sum insurance settlement. But if your money comes in a lump sum, you still can budget yourself during those first critical weeks or months.

Check on all possible benefits due you. You may find that much more is coming to you than you think or expect.

For instance, there's Social Security. Today, more than 78,000,000 Americans have some wage credits under our Social Security system; the government is taking regular Social Security deductions from the paychecks of more than 50,000,000 workers to give them and their families some basic insurance protection. There's a good chance, therefore, that you're entitled to part of this insurance money now. And it can be a valuable asset, paying you as much as $84 a month even under today's law.

So while you're in this "taking it easy" period, write to or visit the field office of the Social Security Administration nearest you and get an application blank on which to file a claim for survivors' benefits. The law allows special benefits to widows under 65, and others to widows over 65. If you have children under 18, you fall into one class; if you have children over 18, you fall into another.

When you apply for Social Security benefits, you'll be told to attach to the application originals or copies of documents proving your marriage, your age, your children's ages, your husband's death, so you should have those papers handy. Then sign and have your application notarized and file it at your local Social Security office.

You should do this as soon as possible, for Social Security payments will not begin until your claim is filed. And if you delay, you'll not get more than three months' back payments. If you wait four months, for example, you'll lose a month's benefits.

If your husband had an employer, check with him too. There may be some payments due you under an employee benefit or a widows' pension plan, a group insurance or an annuity contract. There even may be some unpaid wages left over.

If you've any doubts on how to discover exactly what may be due you, choose a lawyer to guide you safely through the befuddling paper work. He may earn the fee you pay him many times over just because he knows where and how to look. But a word of caution: Reach agreement on his fee before he acts for you. Your local Bar Association may have a schedule of fees to show you what's the usual figure. Or if there's a Legal Aid Society in your community, you can obtain legal advice there at little cost.

◆ *Find out about yourself!* Really. Sit down in a quiet room and devote some hours to thinking out who and what you are. Get a notebook, entitle it "Me," and then start learning who "Me" is.

For instance, on one page of your little book you might list "Assets"—such as your benefits under Social Security and other insurance, your cash in the bank and government savings bonds, your house and furniture and automobile, your jewelry—anything you have which is considered marketable and valuable. On another page you might list "Liabilities"—such as your debts, the mortgage on your house, whatever you owe on goods bought through installment plans—anything you have which is an obligation and should be paid.

On a third page you might write down your personal and family setup, the reason for which you'll understand when you've answered such questions as: How old are you? Have you children still at school age, or are they grown up and able to help you? Will you have a steady income from now on, or must you begin building a money-making career for yourself? Have you any training for work, or must you start from scratch on that too? What can you expect to earn from your work and what would you like to do?

Gather all the facts and figures about yourself in your little book and study them carefully. They will add up to "you." And by giving you the story of your past and present, they'll also show you the way to your future.

If you have money to invest, play by the rules of the game. In July, 1946, at the top of the postwar boom in stocks, I was at the desk of a Wall Street broker when a young woman with two small children appeared. She apologized for interrupting and then placed an order to buy several thousand shares of a stock selling at 85 cents a share. The broker was startled by her selection and he asked why she had picked that issue.

"This is my insurance money," she answered, explaining that she was a war widow, "and it's not enough to support me and my children. I've got to have more." She went on to report that a friend had assured her this stock "was certain to double in price."

She couldn't have been more wrong on all counts, for in her position, her first aim should have been safeguarding her nest egg and protecting herself against poverty. Instead of using her money to speculate in stocks, she should have spent as much as necessary to train herself for work and kept the rest as an emergency fund. When last I checked her stock, it was down to a few cents a share. I do not know what has happened to her since 1946, but I do know the cash she inherited has been virtually wiped out.

When you've covered a few pages in your little notebook, you'll have some basic answers to whether you should even consider investing or speculating in securities, real estate, or business. And you'll know more vital things about yourself when you ask:

"Have I enough savings and a sufficiently steady income to justify my assuming financial risks, big or small?" The woman who is free of responsibilities can take chances that the mother of school-age children should avoid. The woman with a stable income can afford more risks than the one who has a limited nest egg and no assurance of a money-making job.

"Have I the personality to manage investments?" The woman who is emotionally calm during critical moments has the right temperament for Wall Street. The one who gets excited at every up and down of the stock market would be much better off sticking to U. S. savings bonds and insurance and letting some one else try to make a fortune overnight.

"Will I need the cash I'm investing at any specified time in the future?" If the money is "extra" savings that you can leave invested for as long as desirable, you have a wide variety of choices. If not—if there is a specified time when you'll need the cash—it is wisest to restrict yourself to the safest, most marketable investments. That "specified time" often comes at an unfortunate moment for your investment and therefore for you.

"What's my objective? A steady income? Profit? Greatest safety? Big return?" Rarely will you find any investment that will give you all these good things, so you must decide which you want most. And that, in turn, will tell you what type of investment you should make. You can obtain top-notch safety in a government savings bond, for instance, but you'll get a relatively small income. You can obtain a big profit in a stock speculation, but you also risk a big loss. Decide your aim first, then you'll know in what field of investment you belong.

"How much do I know about investing or speculating?" If you answer this one honestly, the odds are you'll admit, "Very little, if anything." Thus, your only sensible move is to seek the best advice available. That doesn't mean consulting your lawyer or doctor; a man's knowledge of law or medicine is no basis for believing he knows finance. It doesn't mean consulting your friends or relatives either; many a disappointed investor's road has been paved by their good intentions. Instead, go to your neighborhood banker and ask his counsel and advice. Or check with the representatives of reputable brokerage firms in your community.

And remember always the basic rules of the game: Get the facts on anything you buy before you buy. If you can't afford to lose, you can't afford to gamble at all. And beware of all tips and get-rich-quick advice. While you may win on a tip or hunch now and then, you also may go broke as easily and as often.

◆ This *is* a key turning point. Just realizing that is a forward step. This is a moment for making great decisions. Just understanding what is at stake will help you avoid the down turn into weakness and defeat, help direct you toward a new, rich, and rewarding future.

The few simple guides here have been written out of the experience and heartbreak of millions of women before you. If you will heed them now and follow them in the future, you will be far ahead of the game. It's your challenge—and your choice. ◆◆

WOMEN MUST WORK

◆ Before you are set to make a living for yourself and your family, you must learn a few hard truths. And, believe me, they are hard. The face of reality must be your mirror, not daydreams of a glamorous career as a famous designer, movie star, or what have you.

Women must work. The record proves it. The U. S. Department of Labor states: "29 per cent of women who work are between the ages of 45 and 64. An all-too-common problem pertains to women who, due to the death of a husband, find themselves in need of earning a living."

It is to this group of women that Liberty addresses this article so they may find practical help and ready assistance. Don't lean on your problems. Step on 'em instead.

How to start earning? Start studying. Seek help from the many sources of vocational guidance that are available in your community. Make a list of your abilities and your experiences.

Not only are opportunities open to women today that were unheard of 25 years ago, but the number of agencies that have been set up to offer guidance, aptitude tests, and information are at hand in nearly every community in America.

Among these are the departments of Adult Education in your own state. Look for the local office or write to your state capital. The records from each state prove the importance of these projects. In Connecticut 60 per cent of all adult students are women. Robert C. Deming, supervisor, says, "We set up this program . . . to develop the individual to his greatest economic and civic worth."

New Mexico, Massachusetts, and New Jersey present extensive vocational courses in arts and crafts, home economics, and commercial and technical subjects.

New York State has a very comprehensive program in adult education.

A Department of Education director says: "Many women enroll in our commercial courses either for the purpose of securing jobs or increasing their skill in present positions."

Wisconsin claims its "own style of vocational education . . . molded by the history and geography of the state." The director, C. L. Greiber, says, "We started out to provide special vocational training to youth, but gradually concentrated on adults. We are the only state to add the word, adult, to our title, Vocational and Adult Education."

These brief quotations give a general picture of the work that is being done and the services that are at hand for the woman ambitious to earn her own money.

Sylvia Porter says: What Talents Do I Have?*

Ask yourself point blank. Write them down. Perhaps you're a trained musician. If you are, you can teach the young ones in the neighborhood or go into radio work.

Ask yourself, "What can I make that other people will buy?" There is always a market for the unusual, the unique, the beautiful things that can't be picked up on any ordinary store counter. Maybe you have a flair for design and can create and sell artistic articles made from leather or fabrics.

Perhaps, though, instead of a hobby or a craft or an inherent talent, you have a special service that can be sold. Here is another list of activities in which you may find your special field.

Photography. Can your superior skill at photography be used commercially, your pictures be sold to newspapers, etc.? Are you capable of taking portraits with your camera? The market for these is tremendous, especially children's portraits.

A hobby shop. Is there a shop in your community which provides facilities and equipment for hobbyists, sells essential materials and parts for such national pastimes as building and running model trains? If not, could you start one?

Tutoring children and adults. Teaching swimming or games, particularly bridge. Catering for parties. Wrapping gifts. Establishing or working at a kindergarten. Cooking classes and sewing classes and knitting instructions. Translating into Braille. Typing manuscripts.

Your chances of success will be enhanced if you proceed slowly, ask questions, talk to as many people as you can in similar or identical occupations and collect all the printed information available.

◆ The U. S. Department of Labor has recently published a book, Occupational Outlook Handbook, which describes 288 specific occupations. Liberty editors suggest reading this handbook before making a final decision on the job you choose. Write the Department of Education at your state capital.

◆ *A Business of Her Own.* New York State has still another service to offer. It is a Woman's Program of the Department of Commerce under the chairmanship of Miss Jane H. Todd, deputy commissioner. One publication in constant demand is entitled 102 Ideas for a Business of Her Own. A reprint of this booklet is available, without cost, to Liberty readers outside New York State. Write to Liberty Home Editor. New York State residents: New York Women's Council, 342 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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* How to Live Within Your Income, by J. K. Lasser and Sylvia F. Porter.

THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MEAL

Men are individualists in their cooking. But note how each one conforms to a strict pattern of attention to tiny details

Welsh Rabbit à la Cavallero

Gene Cavallero—Colony Restaurant, New York City

- *½ pound "Private Stock Cheddar," diced**
- *1 teaspoon dry mustard*
- *1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce*
- *1 raw egg yolk*
- *Stale beer or ale to suit your taste*

*DeKalb Creameries, 99 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

Place diced cheddar in double boiler with beer or ale. Put on fire. Stir until melted. Add mustard and Worcestershire sauce. Keep stirring on fire until boiling point is reached. Add raw egg yolk. Stir well. Pour over hot white toast. Serves four.

* * *

By Beulah Karney

◆ There is something about the way a man cooks. I guess you would say it's so professional. He may cook only one dish, but he will do it so well and with such pride in the results as to want to share his secrets with the world, but with a heigh-ho and a hi-de-ho and a complete disregard for rules and regulations. Which, I think, is the way it should be. In fact, manufacturer James Kimberly warned me that many a fine dish was ruined by following a recipe book! He likes to sit down and talk about this fun of cooking, which he does with a spirit of adventure.

When he wants a roast of beef, it would not be unlike him to get it from a butcher in St. Joseph, Missouri, although his home town is Neenah, Wisconsin.

When he tosses a salad he takes pains to get Kentucky limestone lettuce because "that limestone in the soil down there seems to grow better lettuce." Two parts pure olive oil and one part vinegar are the proportions he likes for French dressing, with salt, fresh ground pepper, maybe a pinch of marjoram for seasoning.

I checked these details with Chicago's best-known salad maker, Max Guggiari of swank Imperial House. He could show me better than he could talk about it, so he went to work to make one. The best salad is made with limestone lettuce, he agreed; leaf lettuce next. There was no doubt about a green salad tossed with French dressing being the preference with men. Max said, "Every good house has its own way of making Maison Dressing." From this dressing many others are made. He has two famous ones, Lorenzo, which he uses on a combination fruit-and-vegetable salad; and a Roquefort dressing which is the secret of the popular Max's salad, made of limestone lettuce, baby artichokes, avocado, tomato, and sliced egg.

He uses two silver forks to rub the garlic into the wooden salad bowl, using salt for the abrasive. And this does a nice job. He uses the same two forks to make the paste from two fillets of anchovy, and he mixes all the other seasonings into the vinegar first,

* * *

Fisherman's Cold Plate à la Byfield

Ernie Byfield—Pump Room, Well of the Sea, Chicago

- *4 fillets of poached whitefish*
- *4 small portions of cooked salmon*
- *8 shrimps*
- *4 sardines*
- *4 small portions of tuna fish*
- *4 to 8 slices tomato*
- *Wedges of Monterrey lemon*
- *Thousand Island dressing*

Poach the whitefish until tender. Remove from water and chill. Arrange each serving on large chilled plate with cut of cold cooked salmon. Garnish with other ingredients. Sprinkle lightly with MSG*, such as Accent.

*Mono Sodium Glutamate

James Kimberly's Special Popovers

Production Manager, International Cellucotton

1 cup cake flour, sifted	*3 eggs, separated*
½ teaspoon salt	*1 tablespoon melted butter*
1 cup rich milk	

Place pans in hot oven (450° F.). Sift flour and salt together. Add milk and beat well. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Beat whites until stiff but not dry. Fold egg mixtures together. Fold in flour mixture and beat well to get as much air whipped in as possible. Add melted butter and beat again. Remove hot pans from oven, cover bottom of pans generously with more melted butter. Fill half full with batter. Bake in oven 10 to 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 15 minutes more, or until popovers are crusty brown on top. Serves four.

Max Guggiari's Dressing Maison

Imperial House, Chicago

Clove of garlic	*Worcestershire sauce*
¼ teaspoon salt	*2 fillets of anchovies*
Celery salt	*Wine vinegar*
¼ teaspoon prepared French mustard	*4 tablespoons olive oil*

Crush garlic in salt with two forks, add sprinkling of celery salt, mustard, drop of Worcestershire. Add anchovies and mash to paste. Add vinegar and oil. Beat well. Season to taste. Use as basic French dressing. Serves two.

Arthur Schwartz's Barbecued Steaks

Composer and producer of Inside U. S. A.

4 steaks (minute)	*¼ pound butter*
Clove of garlic	

Crush garlic in bowl, add softened butter, whip up to nice fluffiness. Spread each steak with this butter. Broil over charcoal embers, turning frequently. Baste with butter as needed. Season to taste. Serve at once.

★ ★ ★

then adds the oil last so as to get a smooth emulsion.

Arthur Schwartz, composer and producer of Inside U. S. A., goes Continental and votes for tossed salad with a simple olive-oil-and-vinegar dressing. A native of California, the true Westerner in him comes out when he improvises at the barbecue pit and does about as appealing a bit of Americana in a nicely turned steak from the culinary viewpoint as is his latest musical-comedy success from the viewpoint of theatergoers.

And what he calls barbecue steak is not beef marinated in a sauce and braised, but rather a steak of your favorite cut, spread generously with butter, whipped up with a bit of finely mashed garlic, and grilled over charcoal embers. This barbecue steak is Something to Remember You By, the title of one of Arthur's long list of songs.

While we are speaking of charcoal-broiling steaks, Max Guggiari has a trick worth knowing. He dips the steak in olive oil first, then charcoal-broils it to that rare stage, finishing off with more heat or putting the finished steak for a minute on a very hot griddle. This gives it a nice charring on the outside while it remains rare on the inside.

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☐ Home Baking ....

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WAFFLE MAGIC

From Liberty's Home Kitchen

◆ The secret of making light, delicate, tender waffles is the use of baking soda in combination with sweet milk and vinegar. Most women know the old-fashioned method of using up sour milk by combining it with soda. The modern homemaker pours sweet milk out of the bottle, adds the correct amount of vinegar, and has sour milk comparable to any Grandma took days to make (or waited for a timely thunderstorm to produce!). With the addition of baking soda, the results are superb.

Experiment with different taste combinations. That's half the fun of cooking. Add chopped pecan nuts, or finely chopped crisp apple with a sprinkling of nutmeg. A half slice of bacon added to the batter just after it is poured onto the iron creates a good breakfast flavor. Cinnamon and cloves are palate-teasers, too.

Waffles are as versatile as can be. For luncheon, for instance, with a fruit cup for the first course; waffles, and a green salad or a crisp coleslaw; plenty of coffee, tall glasses of milk for the kids, you have a real party meal.

For a family supper, waffles topped with creamed chicken, chipped beef, or tuna fish make an excellent main dish.

Waffles for dessert are a natural for the bridge party. Add three tablespoons of grated unsweetened chocolate to the batter. Bake, and top each section with vanilla ice cream. Fattening? Don't be silly. How could anything that tastes so-oo-oo good put on weight!

Close brother to the waffle is our beloved pancake. The same mixture of sweet milk, vinegar, and baking soda may be used with equally good results for this batter. Among the favorite varieties is a blueberry pancake, using fresh or canned blueberries.

HOW TO MAKE LIGHT, TENDER WAFFLES

1 Sift 2 cups cake or family flour on waxed paper, leveling off with a knife. Place flour sifter over large mixing bowl. Add 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 tablespoon granulated sugar, 1 teaspoon salt; sift. All measurements of dry ingredients should be level.

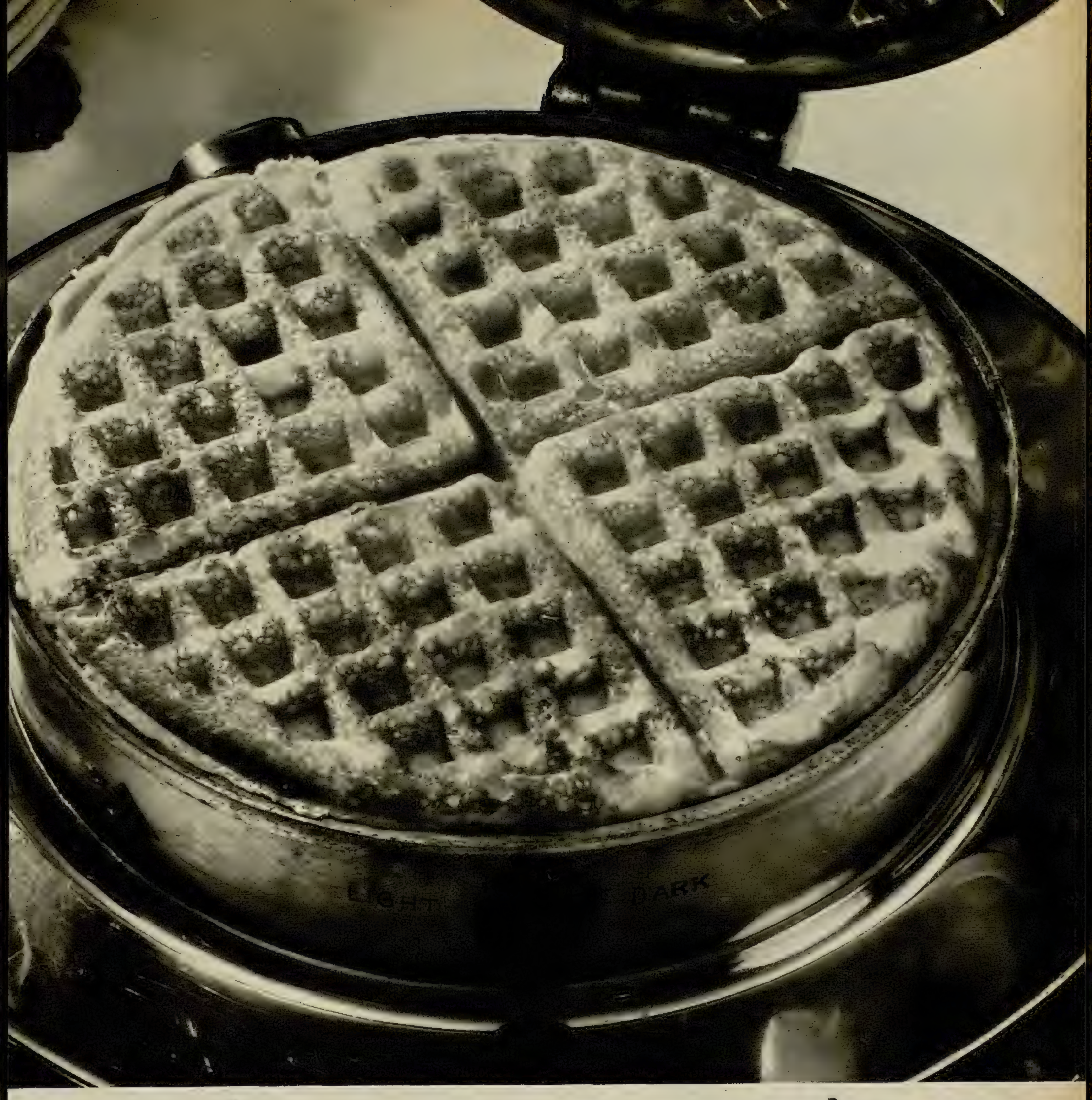
2 Separate 2 eggs. Beat egg yolks, ¼ cup vinegar, and 1¾ cups sweet milk together in large mixing bowl. Add dry ingredients and melted shortening to this mixture. Beat until batter is smooth and bubbly. This should be done quickly.

3 Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. The whites should stand up in peaks. Fold into batter; do not beat. Pour batter on heated waffle iron to about 1 inch of the edge. Bake 3 or 4 minutes, or until waffles stop steaming. Keep covered until baked.

Photos by F. M. Demarest

1

SALT
SUGAR
BAKING SODA



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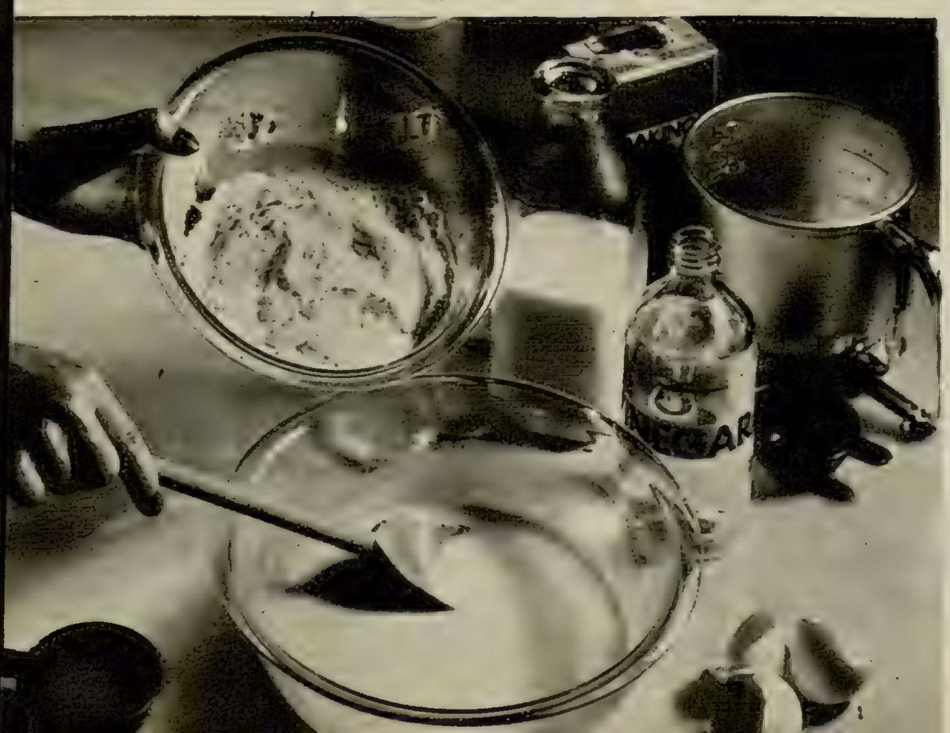

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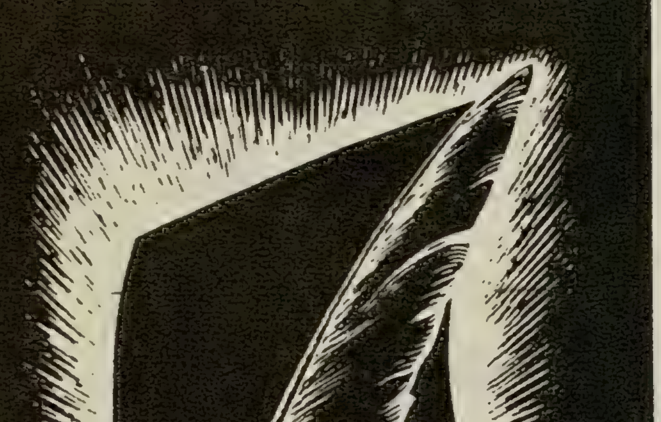
CAN YOU AFFORD TO DIE?

By SAMUEL J. FOOSANER



Tragic mistakes are made through poorly drawn wills, but to die without a will is a luxury few people can afford

HOW long has it been since you looked at your will?

Have there been any births, deaths, marriages, or divorces in your family since it was drawn? Has there been any major change in your business? If so, you may be like thousands of other people whose wills no longer represent their true wishes for the disposition of their property after their death.

The will of John K. is a good example. It read, in part:

"I give and bequeath the sum of $5,000 to my nephew, Henry. I give and bequeath the sum of $5,000 to my niece, Mary. The rest of my estate I give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Elizabeth."

This seemed to be a good will at the time it was made, in 1940, when John K.'s estate was worth approximately $68,000. However, when he died, in 1945, it had dwindled to $11,000. After the *fixed bequests* to his nephew and niece were paid, the amount going to Mrs. K. was only $1,000—a situation that was certainly far from the true desire of John K.

If John K. had left one twelfth to his nephew, one twelfth to his niece, and the remaining ten twelfths to his wife, his real desires would have been carried out, regardless of the size of his estate when he died.

Fred P. left $12,000 in cash and insurance, and a house he had purchased for $11,000, on which there was an outstanding mortgage of $8,000. When he made his will, the house was worth more than he paid for it, but by the time he died, its value was only $5,000.

There was a large hospital and medical bill, and other substantial debts. These amounted to $3,800, leaving a total of $8,200 to provide for his family until they could find a means of livelihood. But Fred P.'s will directed that his executor pay off the mortgage on the house *as soon as possible* after his death, which left the family with $200 in cash and a house. To get immediate cash, they had to make a forced sale for only $3,200 — a loss they could ill afford.

If you want to avoid such a possibility for your own family, your will should be flexible enough to permit your executor to use his judgment in meeting changed circumstances.

A manufacturer died in New Jersey and his $100,000 general estate, as well as $50,000 of life insurance, went to his divorced wife. The only thing his widow received was a life interest in their home. Why? When he remarried, he had neglected to change his will and to name a new beneficiary for his life insuranc

Even a good will may have littl meaning for your family if you fai to provide sufficient cash to mee taxes, last debts, and other expenses encountered at the time o death. For example, many peopl with substantial estates are ofte lulled into a sense of security b the value of their holdings, and fee that their families will be well provided for because of their wealth But this is not always so.

Mr. W. P., for instance, had a estate that was valued at approximately one million dollars. But i was made up of $750,000 worth o stock in a close corporation, o which he was the principal stockholder; $100,000 of varied securities; a $60,000 home, and $90,000 o life insurance and cash. Federal estate and inheritance taxes, las debts, funeral expenses, administration costs, and income taxes stil remaining unpaid at the time o his death totaled $450,000. The executor of W. P.'s estate used all o the life insurance and cash, sol the securities, and still was $300,00 short. In order to raise this sum, i was necessary to sacrifice the entir stockholdings owned by Mr. W. P The result was that W. P.'s famil was left with a $60,000 home, bu without any emergency cash, o any source of income.

◆ This is not an isolated exampl of the tragedy which can come int the homes of people whose estate run from several hundred thousan to several million dollars. In man instances, even greater hardshi can result than in the estate of man whose entire property holdings amount to a few thousand dollars. The secret, to avoid this kin of unnecessary catastrophe, is t blueprint one's estate, and follow plan, so that a man's affairs enabl him to afford to die.

Failure to make a will, or eve drafting an inadequate will als can be tragic where small childre are concerned. No matter what th size of your estate, your will shoul name a guardian to take care o and provide a home for your children in the event that both parent die at or about the same time.

Another source of trouble is the homemade will, drawn up without the advice of an attorney.

Regardless of the size of your estate, you should make a will. Besides saving expense and needless controversy, a properly drawn will permits you to bequeath happiness instead of heartaches to those whom you love. ◆ ◆

RCUMSTANTIAL
VIDENCE

ntinued from page 26

rder had been established. And
ough it was not the medical ex-
iner's job to concern himself
th such matters, there had been
ore than one occasion when
andish's specialized knowledge
d keen reasoning had helped
eak a case that otherwise might
ve gone unsolved. In this in-
nce, however, Ballard was quite
isfied with the progress made.
'Here's once," he said, still rock-
g, "when all you've got to do is
t me that slug and give me the
n. report. When we pick up Van-
g, we can wrap this one up."
Standish grinned. "Mary," he
id, referring to Mary Hayward,
s nurse-secretary, who resented
eatly the demands Ballard made
the doctor's time, "will be de-
hted to know that."

And until noon of the following
y it appeared that Ballard's com-
acency was well founded. For it
s not until then, when the last
the office patients had gone,
at Mary Hayward came in and
ed Standish with a critical eye.
"There's a girl out here named
nning," she said. "I made her
it. She says she has to see you
out that murder last night."
"Well?"
Mary Hayward's manner contin-
d severe and she would not be
rried. She had long maintained
at Standish was ill advised to
ntinue his medical examiner
rk when he could make more
oney devoting all his time to his
owing practice; and because she
s jealous of his time and talents,
d possibly just a little in love
th him, she did not hesitate to
eak her mind. A green-eyed girl
ith medium-blonde hair and a
vely skin, she stood her ground
w as she said:
"I told her she should go to the
strict attorney, but she wants to
e you." She pinched her lips.
She'll probably want to tell you
at her brother couldn't possibly
ve done the shooting, and"—
imicking now—"please, Dr. Stand-
h, you've got to help me."
Standish sighed, his voice patient
ecause he understood Mary was
t so callous as she sounded.
"Suppose you send her in," he
id. He had talked with Ballard
rlier and knew that the Vanning
oy was being held, and now he
ipped the switch on the interoffice
ommunicator. "You can listen if
u like," he said.
Estelle Vanning was a small,
rim-figured girl of twenty-three or
o. Her hair was reddish brown, her
ur-trimmed cloth coat well worn
round the cuffs. Her blue eyes,
roubled now as they inspected
Paul Standish, seemed too old for
er face as she sat on the edge of

Liberty SHORT CUTS TO BETTER LIVING

EDITED By NANETTE KUTNER

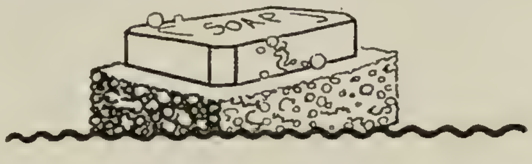
◆ Irene Rich, who plays the imaginary role of the first woman President of the United States in the Broadway laugh hit, As the Girls Go, is a most amazing woman. Miss Rich freely admits her age, "Two months short of fifty-eight."

And she gives us two Short Cuts.

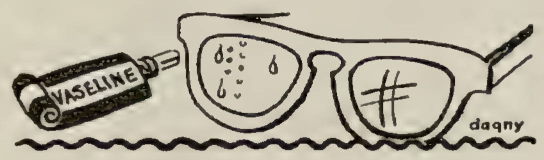
The first concerns her short gray curly bob. "I give myself a Toni once a month," Miss Rich told me. "I put up the front, using cotton instead of papers. I let these front curls 'cook' while I put up the back. The cotton is absorbent and gives me time to work an hour on the back and not worry about the front curls. If I used paper, I would not be able to do this."

The second Short Cut has to do with energy. Miss Rich says, "The young people in the show ask me how I keep up. I think it's due to a philosophy developed during the past thirty years—RELAX. Between scenes I lie flat on a board, drive all thoughts from my mind and fall sound asleep. I did just that during our grueling rehearsals. And I don't worry needlessly. I say these words, 'I'm divinely guided. I will take the right turn of the road. God will make a way where there is no way.' You'd be surprised how it works!"

SPONGE DISH I keep a ten-cent rubber sponge on the kitchen sink for a soap dish. This holds the drippings from the wet bar of soap and is far neater than a gummed-up soap dish. Also the sponge can be used after each washing to soap the kitchen sink. I've found this a great time-saver.—*Mrs. Charles C. Murphy, Williamstown, Mass.*

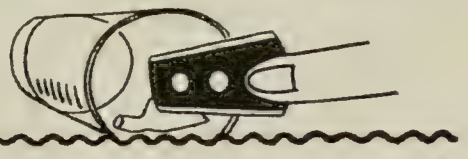


EYEGLASSES In hot weather I spread a layer of vaseline on my eyeglasses. Then, after I wipe them off, the eyeglasses will not get steamy. I discovered this after accidentally getting my glasses smeared with vaseline. —*Clara Stude, Mineral Point, Wis.*



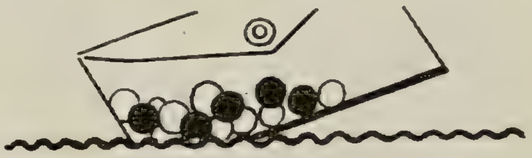
SAFETY FIRST To avoid an accident that might be caused by the children leaning on the inside handles of my car and opening a door while it's in motion, I removed from both doors the pins holding the handles to the shaft. Then I switched them from left to right, turning them upside down. This put them in the position of locking when pushed down instead of up. Thus to open a door the handles *must* be pulled up, which is hard for a small child to do. This also eliminates installing outside safety locks that sometimes are broken by the improper closing of doors.—*Ronald W. Gould, Burlingame, Calif.*

RAZOR BLADES When a man finds he has a dull blade and no new ones in stock, he sharpens it by applying a light stroke sideways inside a drinking glass. As tooth paste is an abrasive, I add a dab of it to the inside wall of the glass. The blade sharpens quicker and with a keener edge.—*Bob Conant, Decatur, Ill.*



DOG TOY To keep our puppy from chewing up his ball, we put it in the toe of an old sock. He chews as much as he wants and the ball stays in one piece. He also prefers the new toy, as he can swing and shake it.—*Mrs. Audrey O'Connor, Sacramento, Calif.*

TOKENS I live in a state where we pay a tax in the form of tokens, blue and white. To keep them from mixing with my change, I use a plastic case, the kind bought for powder puffs. It has a gripper snap which keeps tokens from falling out. At a glance I can tell if I have the necessary ones; I need not fumble in my purse nor keep a salesgirl waiting.—*Mrs. J. Denham, Biloxi, Miss.*



HANDY APRON I made an apron by cutting the bottom row of pockets from a shoe bag. That left two rows. I tied ribbons in the eyelets for apron strings. Now I have an apron with eight pockets.—*Carla Patursis, New York, N. Y.*

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her chair while she spoke of her brother.

"I've read about you in the papers," she said. "I—I thought it would be easier to talk to you because you're a doctor and not a policeman."

Because he was not yet sure what she meant, Standish said, "You don't think your brother did the shooting. Is that what you're trying to say?"

"Oh, no." She shook her head. "I think he did shoot Mr. Corbin."

"Did he say so?"

"No, but—I heard the shot." She dropped her glance. "You see, I was there."

Standish managed to master his surprise. "Perhaps," he said, "you'd better start from the beginning."

◆

Her eyes went beyond him and distance grew in them. The story she told was easy enough to understand. Her father, she said, had died when she was seventeen, her mother having passed on some years previous. Her brother, fourteen at the time, had gone to live with an uncle, and she had found a job in a war plant. But she had taken dancing lessons for some years—that was what she really wanted to do—and when the war ended she got a job in a New York night club. Since then she had danced in other clubs, in chorus lines, in traveling acts, always making a living but never getting very far ahead.

"I opened my dance studio last year," she said. "Fred, my brother, was playing piano in a pick-up band and I talked him into quitting that so he could help me in the studio." Her glance came back to Standish and she said, "I met Mr. Corbin at a party. He found out what I did and said he'd like to take some lessons. He said if I would give them to him privately at his place, he would pay me double the usual rate."

She shrugged. "Fred was wild when he found out about it. You'd think he was the older one, and the only way I can explain it is that when Dad died, Fred got the idea he was the man of the house and it was his job to take care of me. I told him he was being silly. I knew I could take care of myself—I've been doing it for nearly six years—and it wasn't as if Mr. Corbin was leading me on. I was doing the leading. I was being nice because I hoped he'd put some money in the studio and give me a chance to enlarge it and get a nicer location—"

She glanced down again, shaking her head. "But you don't care about that. It doesn't matter now. What matters is that I did go there last night, and Fred came to threaten Mr. Corbin—"

"You didn't go up the front way?"

"No," she said, her eyes widening as though wondering how Standish knew. "Mr. Corbin was separated from his wife. He said there might be a divorce and he didn't want the manager or the elevator man to know about me if he could help it. He showed me how to come in the back way and up the service elevator. There are only two apartments on the sixth floor and he said the people who had the other one were away. So last night I went about eight thirty, just as I'd done before, and I was almost ready to leave when we heard the buzzer."

She said, hurrying now, "We were using the study at the rear of the apartment and Mr. Corbin said for me to stay there. If it was his wife, or someone he didn't want to know about me, he wouldn't come back and I was to let myself out the back way." She paused, her voice wavering. "I was waiting right there when I heard the shot."

"You didn't actually see your brother?"

"I didn't see anything. I was panicky. I ran. I got into the elevator all right and rode down, and then I couldn't get out. The back door was locked and the key was gone."

Standish nodded, remembering Lloyd Gaynor's story. "So?" he said.

"So I had to go out the front way, hoping that whoever was on the desk wouldn't be able to describe me." She sighed and said, "I was lucky. The operator must have stepped out, because there wasn't anyone there."

"Didn't anyone see you?"

"Not till I got outside. A man and a woman were just coming in, but it was dark there and I knew they never could identify me. I didn't know then that Fred had actually gone up there. I didn't know who it was—until the police came and arrested him."

◆

Standish cleared his throat and wondered what he could say. Something about this girl and her story moved him deeply and he wanted to help her. Yet on the face of it there was nothing he could do and he finally had to say so.

She looked at him wide-eyed. "But you're the medical examiner," she said. "You'd know if there were any marks on Mr. Corbin. I've just come from Fred. He wouldn't talk about it, but there was a bruise on his cheek. I thought if Mr. Corbin had any marks on his knuckles, it might prove he hit Fred first. Wouldn't that be self-defense? And would Fred have a chance then?"

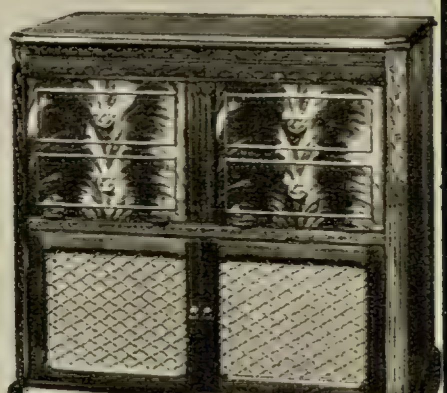
Standish eyed her with new respect, finding a secret pleasure in being able to say something that might give this girl hope. "Corbin's knuckles *were* scraped," he said. "On the right hand."

For a moment then she looked right at him, her eyes filling. Then she reached for her handkerchief and bowed her head.

"I'll talk to your brother," he said. "I think he'd better tell the truth. To make him tell the truth I

Liberty SHOPS FOI

With summer dawdling alm
over, perhaps you're in
mood to shop for the equ



THE FAMILY

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ok over these columns for

istance **By EILEEN BURKE**

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(*Continued on page 70*)

may have to repeat what you've told me."

"All right," Estelle Vanning said. "Anything is all right if it will help Fred."

"But if I do repeat what you've said, the police will want to question you, too. You're a witness now, and—"

"I don't care what they do to me. It's Fred. Don't you understand?"

Mary Hayward's green eyes were concerned when she came into the office after the Vanning girl had left. The caustic attitude she often displayed when police business interfered with Standish's routine was nowhere in evidence.

"Thanks for letting me listen," she said. "I canceled those two afternoon appointments. I said you'd be busy down at headquarters."

"You mean this time it's O.K. to give the lieutenant a hand?"

"You have to," Mary said. "I'm sorry I popped off before she came in, but—well, if anyone needs a break, she does."

◆

Fred Vanning was small-boned like his sister, and not much larger. His hair was darker, he wore glasses, and the bruise on his cheekbone was quite noticeable as he was ushered into Lieutenant Ballard's little office and invited to sit down.

"The doctor had a talk with your sister," Ballard said when he had introduced Standish. "I guess you didn't know she was at Corbin's last night."

Standish took it from there, speaking in brisk, even tones as he related the things Estelle Vanning had said, seeing the paleness grow in the youth's face and the tightness come about his mouth.

"We didn't know about her," Ballard said when Standish finished. "It makes a difference, Vanning. If you don't want to talk, we'll bring her down and hold her until we get the truth. You were both there and if you didn't shoot Corbin, maybe she did."

"No, she didn't." Vanning seemed to sag in his chair as he shook his head. "I shot him."

Ballard said, "Ah-h," with slow satisfaction and signaled to a stenographer through the open door. He waited until the fellow took a chair in a corner and opened his notebook; then said he'd like to know why Vanning went to Corbin's in the first place.

Vanning told him, and the things he said substantiated the story Estelle Vanning had given Standish. Vanning felt that it was his duty to look after his sister. He knew Corbin's reputation with women, and when he could not prevent his sister from going to Corbin's apartment, he decided to go to Corbin himself.

"You took a gun with you," Ballard said.

"An old one my father had. But not to shoot Corbin. Just to threaten him if he got tough—because I knew he was bigger than I was."

"What time did you get there?"

"About twenty minutes of ten."

"Was Gaynor on the desk downstairs?"

"Yes."

"What exactly did you say?" Standish asked.

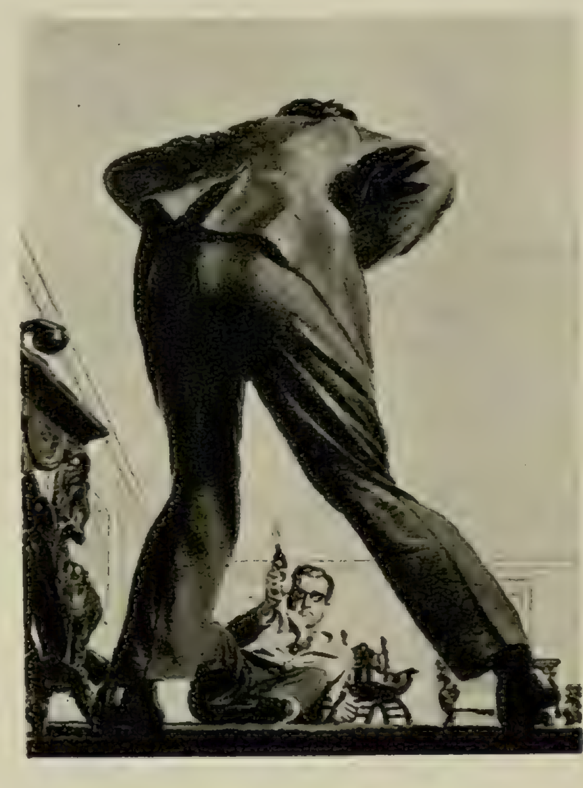
"Nothing. Except that I had a date with Corbin. I kept right on walking to the elevator so I wouldn't be stopped. After Corbin let me in, I told him to stay away from my sister. At first he laughed at me, and when I kept talking he got mad and grabbed the front of my coat. He slapped me and when I tried to break loose he slugged me"—he touched the bruise on his cheek—"and I went down."

"You didn't have the gun out?" Ballard asked.

"Not then."

"Go on."

"He kicked at me when I was down, but I caught his foot and he staggered back. By then I had the gun out and when he started for me again, I shot him." He paused while his gaze clouded and his voice grew small. "He grabbed his stomach, bent over, and slumped down. He rolled over on his side and—"



He stopped as Ballard interrupted. "He grabbed *what?"* the lieutenant said sharply.

"His stomach."

Ballard leaned back, his expression bewildered as he stared at Vanning. Standish, a quick excitement stirring in him, said, "You were on the floor when you shot? How? Lying down? Sitting up?"

"Sitting up."

"And Corbin was standing? Who knocked the telephone over?"

"He did—when he fell. I put it back as quick as I could."

"Did you touch Corbin?"

"I didn't go near him. I got out as fast as I could."

"Did Gaynor say anything when you passed the desk downstairs?"

"No. And neither did I. All I

wanted to do then was get rid of the gun. I threw it in the river."

Ballard was still watching Vanning, a lingering incredulity in his gaze. Finally he roused himself and waved the boy from the room along with the stenographer. Then he looked at Standish.

"You said Corbin was shot in the heart."

"He was. And horizontally—until the slug hit a bone and angled up."

"But if the kid's telling the truth—" Ballard broke off and tried again. "I mean if he was on the floor and Corbin was standing, the wound couldn't be horizontal." He blew out his breath and said, "Ye gods! You don't think the kid missed him?"

"It begins to look like it," Standish said, the excitement still in him as his thought moved on and he realized what this might mean to the Vanning girl and her brother. "It looks now as if Corbin played possum. That first shot must have scared him plenty. He grabbed his stomach, putting on an act, and fell over to keep the kid from shooting again. Not a bad idea, either."

◆

Ballard finally admitted the possibility. He said in that case the bullet must still be somewhere in that apartment. He rubbed his brow and surveyed Standish disgustedly.

"I'll say this, doc. When you louse a thing up, you really do a job." He spoke resentfully but with no real rancor, since he was just as interested in the truth as Standish.

Paul Standish grinned and said, "Did you see Mrs. Corbin last night? What's she like?"

"One of those voluptuous dames. Good-looking too, if you like them big. She had a bit of a shock when I broke the news, but she didn't waste any tears over her departed husband. Said they were separated. Said she was figuring on a divorce."

"Now she'll have some money of her own," Standish said, and then, digressing swiftly, he added, "What about Harry Boynton? Find any motive there?"

"Found one," Ballard said. "Boynton was right about Corbin backing him in the Club 17. Corbin put up twenty thousand bucks—on a demand note."

"A demand note?" Standish paused, his eyes half closed. "Then, if Corbin happened to be demanding and Boynton couldn't raise the money elsewhere, Corbin could take over the club. . . . Umm," he said. "Maybe you'd better have him stop in. I think he may have been lying last night."

Ballard reached for the telephone and spoke his piece.

Harry Boynton appeared a half hour later, a blocky figure with a cigar in his mouth and his hat at a jaunty angle. He spoke of this and that as he fanned out his coat and sat down, and then Ballard said, "The doc's got a couple of questions he'd like to clear up, Harry. Incidentally, we found out about that demand note."

Boynton remained unperturbed. He examined his cigar and said, "What's on your mind, doc?"

"You said Corbin spoke one word last night before he died."

"He did."

"Corbin was shot through the heart." Standish leaned back, taking time with his words. "I once did an autopsy on a man who was shot in the heart with a .22. In that case he remained conscious for several minutes. With Corbin it was different. The slug made a severe rupture when it passed through his heart. Under the circumstances he would have lost consciousness almost immediately and would have died within a minute or two.

"What I'm getting at," Standish added, "is that if Corbin spoke a word to you, you killed him."

"Oh, no." Boynton stood up, his face tight.

Ballard bellowed into the outer room. "Sergeant!"

"All right," Boynton said, shouting now. "So I lied about it. I knew you'd find a good motive for me and I wanted to be sure you went looking for the guy that knocked him off. Corbin was dead when I found him."

"That's not what you said last night."

"I'm saying it now."

Ballard nodded to the sergeant. "Take him down," he said.

Boynton backed out of the room, propelled by the sergeant. "You can't prove I killed Corbin!" he yelled.

"We can try." Ballard watched the other go, then turned back to Standish. "You're doing O.K., doc," he said, his voice respectful. "Let's go take a look for the missing slug."

◆

Lieutenant Ballard wasted no time on the skinny young man who presided over the switchboard at the Sheridan Arms, but flashed his shield and asked for the key to Corbin's apartment.

Standish, following behind him, stopped as the lieutenant entered the elevator.

"Go ahead," he said. "I want to make a couple of calls. I'll come up when I finish."

Ballard said all right, and Standish stood a moment. Then he walked back to the desk and switchboard.

"How many tenants do you have now?" he asked.

"About forty-five."

"Got a list of them handy? And an extra telephone I can use?"

The operator produced the list and said there was a telephone right here, if Standish would step around the desk. Standish pushed his hat back and looked at the list. Then he began to make his calls. He made fifteen of them before he got what he wanted, and he was just stepping from behind the desk when Ballard appeared from the elevator, his face warped in a gr

"Got it, doc," he said. "You kn
that hall up there that conne
the living room with the oth
rooms? Well, it's about thirty f
long and there's a wide wood
molding around the walls and ce
ing. Right at the end of the ha
and almost dead center in th
molding, is a little round hole."

He pulled Standish away fr
the desk and said, "Young Vanni
threw a snap shot at Corbin a
missed, and that slug, angling
went through that open doorw
and buried itself in the far end
that hall." He chuckled. "No wond
we didn't see the hole. If it had
plaster, we'd have found some
the floor and checked. Hell, I ne
would have found it if I had
been looking for it. Let's go
Gaynor," he said. "Maybe he's
a man around here that can
out that slug for me."

◆

Lloyd Gaynor was clad in sla
and a corduroy jacket, his thi
dark hair was neatly combed, a
his manner was at once defere
tial as he opened the door. Appa
ently he had been working at
desk, and he went back to sit b
hind it.

"We've got news for you, M
Gaynor," Ballard said, taking
chair near the desk. "We just fou
out that Fred Vanning didn't sh
Corbin, after all."

A frown creased Gaynor's han
some face. "Really?" he said.

"Yeah. It's quite a story," Balla
said, and then proceeded to rel
the details as he knew them.
explained why Corbin had p
tended to be hit when Vannin
shot missed, and ended up by sayi
he had found the bullet buried
the hall molding.

"But that would mean"—Gayn
blinked, as though not quite sur
"that there were two shots."

"Right," Ballard said. "Vanni
missed. Someone else came up la
and Corbin told him what had ha
pened, not knowing that this g
was just waiting for a chance
knock him off. Here was wh
looked like a perfect set-up
murder, and the killer took it, figu
ing Vanning would have to take t
rap. Maybe he didn't think abo
there being another bullet buri
somewhere, but even if he did,
was a cinch we wouldn't go looki
for it, not with young Vanni
thinking he'd done the killing. T
trouble was Vanning aimed upwa
from the floor, and Dr. Standi
says Corbin was shot straig
through the heart."

"But"—Gaynor was still frow
ing—"Boynton was the only oth
one to go up."

"No," Standish said. "Someo
went up before Boynton. I thi
you went up, Mr. Gaynor."

"What?"

Ballard twisted in his cha
"Could we have that again, doc

Standish continued to wat

nor. "After Vanning shot and sed, he came downstairs and out. You were on the desk?"

Yes."

But it took his sister—and, un- unately for you, you didn't w she was up there—a little ger to get down. She had to use service elevator and waste time ng to get out the back door. ally she had to go out the front and—though you were at the a minute earlier, when Van- g came out—she says you en't there then."

Then she lies."

No, she doesn't." Standish shook head. "She told me she met a ple on the sidewalk coming in. st finished talking to that couple the telephone. Parker's the ne, in 4-E. They saw the girl. y say you weren't on the desk. y say that when they rang for elevator, the floor indicator the door pointed to six."

e leaned forward and said. ere are only two apartments on and one is temporarily unoc- ed. That leaves Corbin's place. t's where you went, Gaynor, a gun, not knowing what was but wanting to kill Corbin if could get away with it, knowing the phone in Corbin's apart- nt had flashed, though it was nediately hung up; seeing Van- g come rushing out, scared to th—"

Standish never had a chance to sh the sentence. Because just n Gaynor moved, yanking at center desk drawer and reach- for something inside.

allard, coming out of his chair Gaynor moved, kicked out with foot and jammed it against the f-open drawer.

aynor screamed as his wrist smashed. He writhed a moment pain. Then Ballard was on top him, cuffing him aside as a dropped from limp fingers, ncing him off the wall and then nning him into a chair as he pped on the handcuffs.

tandish said, "Nice work," and lard nodded absently. He picked the gun, examined it slowly. is could be it," he said finally. me caliber as the one that ed Corbin anyway."

allard established the motive the rest of the story very ckly once he knew where he was ng. A thick stack of love letters n Mrs. Corbin which were found Gaynor's desk was the lead Bal- d needed, and he soon gained an nission from the woman that she s in love with the apartment- el manager and hoped to marry n.

Then, not knowing yet that Gay- was guilty, she drew the noose ittle tighter around his neck by nitting that her husband had rned of the affair and was about start divorce proceedings on his n.

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

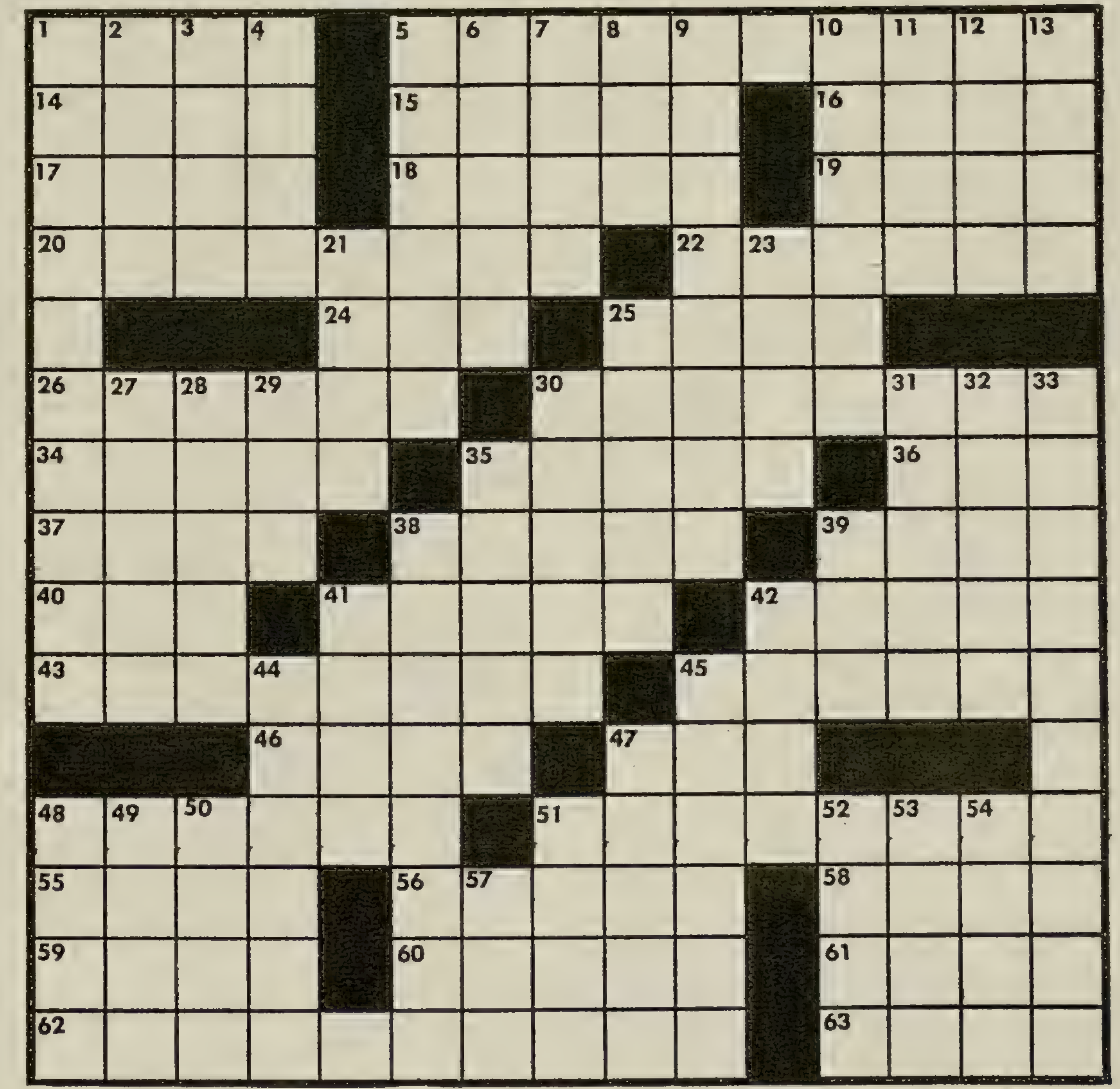
1 It max a nice factor in a pancake ingredient
5 The Avenue of Avarice—has a graveyard at one end, a river at the other (two words)
14 Up the well-known creek without a paddle
15 Radio quick-change artist
16 Kind of support demanded by a broken-down old heel
17 Fuzz on peaches
18 Tight as a drum
19 Busy Street on which no hair grows
20 Home of the underdog
22 Mr. Inventions
24 *Air* for a Gershwin (Shananagram)
25 Whooooooooshed by!
26 Hangouts for a lot of jerks down on the farm
30 Chicken caught in a kaleidoscope
34 What the elevator man couldn't get
35 1890 male canary roost
36 "It's mine!" cried Garibaldi
37 Rustic Fritz-Carltons
38 He put the buck in Roebuck
39 Here's the low-down!
40 Her girlish past
41 A plug for Mr. Ford
42 Kind of nez (good in a pinch)
43 You meet them at trials and find them trying
45 You're just out of your mind if you don't come to them
46 Upright figures
47 Midgets just loaf it
48 One for you, one for me, one for you, one for me
51 Secret pactster
55 Stabber grabber
56 Sacred garment
58 Place where this is kept showing
59 The fat lady sure covers a lot of this
60 Bull thrower
61 Frau Koch
62 This keeps Dobbin from betting on the human race (two words)
63 Pitchers and tossers go down to them in ships

VERTICAL

1 All this asks for the Musicians' Union is a fair shake
2 Home of millions of teemsters
3 Though it sounds as if you clicked, its results may make you shutter
4 Glamor bread
5 Municipal champagne (pl.)
6 Place where the lion was gladiator
7 What men in blue uniforms collect
8 Chap who, with the proper connection, can cause a stir
9 Snorebuggies
10 If they keep upsetting people; you'll have to shoot them
11 Stone Age, Motor Age, Short Age
12 Kind of plasm you get from a ghost
13 Not now, folks!
21 Oh, slush!
23 Bushed!
25 This usually contains one sailor, is found in the Atlantic & Pacific
27 Doggone nice people
28 What Gorges George does at seven
29 I, after a bender
30 Apples whose heads come to a point
31 What we'd say if Russia went democratic (pl.)
32 Papa's brother-in-law's gal
33 Many a belle's heart was moved by these picturesque hangings
35 Big red animals
38 Jet-propelled road jockeys
39 Chief product of a tin factory
41 It's been auld for lang in the Hielands
42 America's William the Conqueror
44 Plasma pipes
45 "What a dish! It's the nuts! Ice cream for it!" folks say every day
47 Big dog houses
48 Dopey Dinah says his name is George Bernard and he's Persia's best writer
49 Nickname of MacArthur's ward
50 Lager lover
51 Almond-eyed Hawkshaw
52 Egypt's best-known flyer
53 Valley, contains optical H_2O
54 Lohengrin's gal
57 Throwin' dessert

P	U	S	H	B	U	T	T	O	N	■	C	A	S	H
A	N	N	A	■	D	R	O	N	E	■	A	L	I	E
L	I	A	R	■	D	E	L	E	S	■	C	A	L	M
S	T	E	P	■	E	E	L	■	T	A	H	I	T	I
■	■	■	O	A	R	S	■	G	L	U	E	■	■	S
B	A	T	O	N	S	■	B	E	E	T	S	O	U	P
I	R	O	N	Y	■	B	U	R	R	O	■	R	L	H
L	O	P	S	■	W	O	R	M	S	■	R	A	C	E
L	M	E	■	P	A	I	N	S	■	D	E	T	E	R
B	A	R	G	A	I	N	S	■	R	E	V	E	R	E
O	■	■	A	N	T	S	■	R	E	N	E	■	■	■
A	N	S	W	E	R	■	L	E	S	■	L	L	D	S
R	E	A	P	■	E	M	O	T	E	■	L	A	I	C
D	A	L	E	■	S	O	N	I	A	■	E	D	N	A
S	T	A	R	■	S	T	E	P	L	A	D	D	E	R

Aug. Answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

Standish told Mary Hayward all about it as he sat in his office at seven o'clock with a whisky-and-soda she had fixed for him. "What it amounted to," he said as he finished, "is that Gaynor was about to get fired, and he knew that Mrs. Corbin would get very little alimony, with the husband having those grounds for divorce. With Corbin out of the way, though, well—what Gaynor had his eye on was a wealthy widow. . . . Come on," he said. "Get your coat on and let's have some dinner."

"I'd like to," Mary said. "I'll put my coat on if you'll answer one more question. I know how you decided it was Gaynor after you'd located the Parker couple and they told you about the elevator being on the sixth floor. But you must have been suspicious of him to think of trying to find the Parkers in the first place. What made you wonder about him?"

Standish gave her a tired smile and said, "Oh, that. Well, I just wondered how Gaynor knew young Vanning's name. It was the first time Vanning had come to the place. Gaynor said he'd never seen the boy before. He also said last night that Vanning gave his name and said he had an appointment with Corbin, but today Vanning said no such thing. I asked him exactly what he said when he came in last night and he insisted that all he said to Gaynor was that he had an appointment."

Standish spread his hands. "And remember, Vanning thought he was confessing to a murder. Under the circumstances he wouldn't lie about a little thing like that. According to him, he didn't give Gaynor his name. *But Gaynor knew it.* He supplied it last night when Boynton had that bright idea of his. So how did Gaynor know who Vanning was?"

"Mr. Corbin told him," Mary I
ward said promptly.
"Go to the head of the cl
Standish said. "Corbin was the
one in that apartment who k
who Vanning was; therefore C
nor got the name from Corb
which means he saw Corbin a
Vanning left but before Co
died."
Mary stood up and slipped on
coat. Her young face was rad
as she shook out her hair an
her green eyes there was a se
smile. It took Standish a mon
or two to recognize that look,
when he did he asked about i
"What are you grinning at?
"I'm not grinning," Mary H
ward said softly. "I was thin
about that Vanning girl and
brother. And you know somethi
She glanced up at him, her
sparkling. "For once—just this c
mind you—I'm sort of glad you
the medical examiner."

SPARKLING DIAMOND

Continued from page 19

brushed off. Fagan personally interviews many of the fans and always makes good on damages.

Visiting baseball moguls are left gasping by Fagan's costliest touch—the Pink Room. This is the most elaborate ladies' lounge in any sports arena. Decorated in shocking pink and black, the powder room has huge panel mirrors, chaise longues, and vases filled with brilliant flowers. The industry chuckled when he installed it, but Fagan laughed last. His feminine attendance has almost doubled.

Protection of the fan, a generally overlooked item, is worked to the hilt. First, Fagan has his own special park police—hand-picked, courteous, alert. Next, he has a central control tower in which observers constantly scan the crowd with binoculars. The spotters watch for drunks, rowdies, people in distress, and traffic jams in the aisles. By pushbutton they can direct police, ushers, or medical aid to any point within seconds.

Modern scientific technique extends right down to the grass on the field. Fagan's cure for rutty outfields was to import grass seed from Scotland and develop an "aging" treatment for his turf. Grass is allowed to grow to extra depth and thickness on an adjacent field, then is transplanted into the stadium as needed. The result is a velvety carpet rated the fastest and smoothest playing surface anywhere. Grounds keepers travel from all over the country to study it.

Fagan has spent more than half a million dollars on improvements, but he's far from satisfied. His architects are now drawing plans for a fabulous escalator system that will move fans from gates to seats in a single operation.

What the precise Fagan calls the "field unit," the team, functions in just as lavish a manner as the New York Yankees. Noting that a tropical address—Florida or southern California—was fashionable for spring training, Fagan went the major clubs one better. He converted his magnificent resort hotel on the Hawaiian island of Maui into a conditioning camp. No team ever trained amid such luxury. In the travel department, the Seals are one of the few teams that move exclusively by chartered DC-6. Their air hop from San Diego to Seattle is the longest in baseball.

Manager of the svelte Seals is the colorful Frank (Lefty) O'Doul, one-time National League batting champion. O'Doul is also a vice-president of the Seals. His salary of $50,000 a year is in excess of that paid many major managers. He has refused several big-time managing jobs with the remark, "Why go east? I'm already in the big league in San Francisco."

You'd believe it to look at the Seals. When he takes the field, each player, by order of Fagan, must be freshly shaved, with spiked shoes shined, and a clean white handkerchief. Newly laundered uniforms are required for each game.

◆ Fagan is pioneering in still another phase of good management. "Insecurity is the greatest hazard of the player," he theorizes. "The big leagues use a man until he can no longer produce, then fire him."

Fagan's solution is to have each member of the Seals interviewed by a vocational-guidance expert, who charts off-field abilities. Fagan then places the athlete in a good winter-time job, with permanent employment assured when his bat-swinging days are ended.

Other owners are disturbed at this revolutionary idea. It could cost management much money. But Fagan can't be quieted. Now in his mid-fifties, he never went to col-
lege and started work as a lab
The son of a wealthy San F
ciscan, he was put to work ir
oil-company warehouse, wres
barrels. He worked up through
ranks until today he heads
flung shipping, banking, and
vestment enterprises. Until he
over the Seals, Fagan knew
tually nothing of baseball.
"Sound business principles
anywhere," he says. "Baseball
happens to be many years be
the economic times."
When he heard that gambler
in box seats and openly bet, Fa
was astounded. He told his park
lice to heave the wagering ge
into the street. None has s
gained entry to the stadium.
vised that the Seals gave awa
to $5,000 worth of bats, balls,
gloves to souvenir-seeking
each season, Fagan quickly plu
the financial leak. Now souve
are available at retail cost at
well-stocked sporting-goods s
in the stadium lobby.
If big-league baseball do
come to San Francisco's impat
fans soon, it won't be because
gan hasn't tried to meet the ma
halfway with the world's most
ficient park. Not long ago offi
of the American and Nati
leagues came to San Francisco
a tour of Seals Stadium. They
the Sealettes, the glass backs
the Pink Room, fine turf, and p
seating facilities and were
pressed. But their jaws didn't
until a fan asked Lefty O'Dou
autograph a baseball. O'Doul
without the usual time-killing
fort of scratching a pen point
the slippery surface. The mana
just pulled out a rubber stamp
pressed it to the ball, registe
his name quickly and clearly.
As baseball has discovered, it t
Paul Fagan to think of someth
as simple and effective as that. ◆

dominating the policy empire on Chicago's south side, which earns nearly $2,000,000 a year for the political boss and his hirelings who protect it.

The boss of the policy racket is a politician, elected regularly to office, whose influence is redolent around the City Hall and reaches all the way to the Illinois State House in Springfield. Present evidence indicates that the Chicago city administration dares not shut down the policy racket. To do so will be difficult, admittedly.

Other south-side regions have their own centers of viciousness. On South State Street, not far from First District police headquarters, is a string of honkytonks that frequently demonstrate the depths of depravity, the inmates engaging in acts of perversion for a small fee. The police have attempted to clean them up, without much success.

Not long ago one of the dives was the scene of a major battle as two gangs met there and fought it out. Furniture, bar stools, and the bar mirror were wrecked and the bartenders were bloodied. Some thoughtless person summoned the police. A squad arrived, the officer in charge thrust his head through the smashed door, inspected the broken furniture, the two bleeding bartenders with their clothes half ripped off, and inquired, "Anything wrong here?"

"Nope, nothing wrong here," one bartender assured him. The officer withdrew. No report of the fray was made at First District headquarters.

On the basis of crime statistics, Chicago has not made much progress toward a clean-up during the past two years. Statistics are not a fair criterion, because a police official can seem to clean up his district merely by failing to report many of the crimes which actually occur. The department's bookkeeping system has been improved under Commissioner Prendergast, which means that a greater percentage of crimes are reported. The figures, for what they may be worth, do bear out the contention of independent investigators that major crimes are on the increase:

	1945	1946	1947	1948
Murder	180	204	209	284
Rape	409	448	473	532
Assault	1,993	1,816	1,433	2,343
Burglary	11,802	10,713	9,255	11,249
Larceny	17,268	16,028	13,789	16,644
Robbery	4,090	3,939	4,796	5,409
Auto theft	3,845	2,961	2,859	3,413

"To combat organized crime, Chicago must clean up the police as New York did in 1934," says Virgil W. Peterson, managing director of the Chicago Crime Commission and a nationally known expert on crime-fighting methods. "Chicago must plan a long-range attack on crime. To do this, the police department needs an intelligence division that will get the evidence on leading hoodlums and crooked captains and send them to prison. It can be done. We must co-ordinate police activity with the work of the state attorney's office to get those convictions.

"Mayor Kennelly has dealt a major blow to the underworld by shutting down gambling. To drive organized crime from Chicago, however, requires more than has been done to date."

Both Peterson and his husky chief of investigators, Walter Devereux, have been mentioned as ideal men to take over the Chicago police department. Neither of these former F.B.I. men would take the job, however. They believe a citizens' committee should select a slate of candidates from which the mayor can pick his man.

Peterson is especially disturbed because the old Capone syndicate seems actually to be gaining strength. He says, "The New York associate of the Chicago syndicate is Frank Costello, often referred to as lord of the underworld of the entire United States. The Chicago and New York gangsters get together in Florida, where they dominate the gambling racket during the winter season. The direct link between the Chicago mob and Costello is Charles Fischetti, a cousin of Al Capone."

Some of the members of the Chicago syndicate have gone into legitimate enterprises. Others have taken over certain labor unions, shaking down employers and union members alike. Recently the New York State Liquor Commission disclosed publicly what Peterson's investigators long had known, that the Canadian Ace Brewing Company of Chicago has as its chief stockholder one Alexander Louis Greenberg, commonly called the financial wizard of the old Capone syndicate.

In shutting down much of the syndicate gambling, Mayor Kennelly has hit the gangsters hard, and aroused them. He has angered the politicians by cutting down their supply of graft. But he hasn't yet cleaned up Chicago.

Kennelly's friends hope he will go all the way. "He's made a lot of enemies by his honesty in politics," says one. "He may as well make a few more. Chicago will never be a dull town. I think we'll always have some form of the strip tease and our quota of saloons. But I hope the mayor will crack down on the gangs. That kind of basic clean-up will help to stop sex crimes and juvenile delinquency as well. It will be sufficiently dramatic to arouse the people to Mayor Kennelly's support. He'll need them next election, for a lot of ward heelers hate him. And I think Chicago will need Kennelly for a long time to come." ◆◆

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THE BISHOP'S STAIRCASE

Continued from page 29

this letter was a peremptory order for him to go to her immediately.

". . . you are to come yourself and don't send me one of your young priests. This is a matter for you alone, and hurry, for time goes fast. . . ."

It was about two o'clock of the next afternoon when he arrived at his brother's house. Esteban had gone to the county seat on business, but the chief clerk told the Bishop that he had seen Marica that very morning, and that she was well. With this assurance, the Bishop felt he could take time to walk over the long bluff road that bordered the bay and led to the little fishing village where Marica lived, and where his own family had a cannery that Esteban managed.

Out in the bay two boats were casting for sardines. He stood and watched the fishermen at their work. As a boy he had loved to go out with the fishermen. He had gone almost always with Andres Varela, the greatest fisherman of them all. He remembered the day when on the return from a fishing trip, Andres had thrown a fine big codfish into his basket, saying, "That's no gift, boy. You've earned it. And from now on, when you go to sea with me, you get a man's pay."

His bishop's miter had not given him nearly so great a thrill.

It was Andres who would always bring the first of each fish in its season, and would come back laden when others returned empty-handed. He had not had a son, only a daughter, so Andres had no one to whom he could pass on his deep knowledge of the sea. The Bishop knew that if he had stayed, Andres would have passed it on to him, and he in turn might have had a son whom he might have made a great fisherman too.

◆

Marica was overjoyed to see him. She fussed and scolded over him as if he were still the small boy she had taken to school. Her grandniece stood in the background, watching the scene in awe and bewilderment.

When Marica had subsided, the Bishop asked, "Now, why did you send for me?"

Marica called to the girl, "Go, girl, get him now—and don't go blabbing to anyone that the Bishop is here!"

In a few minutes Marica's grandniece returned, leading a boy of about four by the hand.

"Well," said Marica, "look at him closely. Who is he like?"

The Bishop looked at the child. He shook his head slowly.

Marica said sharply, "Come closer, boy. Let the Bishop see your face." Timidly the child moved forward. "He is the very image of you at his age, Manuel, even to the hair on his head!"

The resemblance now emerged like a picture coming into focus.

"Esteban!" he cried. "This must be Esteban's child! Who is the mother?"

"Ana Manista. You remember Andres Varela; you used to fish with him—his granddaughter."

At that moment a young woman swept into the room and seized the child in her arms. Then, ignoring the Bishop, she turned on Marica and cried in a voice choked with anguish and anger, "Why don't you mind your own business! You were away all these years. Couldn't you have stayed a little longer?"

Taking the child with her, the girl left as suddenly and tempestuously as she had come.

The Bishop said, "Now I know why you sent for me."

"That's not all," said Marica. "She's going to America and she's taking the boy with her. You must do something about it, Manuel."

The Bishop stood up, and Marica recognized the signs of rising anger.

"I must! What about Esteban? Is *he* doing anything?

"This girl—what about her? What sort of girl is she? Why aren't they married? And that boy is his son! How can he let him go?"

"Esteban probably can't do anything about it—the child does not even have his name. I don't know why he hasn't married her. She has a temper, but she's a good girl—as good as you'll find in this parish."

"Why didn't I know about this before?"

"People probably thought you did know—and didn't favor the match. And who would tell you about it, not knowing how you might feel?"

"How *could* I feel about it? How can any honest man feel about it?"

"Some people might say that Esteban is the owner of the cannery. He is a rich young man, he's the brother of a bishop, and she's just Andres Varela's granddaughter."

"Andres Varela's granddaughter!" The Bishop's anger seemed to reach the boiling point. He turned to Marica. "You did well to send for me. And now for Esteban. Let me see what *he* has to say!"

The Bishop did not return to town by the leisurely road he had come. With the unfaltering knowledge of paths learned in childhood, he followed the side roads and short cuts, racing through the countryside like a man possessed. His anger mounted with each step.

As he entered into the last stretch of his journey, he came to a crossroad on the hill just above the town. There stood a crucifix with a bench of rough stone built around it. Compelling force of habit made the Bishop pause. He knelt on the rough stones and prayed.

With him, prayer was communion. The storm that had been raging within him died down.

He sat down on the stone bench. He thought back on something that had happened in his first parish. It was an ugly story of rape. The girl had belonged to a poor peasant family, the boy was the only son of a well-to-do farmer. There had been a medical examination, the father of the boy had bought the doctor's testimony and the boy was cleared. On hearing the verdict, a fury like the one that had just possessed him had sent the Bishop to the tavern in search of the doctor. He could not recall the things he had said—only that he had removed his cassock, ripped the stock from his neck, and had invited the doctor to take a good, deserved beating.

"I'm not a priest now! I'm just another man who is going to teach you the meaning of the word!"

The doctor had not fought. He hadn't said a word or made a gesture. But after that he had seemed to shrivel away and lose the manhood he had not defended.

When the story spread, the boy's father had hastily sent his son out of the country. And lost him. For the boy never came back. Even then, as a young priest, Manuel realized he had handled the situation badly. He knew that in his own anguish over the whole affair, *he* could not cry out, "Am I my brother's keeper?" For he was. He had chosen to be.

Now he had been about to make the same terrible mistake! How well these wayside shrines had been named—*humilladeros*. They did indeed teach humility to the proud and angry heart.

The Bishop sat there a long time. It was almost night when he resumed his walk toward the town.

Not till after dinner did he and Esteban get a moment alone. It was clear to the Bishop that his brother was in a state of agitation.

"There is something I must tell you, Manuel, before a twisted version comes to you from someone else," he said.

"I saw your son this afternoon," said the Bishop quietly. "What do you intend to do about him?"

"Do? What can I do?" said Esteban bitterly. "She won't see me, she won't speak to me! She refuses to let the child have my name! They are going away and there is nothing I can do to prevent it. Today I saw my lawyer. He said he might effect temporary delays, but in the end she will still be able to go. I am at my wits' end!"

"There will be no talk of interfering with her trip, nor of taking the child," said the Bishop. "There must be another solution. Suppose you tell me how this all came about."

"It was the summer Ana's grandmother died. I went to their house a lot—I was sorry for Andres—and I wanted to see Ana. She couldn't go to feasts and dances, so I kept her company. We were truly in love—believe me, Manuel, it was no cheap seduction! We didn't know there would be a child till I had gone back to the university in Madrid in September. That was just when you became a bishop. I didn't know how you would take it—what you would say— My roommate advised me to leave things alone for a while. He said that it wasn't the sort of marriage you announced just after your brother became a bishop—"

◆

"Are you trying to say you did all this to spare *me?* Couldn't it be that you felt quite the young buck—that *you* thought perhaps Ana was not quite good enough for you?" said the Bishop sardonically.

"No!" cried Esteban. "It was never that! I was young—I was confused and frightened—but I always meant to marry her! I thought, in a few months, when all the fanfare about you had died down, we could be married quietly. I kept promising Ana I would return soon. Then, after Easter, she stopped answering my letters. When I came back in June, I went to see her at once. She slammed the door in my face. I tried again and again. One night Andres came to the door with an ax in his hand. He told me that if I ever showed my face there again, he'd cut me in two."

"And he would," said the Bishop.

"I wrote and asked Ana to let me give the child my name at least, to let me support him. She answered that her son was called Andres Varela, and had as good a name as any I could give."

"And so he has," said the Bishop, "he has the name of a better man than you."

"I know—I know! But I've tried to set things right! And now she is going away. Manuel, you have wisdom—help me now!"

"Why didn't you come to me before? Your son is four years old."

"I thought of telling you a thousand times. But you have never invited my confidences—you have never let me come too near to you, Manuel."

"Do you still love this girl? Do you really want her for your wife? Or is it only the child?"

The young man jumped up and paced up and down the room. "Love her! Want her!" he cried. "Manuel, every day of my life I must see her. Anyone in this town may talk to her, go near her, may touch her—anyone at all except me! I tried to forget. I deliberately planned to get married to another. It wasn't any good. It would have been no marriage at all. If I cannot marry Ana, perhaps it is better if she does go! Once out of my sight, I may be able to drive her out of my blood!"

◆

The next day the Bishop went to see Ana. Although it was a sunny afternoon, she was in a shed repairing a fishing net. Little Andres played alone in one corner of the shed.

"Why don't you let him go outdoors? It's a beautiful afternoon," said the Bishop.

The girl looked startled. She said stubbornly, "I like to keep him near me."

"I give you my solemn promise that no one will try to take Andres from you, now or ever. Let him go out and have no fear."

Ana looked at him intently for a moment. Then she called to Andres that he might go out. The Bishop knew that Ana trusted him with her head, because to her it was inconceivable that he, a bishop, could break such a promise. But if he was to succeed he had to make her trust him from her heart as well.

He picked up the net and wooden needle and slowly worked in several knots, then he handed them to her.

"I used to be able to do that as fast and as evenly as you. Your grandfather taught me. When I was a boy, I liked to sit with him, weaving. He would tell me stories of his adventures at sea. In the midst of the most exciting part your grandmother would be sure to come out and shoo me off to school, or home for my dinner."

He told her of the time her grandmother had saved him from drowning:

"I had gone out on the rocks for goose barnacles. Your grandmother had warned me it was too late to go out, and I was trapped on the rocks. Toward nightfall she missed me and came out in a boat to find me. After making sure I was well, she turned me over and gave my backside the most thorough warming I ever got in my life! She sent me home, saying, 'That's so you won't go scaring people out of their wits! I'll give you goose barnacles to remember!'"

For the first time, Ana threw her head back and laughed heartily. "That sounds just like grandma!"

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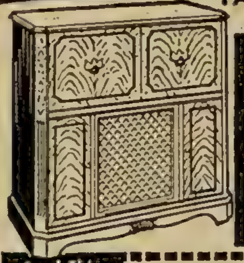

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As the common bond of memories grew between them, her distrust began to vanish, and she in turn talked more freely. Quite imperceptibly they came to the real subject of the Bishop's visit. And now Ana spoke as to a friend.

"At first it was the things they said about me that hurt—that I had tried to trap the richest young man in town and it hadn't worked; and all the scornful mean things people can think to do and to say. Until something like that has happened to you, it's hard to realize how cruel a small town can be! If he had only come back during that awful time! If he had walked down the street just once by my side for the whole town to see! But he left me to bear alone their crude jokes and their laughter.

"After a while what they could do to me wasn't important any more. It was grandfather. He had been the greatest fisherman in this town; people had listened with respect when he spoke. But now—why, any riffraff he wouldn't have allowed to scrape the bottom of his boats could look at him with disdain and sneer! Oh, it killed him! Then I decided I wouldn't have Esteban if he did come back! I was going to show this town that the Varelas still could have pride! When Esteban came again and again and again, I was glad! I thought I had succeeded, but everyone said he only wanted the child. That's why I wouldn't let him give anything—not a penny—not even his name—to Andres! Since grandfather died, I've just wanted to be left alone to raise my son in peace."

"Why have you decided to go away now?" asked the Bishop.

"It is for Andres. People call him the 'Bishop's nephew.' While he was little, it didn't matter, but now he will soon ask questions and understand he is being mocked."

"But he *is* the Bishop's nephew," said the Bishop quietly.

"Oh, yes, only people don't say it like that. I want to take Andres to a place where he will grow up like any other boy."

"Ana, you're trying to run away from your mistakes. They will pursue you to the ends of the earth—they do us all. Why not try to rectify your mistake before it can hurt Andres?"

◆

She stepped back as if she were afraid of walking into a trap. The Bishop held out his hand and said:

"No! Don't misunderstand, Ana. No one will attempt to detain you if you really want to go, and Andres belongs with you. But can't you tear this hurt pride out of your heart and in its place revive some of the love you must once have had for Esteban?"

"The heart grows weary with waiting for love. When other things live in it too long, they take deep root—they are not so easy to cast out."

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LIBERTY Next Month

What a sad bit of wisdom for one so young to have learned, thought the Bishop.

Still, the Bishop's subtle sense of timing, his long experience at persuasion, told him that he had gained an advantage. Instead of pleading words, the Bishop heard himself say, in a voice strangely reasonable and measured, "You must look carefully into your own heart, Ana. Stay, if you can overlook what Esteban has done to you and yours, and become his wife. If not, perhaps you do well to go, after all—Andres at least should be spared as much as possible."

At his words, he could see Ana's wavering decision harden again to her original purpose. She had heard him tacitly approve a course of action to which her own pride had long committed her. The Bishop's approval was all that was needed.

◆

He left her that day feeling dissatisfied and ill at ease with himself. He must try again tomorrow—surely the right words would come.

But in the days that followed he could not find the right words. Indeed, it seemed to the Bishop that at each interview with Ana he unwittingly affirmed her decision to leave. And so finally he resigned himself to see her go. He even lent generous aid to her preparations. His great influence opened official doors easily, and irritating details smoothed out as if by magic. He insisted that she take some letters of introduction to people he knew, who might help her.

"I do not want to interfere with your life if you don't wish it. You don't have to use these letters. But if you should need them, promise you will use them, for my peace of mind."

As he saw the ship dip into the horizon, he felt the sickness of failure creeping insidiously around his heart. But why? He had done what he could, what was reasonably—what was probably best for all. Still the feeling persisted, like a subtle sharp-toothed thing buried deep, gnawing at the tender roots of conscience.

When he arrived home it was night. He went into Esteban's room and found his brother awake, smoking cigarettes, a bottle of rum on the night table beside him.

"Ha, so you are back from your mission. Does the taste of revenge lie sweet upon your lordship's palate?" he asked. "For you have succeeded — you always succeed — ah, you are a great man, Manuel."

The Bishop said, "You're drunk!"

"I am drunk, but not too drunk—just enough to give me courage to say what I want to say."

"Let it wait till tomorrow—we are both tired tonight."

"No!" cried Esteban, suddenly standing up, his eyes blazing. "No! I must say it tonight. You never did forgive my mother and our father for their marriage, did you, Manuel? And you can't forgive me for being the living reminder of that marriage."

"Esteban, I have always been just—I treated your mother with more than courtesy—you have nothing with which to reproach me."

"You were always just, you were always courteous, Manuel, but your brother was kinder—he didn't try to conceal his dislike, his rancor. Ah, you were courteous, Manuel, but you were not kind. I was ready to worship you! Ever since I can remember, you were more than a brother—you were like a mighty god to me. But *I* was never really your *brother*. To you I was always just the housekeeper's son! Now you've sent *my* son away! You couldn't destroy my mother's marriage, so you destroyed mine! I was right, after all, in not going to you before. You would never really have helped me!"

"I did all I could—all anyone could!" cried the Bishop.

"All anyone else could—perhaps—but not all *you* could. You can persuade people to do anything—anything — but you couldn't persuade Ana to do what *she* wanted to do. You made it easy for her to do what *you* wanted! Well, you've had your revenge, Manuel. I hope you can live in peace with it!"

And Esteban collapsed on the bed, sobbing.

◆

The dull gnawing pain that had been buried deep in the Bishop's heart flamed into a sharp ache. For he had failed indeed! Failed to understand the loneliness that had led his father into that second marriage. Loneliness—ah, how much he knew of that now! Failed to see the great need that this younger, this weaker brother had of him. And he could no longer conceal from himself that he could have kept Ana here. She trusted him—she loved Esteban—it would not have been

(*Continued on page 72*)

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(*Continued from page 70*)

too hard if he had been motivated by love. It had not been his sense of justice, nor the memory of Andres Varela that had prevented him from pleading for Esteban—the dark thing he had so carefully dressed in other guises, called by other names all through the years, had been truly named now by his brother.

He sat down wearily. His loneliness crept icily around his heart, and now he felt it was there to stay always. For in his vicious pride he had just thrown away the love of the three people who might have warmed its chill.

He said, "Esteban, you must follow her at once. You can fly part of the way and be there before she is."

"What chance have I now?"

"Every chance. I have arranged to have her met. You will be there instead. She will find your face all the dearer and your arms the safer for the great distance that separates her from home."

As he rose to go, he added, "And try, if you can, to forgive me, Esteban—for all the years."

◆

The Bishop was tired. It had been a long weary day. The negotiations between the mill owners and the workers' guild were not going well. The specter of a cold hungry winter for the mill workers harassed him, and he felt beaten and cold.

He entered the episcopal palace so quietly that the three people in the reception hall did not hear him. And, unnoticed, he stood for several minutes, watching.

Brother Anselmo, benign and comfortable, looked on at the other two. At the foot of the grand staircase, where the balustrade ended, stood Brother Joseph. His cowl had fallen back, revealing more sharply the uncompromising features of his terrible Inquisitor's face, his hands crossed inside the sleeves of his habit.

Andres, the Bishop's nephew, was sliding down the balustrade, and as he reached the end, Brother Joseph would put out his hands to catch him; then, severe and unsmiling, would cross them again.

After each time Andres would literally tumble up the stairs, shrieking, "One last time—the very last one, Brother Joseph!"

The Bishop felt the weariness of the day fall from his shoulders like a heavy mantle; and the warmth of his own home quietly enveloped him. ◆ ◆

NOBODY'S DOG

Continued from page 21

behind him and were regarding him with patently evil intent. He forced himself to go forward, walking stiff-legged, with his buttocks pinched together, and an expression of studied unconcern. The spaniel was unimpressed. As they came abreast, the small dog lunged at him with a shrill insect sound. Instantly his aplomb vanished, he tucked what there was of his tail between his legs and bolted down the street in ignominious rout, goaded to still greater speed by a shower of pebbles that rattled at his heels.

"G'wan, you nasty ol' mutt!" the little girl shrieked, gleefully scooping up another handful of gravel and flinging it after him. "G'wan! Beat it!"

At the end of the block he checked his precipitous flight and sought to regain his composure.

The scent was still fresh, growing stronger with each step. He followed it past a row of ramshackle buildings, turned down an alleyway, and halted in front of a pair of latticed swinging doors. Behind them he heard the strains of a juke box, rattle of glasses, a rumble of male conversation.

A relieved grin spread over his great foolish face and he wormed on his elbows under the door.

There was a moment of silence, then an ominous crash of glass, the sound of a chair being overturned, and a series of explosive oaths. The doors burst outward, and he sprawled belly-flat across the sidewalk and slithered to a halt at the curb. He sat up on his haunches, sheepishly lapping suds from his whiskers. The swing doors opened again, and a disheveled character emerged, swaying slightly.

"Now look what ya done!" the man shouted, waving his fist. "Jumpin' up on me, spillin' my beer. Ya good-for-nuthin' bum."

He set off down the road, muttering darkly, and the dog followed at a discreet distance, a look of utter worship on his face. This was his man. It did not matter that the town considered him a worthless sot, shiftless, lazy, a strain on the hospitality of the community. The man was nobody; and he was nobody's dog. They were bums together, sharing a common distaste for all forms of hard exercise, children, dogs, cats, birds, an honest living, and the police.

"Always folleyin' me around," the man complained, as they crossed the bridge over the stream and headed toward the railroad tracks. "Whyncha ever lea' me alone? All ya do is make trouble."

Several chickens were feeding in a barnyard as they passed. A small bantam rooster detached itself from the flock and clucked once or twice belligerently. The dog faltered and cast an uneasy glance at the man ahead. Wings lowered, neck extended, the rooster began to sprint toward him. As he opened his mouth to howl, the bantam hurled itself at his head. Instinctively he closed his mouth with a crunching sound, the rooster's squawking ceased and it went limp. Embarrassed, the dog looked away and tried to spit out a few feathers that stuck to his tongue. The man ran back and stared at the inert object in the road.

"Now look what ya done," he gasped, gazing around him in terror. "Ya'll have the whole town onto us."

He hesitated. No irate farmer proceeded from the barn; evidently no one had heard the scuffle. Quickly he picked up the plump bird and stuffed it inside his shirt, and started down the road at a trot. The dog followed.

"Scram, will ya!" the man said between his teeth: "Quit taggin' after me. Ya make me nervous." He picked up a rock, heaved it at the dog. "Go find your own dinner."

The dog hesitated and his lower lip protruded a little. A second rock bounced beside him, and he backed a few steps and sat down on his haunches, watching the man as he plunged through the bushes and scrambled down the steep embankment toward the tracks. The dog rose and wandered aimlessly in the direction of the town. His stomach felt empty. He spread his nostrils and sniffed the air hopefully. A loaded garbage pail stood at the side of the road, surmounted by a large tomcat who lay dozing in the sun, its eyes shut, its forepaws alternately clenching and relaxing in contentment. As the dog approached, one yellow eye opened slowly, the tail straightened and bent at the tip in an L, and from the cat's throat proceeded a deep warning growl. He made a careful detour around the garbage pail, and the cat settled back, its forepaws opening and closing again luxuriously.

Another filament of scent assailed his nostrils, and he quickened his pace. Just ahead of him, where the road crossed the stream, the little girl with pigtails was leaning against the railing of the bridge, contemplating the water as she nibbled a juicy frankfurter encased in a roll. His mouth began to drool. A cautious glance assured him that she was alone; the spaniel was nowhere in sight. He sidled over to her with a fawning smile.

"G'wan, you nasty ol' mutt." The little girl frowned. "Go way."

He shuffled nearer, his head hanging meekly, his whole body contorted in an agony of solicitation. The little girl backed against the railing, holding the frankfurter high over her head. "Go way! You can't have it," she repeated. "Lea' me alone." In an effort to appeal to her better nature, he jumped up and placed his paws against her chest. Her legs shot upward, there was a flash of pink skirts as she over-ended into the water, and a shrill scream that terminated in a resounding splash.

◆

He gazed down uneasily at the stream below. He didn't mind losing the little girl, but it was too bad to waste a good frankfurter. After a moment a hand reached out of the water, still clutching the morsel firmly, and the little girl began to thrash and shriek. He hesitated, debating whether it would be worth the effort to retrieve the frankfurter. The pangs of hunger triumphed. He trotted across the bridge to the bank and picked his way down to the stream's edge.

The hand holding the frankfurter was still visible above the surface, moving slowly downstream. He touched a paw to the water, shuddered at its contact with that unfamiliar fluid, braced himself, and waded out into the stream, paddling toward the bobbing morsel. He was conscious, as he swam, of running feet on the bridge, excited shouts, a car braking to a halt. He kept his eyes fixed on the frankfurter ahead, and tried not to swallow any more water than necessary.

He reached the floundering girl in midstream, and grabbed for the morsel. The girl grabbed for him at the same time, her fingers relaxed their hold on the frankfurter, and it sank beneath the surface. He sighed and turned back resignedly toward shore. Something gripped his tail from behind and hung on, its weight almost dragging him under. His paws began to churn the water in panic, and he fought his way back toward land.

The bank of the stream was crowded with people as he crawled out, dragging the soggy girl behind him. A limousine halted, a stout woman in furs rushed down to the stream. "Effie, oh, my precious! Are you all right?" He started to edge past. The woman called, "Don't let him get away!" and a sheriff in uniform lunged to catch him. Terror-stricken, he darted between the shiny leather puttees and hightailed up the bank. Several people in the crowd took after him, shouting. His legs flew faster, sending puffs of dust behind him as he sped down the road away from his pursuers.

A small fire was burning in front of the rusty tin shack beside the railroad culvert. The man squatted on his haunches, slowly rotating the carcass of the rooster over the coals. He looked up as the dog slunk out of the bushes, panting from his recent exertion.

"Always hangin' around," the man frowned. "Can't I ever get rid of ya?"

The dog sprawled on the ground beside the fire, his tongue lolling. The man lifted the chicken off the coals, inspected it critically, and held it out again toward the heat. In the distance a car stopped. The dog ceased panting and lifted his head apprehensively. There were excited voices, a sound of crashing in the shrubbery along the top of the embankment. The hair rose along his backbone and he edged nearer to the man. The bushes parted and the sheriff stepped out.

"Here he is, boys!" he shouted triumphantly.

The man scrambled to his feet, looking around wildly. Two deputies emerged from the bushes, blocking his escape. "I ain't done nuthin'," he stammered.

"Is that your dog?" the sheriff asked.

"What dog?" The man looked down in feigned astonishment. "You mean this dog here? Why, I never seen him before in my life."

"In that case," the sheriff said, "I'll take him along."

"Sure, take him, sheriff. He ain't my dog," the man said in relief, picking up the dog and handing him to the sheriff. "What's he done?"

"Rescued old man Finch's little girl," the sheriff said, patting the dog's head admiringly. "He's a real hero. They even got out a reward."

The man's jaw sagged. "Reward?"

"Mrs. Finch wants to buy him," the sheriff said, "to be a watchdog for Effie. She says nothin's too much to pay for a heroic dog like this."

"Now, wait a minute, sheriff," the man began, licking his lips. "Come to think of it, I guess I own him, at that. Sure, this is my dog, see? Why, him and me was just sitting down to supper here when—"

He paused. The sheriff's eye traveled darkly over the litter of chicken feathers, the severed legs and head, the plump bird roasting over the coals. His face clouded.

"Stealing chickens, huh?" The sheriff scowled. "Listen, bud. We don't want no chicken thieves around here. You better be out of town by midnight, or I'll run you in." He beckoned to the others. "Come on, boys."

The man gazed after them mutely. From the sheriff's arms the dog threw him a last appealing glance. The bushes closed behind them.

◆

He cowered unhappily in the center of the darkened guest room, still trembling from the ordeal of the past three hours. The floor was hard, but it was better than the sanitary dog bed in a corner, smell-

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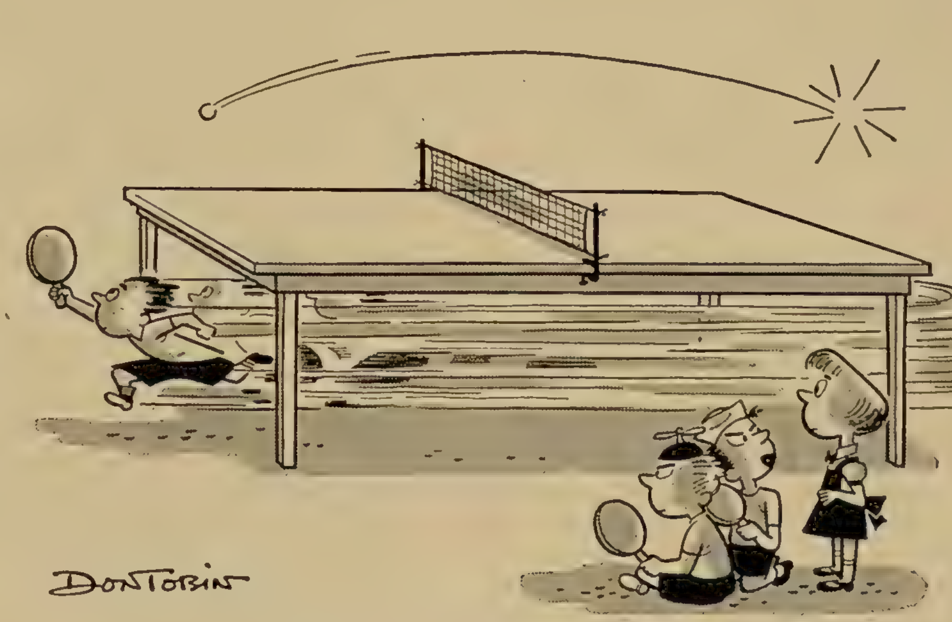

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ing unfamiliarly of cedar shavings and disinfectant. Everything here smelt strange, including himself. His coat, freshly bathed and combed and powdered, had an unpleasant aroma of scented soap. He craned his neck to sniff the contents of a china dog dish with Scotties painted around the rim, and turned his head in disgust. It smelled so clean it took his appetite away.

He began to prowl restlessly around the room, his toenails clicking on the polished floor. The sound made his flesh crawl. There was a red ribbon around his neck, which kept flopping down over an ear. Now and then he would catch a glimpse of it out of the corner of his eye and leap violently, as though someone were sneaking up behind him. His nerves were on edge from the succession of newspaper interviews, the flash bulbs exploding in his face, the adulation of an endless file of friends and neighbors who dropped in to pay him their respects. In the darkness he stepped inadvertently on a toy rubber mouse, a present from Mrs. Finch. It gave a shrill mechanical squeak, and he rose stiff-legged into the air with a yelp of terror.

◆ The door opened, the lights snapped on. "Are you all right, Princey dear?" Mrs. Finch inquired solicitously. Her eyes wandered around the room. "Maybe you'd like a little fresh air." She opened the window a few inches. "Now, then, sleep tight. Tomorrow you and Effie can play together." She bent over and kissed him.

She closed the door and the room was dark again. He wiped a paw across his face, to remove the odor of Mrs. Finch's perfume, and strolled disconsolately across the room toward the window. He squatted on his haunches and lifted a hind leg to scratch, before he remembered that he didn't have any fleas now. He lowered his head and stared glumly at the floor. In the distance, down by the railroad culvert, a freight whistle sounded again, low and mournful.

He placed his paws on the windowsill and kicked with his hind legs. Painfully, inch by inch, he wriggled under the sash. He dropped to the lawn below and fled toward the open road.

The night air felt cool on his face as he ran; the breeze fanned away the last lingering odors of cedar and disinfectant and perfumed soap. He splashed deliberately through a couple of puddles, feeling the mud ooze deliciously between his toes. He galloped past the ramshackle buildings at the outskirts of town, crossed the bridge over the stream, and headed across the moonlit fields toward the railroad tracks. Panting with excitement, he darted through an opening in the bushes and scrambled down the embankment.

The camp site was deserted. A thin trickle of smoke still rose from the gray ashes of the fire, but the tin shack was bare, stripped of cooking utensils and blankets. Frantically he ran his nose back and forth over the beaten ground, snuffing the scattered chicken feathers to pick up the scent. A faint trail led away from the fire, and he followed it across the clearing to the gravel bank along the tracks. He began to work his way along the ties.

A freight train was standing at the siding. He hurried past the silent cars, trotting faster as the scent grew stronger. Midway down the train, he halted and looked up at the man, coiled comfortably on the brake rods.

"Beat it, ya good-for-nuthin' bum," the man said between his teeth. "Whaddya wanna leave a nice set-up like ya got? I ain' got nuthin for ya."

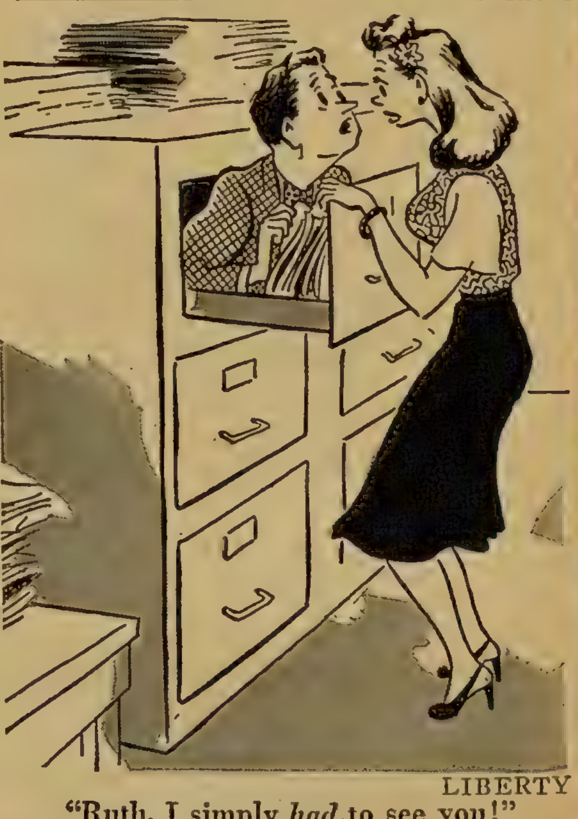
A grin spread over the dog's face, his whole rear end wagged back and forth in an ecstasy of happiness. The man scowled.

"Scram, will ya!" he muttered. "Here I got a nice ride for myself all the way to Sain' Louis. Whyncha lea' me alone?"

The engine belched steam, the whistle gave a warning blast. The man hesitated, swore under his breath, and rolled off the rods onto the ground. The car couplings crashed and the train jolted forward, slowly gathering speed. He stood beside the dog as the wheels clicked faster and faster, the red light of the caboose winked briefly past them and faded into the distance. The man climbed the cinder bank wearily.

"Always taggin' me around," he grumbled, trudging down the tracks in the direction the train had taken. "All ya ever do is make trouble."

The dog followed at his heels, his red ribbon dragging in the dust, contentment on his face. ◆ ◆



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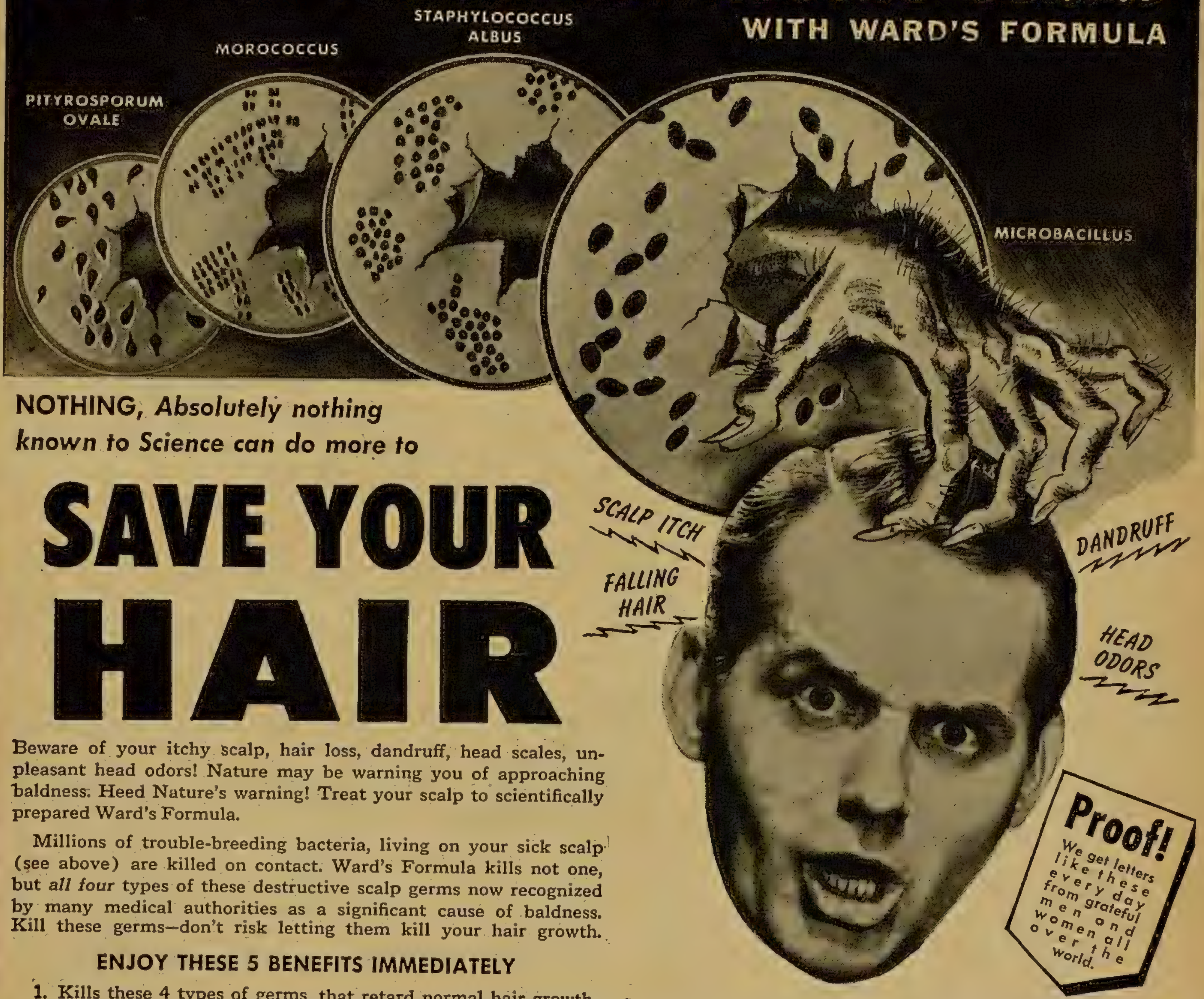

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A BULLET FOR MY LOVE

Continued from page 35

impedimented us something fierce."

Lane said, "So you finally got there. What did you see?"

"Two guys stretched out cold. This here lad, Williams, and Rocky Moran. They both looked like they was sufferin' from *rigor mortis.*"

"Where was Bonnie Clayton? What was she doing?"

"She was layin' on the ground throwin' a wingding."

"Was she anywhere near the gun?"

"No. We didn't see no gun until we hunted. It was in the hedge."

"You ask Miss Clayton if she shot Rocky?"

"Yeh. She didn't even know what I was talkin' about."

Walsh said, "Los Angeles is better off by one used-car racketeer. By me, it's the clearest case of self-defense you could imagine. Rocky gets killed by Keith Williams with the very gun Rocky'd pulled on the guy."

◆

A voice broke in. It wasn't very steady. It was my voice. It said, "That isn't how it was at all."

Walsh was leaning forward. He said, "What do you mean by saying that that wasn't how it was?"

I tried moistening my lips. They were the biggest lips I'd ever had. I said, "I didn't shoot Rocky."

Sergeant Gram seemed annoyed. He said crisply, "Look, fella—"

"Who did?" Walsh was talking again.

I said, "I don't know."

"He pulled the gun on you, didn't he?"

"Yes. I grabbed his wrist. We wrestled around. The gun jumped out of his hand. I never saw it again."

Walsh snapped, "You got it all wrong. You was punch-drunk. You didn't know what was goin' on."

"I know I didn't shoot Rocky. That gun was never in my hand."

Walsh groaned. "Here we got the simplest case in the world—the kind of case that gives us more time to play gin rummy. And right away, what happens? A screwball like this has gotta make it murder." His voice took on an edge and he threw a question at me: "Did Bonnie Clayton shoot Moran?"

"I don't believe so. I can't swear to it, because I was too busy. But I never saw her move from the time he knocked her down."

"Slapped her?"

"It was a punch. That's what started our battle."

Sergeant Gram said, "We got enough justification there, too, for anything she might have done."

Bert Lane said wearily, "She won't go for it. Simply says she saw Rocky pull the gun and saw him and Keith fighting for it."

Walsh started walking up and down the office. He whirled on Officers MacDonald and Conroy. "Get out," he snapped. "Take that damned frame with you. Go back to the party. Let everybody have a look. If they start asking questions, tell 'em you don't know a thing—which ain't too far from the truth. Tell 'em Williams is O.K., as though anybody cared. Don't open your yaps about what this guy just said about somebody else shooting Rocky Moran. I don't even believe it."

I started to say something, but Judy commenced stroking my head again, and I liked that better than talking, so I stayed quiet.

When the two officers had vanished with their frame, Bert Lane said quietly, "You remained at your table in the club, didn't you, Miss Overton?"

"Yes." Judy hesitated, then went on: "I wanted to go out with Keith, but Mr. Quincy asked me not to."

"What were the others doing—especially Oliver Sherman, Robert Ellsworth Abernathy, Stanley Bishop, Valerie Palmer, Mr. Quincy, and that Van Hoven guy?"

"I don't know. The newspapermen had all rushed up."

"Could you swear that any one person stayed right there at the table the whole time?"

"No. I'm not sure of anything."

"Did you definitely see any one of the bunch leave the club?"

"No-o."

"So any one of them could have followed Williams and Moran into the parking lot and have done the shooting?"

"I don't know. Everything was in confusion."

The trio of cops started whispering among themselves. They were all nodding. Maybe they were agreeing that I was a cockeyed liar. Eventually they broke it up.

Bert Lane came over to where Judy's lap and I were and said he thought I ought to sneak out the back door, go home, change, and freshen up. He said I looked like seven cents' worth of hamburger.

"And then I'd like you to stick around your joint. Marty and me will be over after a while," he concluded.

Judy said she wanted to go with me. Lane thought that'd be O.K.

We drove to the unpretentious single apartment I've got on Rossmore, just south of Melrose. I invited Judy to make herself comfortable while I went into the bathroom, stripped down, turned on a cold shower and stepped under it. It stung plenty, but it felt good.

Rocky Moran really had given me a working over. One eye was closed, the other not far from it; my lips were puffed, my jaw was swollen; there was a lump on my forehead.

I climbed back into some clothes. I came out of the bathroom. At first I didn't see Judy. Then I glimpsed her in the kitchenette. She was standing with her back to me. There was a percolator on the stove and the fragrance of the fresh coffee was wonderful. I tiptoed over and saw that she was crying. I put my hands on her shoulders and turned her around. I said, "Take it easy, kid. Sure it's been a shock, but Rocky Moran couldn't mean that much to you."

She looked at me through a lot of tears. "You idiot! I'm not crying about Rocky. I'm crying about you. You might have been killed!"

◆

I put my arms clear around her and drew her close. I told her she didn't have any call going on like this. I'd had black eyes before.

She said, "It—it isn't that, Keith. It's just that when I thought—when I was so scared—" She yanked herself away from me. "What do I have to do, Keith Williams? Throw myself at you, like Valerie does?"

Then it began to penetrate. And I liked it. I stood there imitating a fish which has just been caught. I said, "You're just sorry because I got banged up."

"I'm not!" She stamped her foot. "I wish he'd hit you hard enough to drive some sense into that skull of yours. You're making me ridiculous. Cheap. Unmaidenly."

"You mean you've been maidenly all this time, and you're just now changing?"

Her eyes were swimming. She said, "Oh, Keith—"

I kissed her. With my puffed lips, it must have been a hell of a kiss, but she acted as though she liked it. So I did it again. I said, "Now you've got me doing it."

"Doing what?"

"Being in love."

I kissed her again. And again. And again. Each time it got astonishingly better. Her muffled voice came to me: "You—you're just sorry for me. I threw myself at you—"

I pushed her away from me—almost two inches—and shook her. I said, "Stop being an idiot. Listen to me."

Then I started really saying things. I don't know where the words came from, or the music. I told her that I'd always been in love with her and always would be. She started to argue, and I said, "I don't mean I've always known it. But it's been there. Nobody could be as happy as I am."

She pulled back in my arms and looked at me. She said, "Oh, Keith! I believe you're telling the truth. You look so silly, you must be. I want to believe it, and I've got to believe it quick, because the coffee is boiling over."

She rushed to the stove and turned off the gas. She said, "You see, I—I can't even cook."

"I don't want you to cook. I can hire a cook. I just want you." I was on the merry-go-round again.

Eventually our temperatures dropped to a mere fever heat. We poured two cups of coffee, carried them to the coffee table, sat side by side on the couch—and forgot the coffee. We forgot murders and attempted murders, we forgot our sponsor and the soggy party he had on his hands at the Casa Linda, we forgot Bonnie Clayton and her wingding, we forgot the cops. Especially the cops.

When we were able to talk with some small degree of sanity, she said, "Poor Valerie."

"What?"

"She's gone for you, Keith. What is it you've got that we women can't resist?"

"Let's don't base our whole future on kidding me," I ordered sternly. "By Valerie Palmer I'm a passing fancy."

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"Fancy is right. You know, I can't help liking her. But I'm jealous as hell. I wish I had her fire."

I said, "Wow! Now you've already surprised me."

"Have I? Really?" She seemed delighted. "I've always known it," she stated brazenly. "I was afraid you'd never find out."

I said, "Two people aren't going to like this. Our sponsor, L. Joshua Quincy, and Oliver Sherman."

◆

Then I became vaguely aware that the doorbell had been ringing for some time. I let Lieutenants Lane and Walsh in. They looked at us and at each other. Marty Walsh came as close to smiling as I'd ever seen him. Lane grinned broadly.

"So," he said, "it's that way!"

Judy said, "I took advantage of his weakened condition. I made him propose to me."

"Two beatings in one night," murmured Lane. "The guy's a glutton."

Judy started for the kitchenette. "I'd better start practicing being domestic. Will you gentlemen join us in a cup of coffee?"

We drank the coffee and talked about nothing at all. When we'd finished, Marty Walsh said, "We'd better start conferring, folks. According to everything we learned, nobody followed Keith and Rocky Moran and Bonnie Clayton out to the parking lot. Nobody saw anything. Nobody heard anything. Adding up all the evidence we got, we ain't even sure Rocky is dead."

"How about the parking-lot attendants?"

"They don't know from nothing. One of them heard Bonnie screaming, but that was after your beef with Rocky was over. She must have really turned loose then. He says he saw the two of you lying there, cold as a couple of fish, and he rushed inside to spread the good news. Of course, maybe he did the shooting. Maybe his cousin did. Except that you'd have to reach pretty far to fit him with a motive. Which ain't true of some of those nice folks at your party. You've been doing a lot of thinking, haven't you, Keith?"

"Yes," I said.

"How does it look to you?"

"I have a feeling that this killing and Helen Dunbar's death are tied up. That the attempted hold-up on the Las Vegas road comes right out of the same package."

"What've they got in common?"

"The prize contest," I answered promptly. "Remember the slip of paper you found in the room where Miss Dunbar was killed—the one with our prize-contest riddle on it? Well, who's to deny that Helen got killed because she wouldn't give an answer she didn't know? Then, tonight, Rocky's secretary gives the right answer and wins the hundred thousand. Maybe Rocky had found out in advance that she was the guest for this week; maybe he had worked out the right answer and told her; maybe she was supposed to split with him."

"How about the Las Vegas episode?"

"Rocky could have figured to get the information from Judy."

"I can't hand you much on that. Whoever tried to hold up you and Judy and Valerie Palmer was following Valerie. He wanted the twelve grand she had in her handbag. He thought she was driving alone, and he knew her license number, so there'd be no mistaking the car."

I said, "I believe he was shooting at Judy, to scare her, perhaps, so that when he caught her at home and made his pitch, she'd come across with the contest answer."

Bert Lane's slow drawly voice broke in: "You got to remember this: Just because you're in the middle of three crimes in a row doesn't mean they're all related. Chances are they ain't. We can forget the hold-up incident. But two murders—both happened on broadcast nights, both found Miss Overton somewhere around—or, in the case of Helen Dunbar, the killer could have thought she was Judy."

"Which," Judy stated quietly, "would automatically eliminate almost all of our party guests."

"Not Robert Ellsworth Abernathy. He never saw you before that night at the Hollywood police station."

I asked, "Where was Abernathy when Moran was shot?"

"Wandering around inside the club. That's *his* story."

◆

Walsh took over. He said, "Abernathy is our number one suspect. He's got to be. He's experiencing the first great love of his life. But it isn't Bonnie Clayton's first. Abernathy wouldn't like the man who had beaten his time. He wouldn't like what happened at the table tonight. He could have had guts enough to follow you out and to have been behind the hedge when you knocked the gun out of Rocky's hand. And I could easy imagine that, with what we had on him in connection with the gun that was used to kill Miss Dunbar, he'd be afraid to admit anything."

"Abernathy worked out the winning answer for Bonnie," I reminded the detectives. "Then Rocky heard it over the air and tried moving in on her again. It all fits."

"Snug," stated Walsh. "Maybe too snug. Abernathy didn't know Helen Dunbar; he could have thought she was Judy. But he certainly didn't get the winning answer out of her. He doesn't add up as the type who would do what the man who killed Helen must have done. Now, I was wondering about this Palmer dame."

"That'd be out," I insisted. "She was in the car with Judy and myself, coming from Las Vegas."

"*That* again. You keep tying 'em in. I'm saying they don't belong together. And, what's more—" He broke off and looked at me sharply. "What's eating on you all of a sudden, Keith?"

I said, "It's something I forgot to tell you about Helen Dunbar."

I told them about Helen's search for Cliff Harrison, her music collaborator; about her visit to Valerie Palmer's house; about her discovery of the penciled music on the last page of a printed popular number written by Cliff Harrison; of my discovery that someone—Valerie perhaps—had disposed of the number Helen had seen on the piano and substituted a new copy of the same piece.

◆

Walsh and Lane looked at each other. Lane said, "We'll have to locate this Harrison guy. According to Keith's story, he might be around here somewhere."

Walsh did some quick thinking, then he looked at Judy and me. "You-all in love with each other?"

I looked at Judy. Her cheeks were pink, but she nodded yes. It made me feel pretty good. I said I hoped we were going to be married.

"Can you keep your mouth shut?" Walsh asked. "Especially about you and Judy being that way?"

"Why?"

"Bert and I sort of think you might get further if nobody knew your romance was in the bag. Especially if Valerie Palmer didn't know. Right, Bert?"

Lane said, "Right," and Walsh went on: "We can't grab the obvious. If we did that, we'd throw Abernathy in the cooler, get the D. A. to issue on him, build up a tight case, and probably find out eventually that he's allergic to cyanide. Which is swell if he's guilty. But right now there's so much reasonable doubt that we ain't moving in. We'd like you to help us. You run the radio show. This clambake tonight was your party. If you start asking questions, nobody's going to wonder why. All we want you to do is find out things and pass 'em on. Let us figure what they're worth."

"Who am I to talk to?"

"Talk to everybody who might know anything, who might have an idea, or who might be willing to gossip. You can start with Valerie Palmer." He grinned at Judy. "Don't you worry, Miss Overton—she ain't got what you've got."

"No-o. But—" She gave a little laugh. "I won't say what I'm thinking."

"You don't have to. But you better start trustin' this lug before you're married."

"And after Valerie?" I asked.

"Anybody. Everybody. This Oliver Sherman, and that announcer of yours that thinks he's so gorgeous."

"Norton Van Hoven?"

"Yeh. Talk to Bonnie Clayton. Maybe she'll remember things different, chatting with you. Try Stanley Bishop. For a while, anyway, he'll be running Rocky's business. He knows all about Rocky. He knew the Palmers before they moved out to the coast. He might have known this Cliff Harrison, provided Harrison and Valerie were partying around. He probably knows a hell of a lot he'd be too scared to tell us. In what you get there may be a lead."

"How about Abernathy?"

"Don't look him up. That wouldn't be natural. If you run into him, O.K. But otherwise leave him to us."

"In other words," I said slowly, "I'm to exhibit a natural curiosity—nothing more. How about Judy?"

"She'll have to be even more discreet. Suppose we say we'll limit her to what affects her personally, or her career."

Judy said she understood. Walsh glanced at his watch. He and Bert Lane got up and reached for their hats.

I said, "Do you think Judy is in any danger?"

Walsh took his time about answering. Then he said, "I'll be honest with you, Keith. *If* these things are tied up, the shot at Judy on the Vegas road could have been the beginning. If she ever was in danger, she still could be. Yes. If I was you, I'd stick pretty close to her."

Judy was standing near me. I put my arm around her. I said, "That's the best suggestion you've made, lieutenant. I'll do my best."

◆

When I barged into my office about eleven o'clock Thursday morning, Mr. L. Joshua Quincy, our sponsor, was there. He was in the middle of a pile of newspapers, all of which featured the tragic aftermath of the Deliciosa contest. If this publicity was going to help, why, that was O.K., and all he'd have left would be a little mild sorrow for Helen Dunbar and Rocky Moran. If, however, it wrecked the show, Keith Williams would be pounding pavements looking for a job.

Since early June we had been riding high, wide, and handsome on the strength of our hundred-thousand-dollar contest. The contest was over. From now on we'd sink or swim on the strength of the show as entertainment.

"We could use some pleasant publicity," Mr. Quincy declared. "Our millions of listeners either think Judy and Oliver are really married or they'd like 'em to be. Suppose they were. We could write some swell copy. Maybe eventually we could offer a big prize for naming the baby."

"You sure look into the future, Mr. Quincy." I took time out to start a cigarette going. "Have you talked to Oliver Sherman about this matrimonial venture?"

"Yes. He thinks it's a wonderful idea. He thinks it would boost our rating. He's perfectly willing."

"Generous, isn't he?"

Quincy started angrily toward

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the door. "I'll have to forgive your rudeness, Keith. Your face still looks terrible, and you're probably feeling badly after your fight last night. I'll leave you alone until you calm down. But I can assure you that my suggestion about a marriage between Judy and Oliver is worth considering."

◆

Friday I got to the office early, worked hard, did a minimum of worrying, and went out to lunch. I walked the block and a half to Rocky Moran's used-car joint. The first thing I saw when I entered the office was Bonnie Clayton at the cashier's desk. She still looked voluptuous, but there were dark circles under her eyes. I went over to Stanley Bishop and invited him to join me for lunch.

He accepted eagerly. He started talking the minute we left the joint. Things were in a mess. He'd never, since he'd worked for Rocky, been able to convince Rocky that it wasn't wise to coast as high-handedly as he'd done when the car shortage was really acute. By the time Bishop finished, I felt like a set of double-entry books. I knew all about the used-car business and understood none of it.

Then I started. I reminded him that the unpleasant things which had been happening affected me, too. I said that they all seemed tied up with the Judy & Oliver show, and I was trying to learn the score. He was a trifle vague about it, but said he'd like to co-operate.

I said, "Did Bonnie Clayton use to be Rocky's girl friend, actually?"

"Well, when I first started working for him, it seemed that way."

"They quarreled?"

"Frequently."

"When?"

"After Mr. Moran started going with Valerie Palmer."

"Rocky needed money, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is that why he was chasing Mrs. Palmer—because her husband left her a lot of money?"

He chose his words carefully. "Mr. Moran was very fond of money, even when he didn't need it. He was never too scrupulous. He *might* have been cultivating Valerie for her money."

"Did he have any luck?"

"He didn't get any money from her, if that's what you mean."

I said, "You refer to Mrs. Palmer as Valerie. Do you know her well?"

He smiled. "Yes indeed. I knew Valerie and Michael Palmer when they lived in New York."

"Michael—her husband?"

"Yes."

"Here's a funny question. I wouldn't ask it if I didn't have a good reason: I've gotten the impression that Valerie Palmer is—shall we say uninhibited? When did she get that way?"

"That's something I can't answer positively, Keith. When the Palmers were in New York, I was living in Chicago. I used to see them when I'd go east. They seemed to be a devoted couple."

"Money?"

"Plenty of it. He had been rejected for the army—some minor physical defect. He built up one of those businesses that cleaned up during the war and folded shortly after V-J Day. I met them again after they moved out here. Michael had saved some money—not too much—and he was looking for a business opportunity. He'd bought life insurance when he thought his business would go on forever."

"And after they moved to California?"

"Michael Palmer was in pretty bad shape. From what I saw of their home life, I'd say that Valerie was a devoted wife."

"What did Palmer die of?"

"Cancer."

"And the contact between Mrs. Palmer and Rocky Moran?"

Stanley Bishop put down his coffee cup. He said, "Look, Keith. I like you. I'm glad to talk to you. But I never meddle in the affairs of other people. All I'll say is this: Valerie Palmer is, I would guess, the full-blooded type. Her domestic life with Michael Palmer was probably tranquil but certainly not exciting. Rocky Moran was big and rugged. If Valerie found him physically attractive—if she let herself go, perhaps a bit too far—I'd be the last one to blame her. I also wouldn't blame her much if she got rid of him once she found out that he was primarily interested in the money she inherited from Michael." Bishop looked straight at me. "Right now, she likes you."

"Don't kid me."

"I'm not. She likes you a great deal. She's a moderately wealthy woman. You're her type socially—which is something Mr. Moran never was and never could have been. You might do worse."

I flushed and shook my head. "No, thanks, Stanley. She's swell, but that's as far as I'll go."

The waitress refilled my coffee cup. "What do you know about Valerie and this Abernathy lad?"

◆

That seemed to amuse him. "Forget it. Abernathy has suddenly discovered that there is such a thing as practical biology, but the person who taught him is Bonnie Clayton, not Valerie."

I asked my next question without thinking. "You like Valerie, don't you?"

"Very much." He didn't dress it up.

"Do you know of any friend of the Palmers named Cliff—or Clifford—Harrison?"

He shook his head.

"Can you remember what Rocky Moran was doing the night Helen Dunbar was killed?"

"You don't think—"

"I don't think anything. I'd just like to know."

He said evenly, "I never knew hat Rocky Moran was doing when e was out of the office. Frankly, I ever liked him. He gave me a good b when I needed one. I did my est to be efficient."

"Could he have had a date with elen Dunbar that night?"

"I'm not a very good guesser, eith. And the answer to what ou're asking is so important that wouldn't express an opinion even I had one."

I said, "That tells me off."

"I didn't mean it that way. Truly, didn't."

"You were right, of course. And ou've been swell to answer all my lly questions." I got up and he ollowed suit. "Let's do this again. hat do you say?"

"I say fine! I've enjoyed it. I aven't many friends out here."

◆

I dialed a Hempstead number, nd Valerie Palmer answered. It as Sunday evening and she was lone. She said I could come right p and that she hoped I wouldn't ave to rush away.

The hostess gown Valerie was earing when she opened the door ould have made a rabbit bite a ound. I took a firm grip on my motions and reminded myself that was engaged to Judy. Valerie sat n the couch and patted the cush-on next to her.

She said, "What inspired this, eith? A bad dream?"

"It wasn't too bad."

"Drink?"

"Sure. Scotch and soda."

She did the honors. For both of s. I toasted her. Then I got up and alked to the window and commented on the view. She said, "Four its says you will."

"Will what?"

"Sit in a chair when you finish dmiring the view, instead of coming back to the couch."

I produced a fifty-cent piece, spun in the air, returned it to my ocket, and sat on the couch again. he said, "Just the same, you intended to, didn't you?"

"I never know where I'm going o sit. But I can be kidded into anything."

"Like what, for instance?"

"Enjoying being here with you."

She favored me with a long, level ook. "Sounds good, Keith, but I ould do with a little more passion n your voice. Tremolo effect."

"Is that what you're accustomed o?"

Her cheeks flushed suddenly and he drew away. She said, "I asked or that."

"Now, wait a minute, Valerie."

"I've waited longer than a minute. I've tried to break down a certain reserve on your part which I could call shyness, except I'm not that dumb. What have I got that my best friends won't tell me?"

"You're swell. That's why I'm here. I thought if we could talk—get better acquainted—"

"I'm way ahead of you." She lighted two cigarettes, passed one to me, and leaned back against the cushions. "All right, let's talk. What about?"

I said vaguely, "Oh, anything."

"Murder?" Her voice was steady.

I said, "If you want—"

"That's really why you came, isn't it?"

"Partly. I'm worried."

"About what?"

"Judy."

"I thought you said you weren't in love with her."

"I did say so." I hoped she wouldn't notice that I wasn't saying it now. "She's the star of the radio show that furnishes my bread and butter."

Valerie waited, saying nothing.

"I think it was Judy who was shot at the night we drove back from Las Vegas. She thinks so. Maybe you do, too. Helen Dunbar might have been killed because the murderer thought she was Judy. Someone shot Rocky Moran after he had knocked me flat and was preparing to kick my teeth in. You could know who might have wanted to kill Rocky Moran."

"Maybe I wanted to kill him. I don't think so, but it could have been. No, don't ask. I'll tell you. Rocky and I were—well, let's say intimate friends. For awhile. Until I found out he was strictly a mug. On the make. Not for me; that would have been flattering. For my money. But when he was shot, I was still inside the Casa Linda."

"Who was with you?"

"Nobody. I had gone to the bar for an extra drink."

"Did you get it?"

"No. There was a crowd. So I walked away. In other words, Keith, I could have killed Rocky, but I'm damned if I know why."

"Suppose you thought he was getting ready to kill me?"

She gave that a going over. Then she said, "*If* I had been there and *if* I had thought that—I might have shot him."

◆

She wasn't being coy. Just frank. The way I was playing it, she made me feel like something of a heel. I said awkwardly, "So you didn't. Somebody did."

"I think Bonnie Clayton. She was so near plastered and so hysterical, she didn't know what time of year it was."

"Or," I said quietly, "it could have been someone shooting at *me*. Ever think of that?"

Her eyes got wide. "No, I never did. But why?"

"Why did someone shoot at Judy on the Las Vegas road? All I can see in common is that she and I are connected with the same radio show."

She said, "You know what I think, Keith? I think three things have happened close together, but I don't think they are connected."

"I do." I picked my way carefully.

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"The day Helen Dunbar visited you—the day before she was killed—did she seem apprehensive about anything?"

"No. She was questioning me about a man named Cliff Harrison whom she was trying to locate."

"Someone you knew?"

She eyed me sharply.

"I had known him in New York. He worked for Michael, my husband. We were friends, that's all."

"How much all?"

"Look, Keith—you're nice. I like you. We could have a lot of fun together. But when you start grilling me about personal things—"

"I'll keep plugging, Valerie. You've got a front door, and I throw out awful easy. It seems important to know whether Helen Dunbar found Cliff Harrison."

"Not through me, she didn't. I haven't seen nor heard from him since I left New York in January of last year."

"Was he in touch with your husband?"

"No."

"How can you be sure?"

She said, "During most of our time in California, Michael was an ill man. I was his nurse."

◆ I poured myself a fresh drink. That was because I didn't want her to see my eyes. They might betray the fact that I knew she was lying.

I said, "What sort of lad is this Robert Ellsworth Abernathy?"

"Longhair. Sweet kid. He helped me a lot when I needed help. But if you mean what went on between Robert and myself, I'll say 'Nothing.' In fact, I don't think he ever knew there was a woman in the world until he met Bonnie Clayton."

She got up from the couch and started pacing. The evening had gone sour and she was mad. She said, "Just to make your job easier, Keith, let me run through the balance of your list. It'll save you a lot of sparring:

"Rocky and I had no friends in common. I never knew Helen Dunbar before she called on me. Robert Abernathy is a nice boy and not the murderer type. I've known Stanley Bishop for years, but only casually. My husband and I both liked him, but we didn't see much of each other, because he lived in Chicago and we lived in New York. I've only recently met the people connected with your show. Mr. L. Joshua Quincy is a nice old goat who would be a pushover for any good-looking woman who wanted to waste time on him. Norton Van Hoven is more my type, but the trouble is he knows it. Oliver Sherman is a nice goofy kid. It might even be fun to find out what makes him tick. The only other friends I have out here are my neighbors. They were pretty nice during my husband's illness. So was the doctor. Dr. Edwin Grainger. His offices are in the Taft Building, Hollywood.

"That leaves you and Judy. Judy I like. I wish she liked me. I coul use a woman friend. As for you—you could be nice except that yo don't act that way. And if it's a the same to you, we won't tal about murders any more."

"I'll be better in the future. promise."

"How much better?"

"I'll let you lead all the conversations. I won't annoy you with questions."

"Change of heart or becaus you've gotten all the answers?"

"I haven't gotten any answers Neither of us knows anything. A for the change of heart, believe i or not, I'd like us to be friends."

"Why?"

"Because you're nice people."

"What does Judy think?"

"She likes you, too."

"Would she come up here if invited her?"

"She'd be tickled pink."

"And you?"

"Just snap your fingers."

"I've already snapped them." Sh sat beside me again. "Let's tal about us," she suggested. "That' what I planned."

It was easier than I would hav thought. She didn't really tal about herself, except to let me kno that she was lonely, which coul explain the almost desperate eagerness with which she reached ou for excitement and diversion.

But she started talking about me That's the Sunday-punch approac to any man. I don't think she gav three hoots in Hades about radio but she simulated a profound interest. She wanted to know all about my past, my present, and my future

She asked sweetly, "And with al that ability, Keith, how come you don't react normally?"

"To what?"

"Women. Me in particular. I'm not talking about marriage. I'm through with that. Matrimony is nothing more than grabbing a handful of grief you can't let go of. I'm talking about fun, about getting something out of life. I can afford to do things. I've got the money and the time. Shall I draw you a picture?"

I said I knew she was throwing a rib into me. I continued to play it that way, as though I were accustomed to having beautiful women make a fool of me. We got through the evening on that note.

◆ When I got up to go, she didn't try to stop me. We stood at the door, facing each other. The next move was up to me. I figured I'd given her a bad time. I figured that this was in line of duty. I said, "Will you kiss me good night?"

She looked at me oddly.

"You asked for it," she said, and put her arms around my neck.

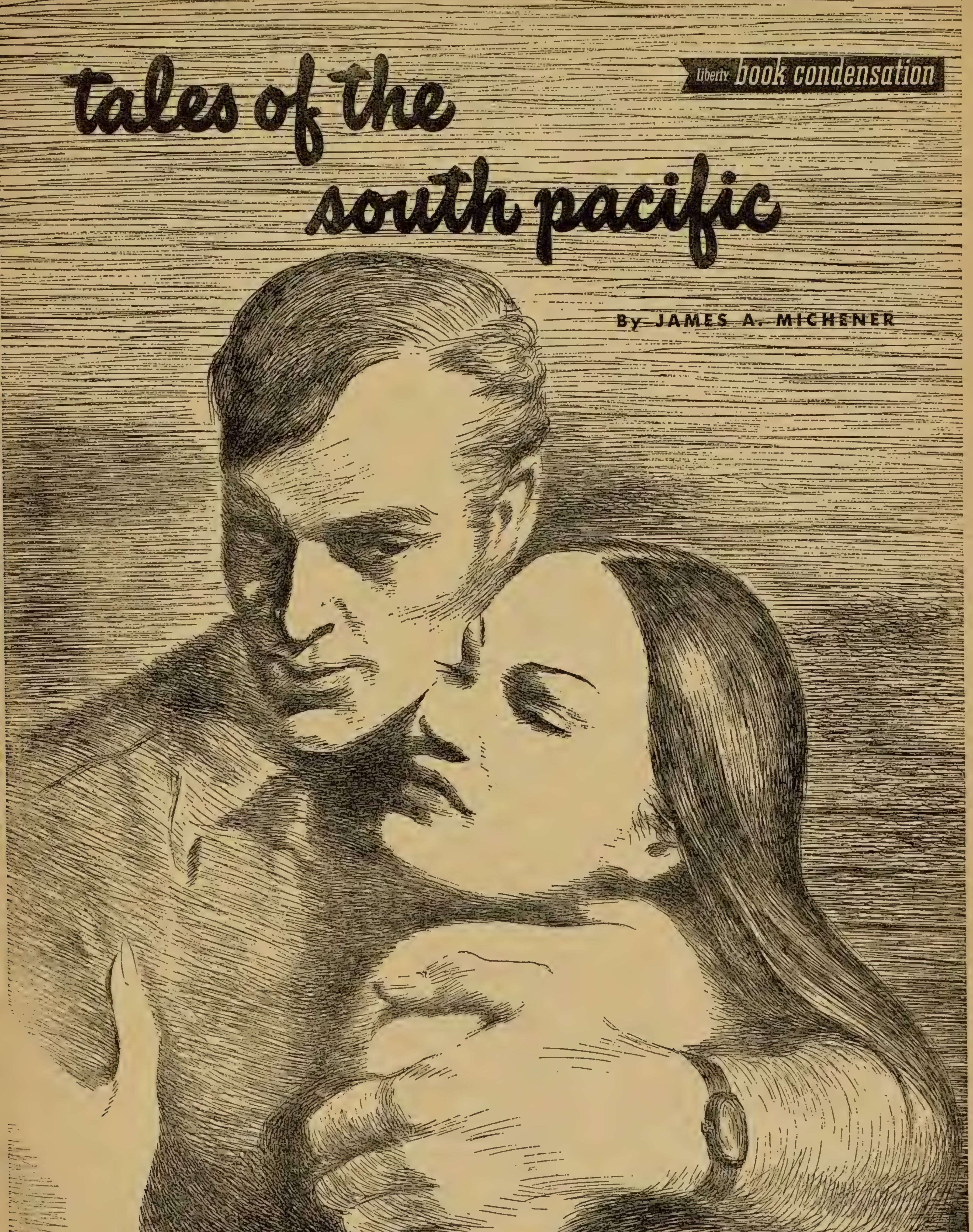
It was the first time I'd ever really understood what they meant by the term "shock treatment."

To be continued in the next issue.

liberty book condensation

tales of the south pacific

By JAMES A. MICHENER



Illustrations by H. E. Bischoff

liberty book condensation

I WISH I could tell you about the South Pacific. The way it actually was. The endless ocean. The infinite specks of coral we called islands. Coconut palms nodding gracefully toward the ocean. Reefs upon which waves broke into spray, and inner lagoons, lovely beyond description. I wish I could tell you about the sweating jungle, the full moon rising behind the volcanoes, and the waiting. The waiting. The timeless, repetitive waiting.

You rotted on New Caledonia waiting for Guadalcanal. Then you sweated twenty pounds away in Guadal waiting for Bougainville. There were battles, of course. But they were flaming things of the bitter moment. A blinding flash at Tulagi. A day of horror at Tarawa. An evening of terror on Kuralei. Then you relaxed and waited. And pretty soon you hated the man next to you, and you dreaded the look of a coconut tree.

I served in the South Pacific during the bitter days of '41 through '43. I was a paper-work sailor, traveling from island to island. But whenever I start to talk about the South Pacific, people intervene. I try to tell somebody what the steaming Hebrides were like, and first thing you know I'm telling about the old Tonkinese woman who used to sell human heads.

She was, I judge, about fifty-five. She was not more than five feet tall, weighed about 110 pounds, had few teeth and those funereally black, was sloppy in dress, and had thin ravines running out from the corners of her mouth. These ravines, about four on each side, were usually filled with betel juice, which made her look as if her mouth had been gashed by a rusty razor. Her name, Bloody Mary, was well given.

Like all Tonkinese women, Mary wore sandals on her feet, a conical peach-basket hat on her head, black sateen trousers, and white blouse. Her oval face was yellow. Her eyes were Oriental. Her neck was beautifully proportioned. Around it she wore a G.I. identification chain from which hung a silver Marine emblem.

She liked Atabrine Benny.

Atabrine Benny had the best job in the islands. Field man for the Malaria Control Unit. He traveled from plantation to plantation with large bottles of atabrine pills. Wherever there might be malaria to infect mosquitoes to infect our men, Benny was on guard. All day long, on one island or another, he gave little yellow pills to little yellow men.

Benny was a fat little man with no bottom at all. He went straight down in back and way out in front. He walked with his toes at ten minutes of two and consequently moved with a tireless waddle. He was a druggist from Waco, Texas, a man nearly fifty. He had enlisted in the Navy out of patriotism, boredom, the fact that his two sons were in the Marines, and because of his wife. "Ornriest goddam woman in Waco, Texas," he confided one day.

Atabrine Benny arranged a boat trip to Bali-ha'i, the island upon which Bloody Mary's husband lived. Benny had to see to it that all Tonks had their supply of atabrine, and he visited the outlying islands monthly. This time he agreed to take Bloody Mary along, and at the last minute, First Lt. Joe Cable, USMCR, decided to join them.

As the boat touched the quivering dock, Benny leaped out. "Hello, hello!" he called out to everyone, waving his atabrine bottle. "Here comes the doctor!" In his exuberance, in the tireless, sweaty, steaming friendliness and at-homeness of the man everyone could see why Americans were the way they were. Atabrine Benny was all the traveling salesmen of Kansas, Utah, Nevada, and California rolled into one.

Lt. Cable studied the crowd that had gathered both on the pier and in the water. This was the first time in his life he had seen so many women . . . in fact, any women . . . walking about with no clothes on above their hips. Purposing each moment to call after Benny, he stood there in the boat. Above him stood not less than thirty native girls ranging in age from twelve to twenty. They bore melons and pineapples and bananas and mangoes and split coconuts and yams and breadfruit.

◆ Cable was truly enraptured. He had no consistent thoughts as he looked up to the dark faces with their gleaming teeth. Their breasts disturbed him mightily. "You like? You like? You like?" They called in musical cadences.

Before he could stop himself he had bought the stern of the boat full of fruit. He discovered that he felt very happy.

Bloody Mary rescued the lieutenant. "Psssst!" she exploded at the girls. "You go! You go! Bimeby you come. Bring chickens." It was only proper that as a Tonkinese she should exercise her endowed rights over the inferior Melanesians. Like a true *grande dame* she cleared the way for the greater nobility, a white lieutenant, to step ashore.

But as he did so, as he walked down the pier in front of Bloody Mary, he entertained a persistent question that neither he nor any other American fighting man has ever really answered: "What am I doing here? How did I, Joe Cable, of Philadelphia, wind up out here?"

Bloody Mary led him to the climbing path that led through the loveliest tropical gardens he had ever seen. She took him past the small hospital where he heard Benny laughing with the hard-working sisters. Then she beckoned him around a corner, and suddenly he was on a plateau from which he could see the bay, and the boat, and endless blue of water upon coral sand. Between him and the bay stretched the coconut trees, the gardens, the little huts, and the spotless beach. It was impossible to think that a year ago, before the Japs threatened the islands and Americans threatened the girls, Bali-ha'i was a wilderness.

◆ "We go!" insisted Mary, and Lt. Cable followed her along a narrow footpath to a clean, whitewashed house beneath a protecting cluster of four large jungle trees. She beckoned him to follow her, and he entered behind her, stooping as he did so. When he had blinked once or twice, he saw that he was standing on an earthen floor, miraculously clean. There were few articles of furniture, but against one wall stood a young Tonkinese girl, perhaps seventeen years old. She was a small girl, slender, with very black hair which was smooth about her head. She wore the Tonkinese white blouse and black trousers. She was barefooted, and her face was lovely.

As in a trance, Cable sucked in his breath audibly. The girl smiled, and at that moment Cable heard a hissing noise. He turned around, frightened. But it was only Bloody Mary. Stains of betel juice were drenching the ravines of her mouth, which was grinning broadly. She winked her right eye heavily and asked, "You like?" Then she turned and fled down the path.

Cable could hear in his mind's recesses the warnings, the old preachments of all who had instructed him. But as he clasped the little girl to

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him, all preachments, old or new, died away.

Later, he said, "You will be a beautiful woman." The manner in which he spoke clearly intimated that he was appraising a growth that he himself would never see. The girl sensed this at once, and tears came into her eyes.

"What is your name?" Cable asked, for he did not see the tears.

"Liat," she said.

"Like you, it's lovely," he replied, truthfully. "Who is the woman that brought me?"

"My mother," she answered. "She said that you were very fine. She wanted me to love you."

Liat was the very spirit of Bali-ha'i; in days to come, the magnet which drew him back to the island time after time after time. Next afternoon he wrote to his mother. He told her of the islands, of the mission, of the school bell, and of the hospital. He made no mention of Bloody Mary . . . nor of her daughter.

But writing to his sweetheart was another thing! On the one hand he could not do as he did with his mother, write in the placid assumption that even if she knew, she would forgive him. And on the other hand he dared not even hint at what had happened. Lt. Cable acknowledged that he had reached a great impasse in his life. At that time he did not know that never again, as long as he lived, would he write to that girl in Philadelphia. He would try several times thereafter, but false words would not come, and true words he dared not write.

◆ Little Eddie, the Marine with a girl in Minneapolis, came bursting into the Officers' Mess one evening and cried, "It's the McCoy! We move north at once! There's going to be a big push somewhere, and we're in on it! We stage up at Bonita Bay!"

"Where do we hit?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows? Who cares?"

There was furious discussion. Some men felt that it might be Konora, a small island far up. One wild theorist proposed Rabaul itself, but like the fool who thought it might even be Kuralei, he was shouted down. Next morning the news was made official. Departure from their present base would be immediate.

Bloody Mary shuffled down the road and waited for several hours, and finally, like a piece of battered iron drawn to the magnet, Cable drove up.

"Mary!" he cried. "We're leaving!"

"Lieutenant," she asked, in deep earnestness, "you marry Liat?"

"I can't," he moaned. "Oh, God! Mary, I love her, but I can't."

The broken-toothed old woman pushed him away. In utmost scorn she cursed him, spitting betel juice blackly as she did so. *"Soandso* fool. You be *soandso* sorry."

There was a mighty thrill when the old camp died and its men set out for some distant island where a new camp would be won from the Japs and the jungle. The Marines smiled at one another. Cable sat erect among his men.

But when the trucks reached the Tonk village they became involved in a minor traffic jam. During the interval of waiting old Bloody Mary came down the road.

"'Allo, lieutenant!" she cried. Cable did not look at her. She addressed the men in his truck. "Goddam fool lieutenant alla time come see my Liat. Bring her things." She raised her right arm and threw a small object forcefully to the ground. It flew apart.

"That was a watch!" a Marine gasped. "A good watch!" The men looked at their lieutenant.

From another truck an enlisted man shouted, "How much for that head, Mary?" The Tonk turned slowly and walked along the dusty road to her questioner.

"You like?" she asked, waving the dried head she was carrying by the hair.

"Yeah. How much?"

"Fifty dolla'," the Tonk shouted.

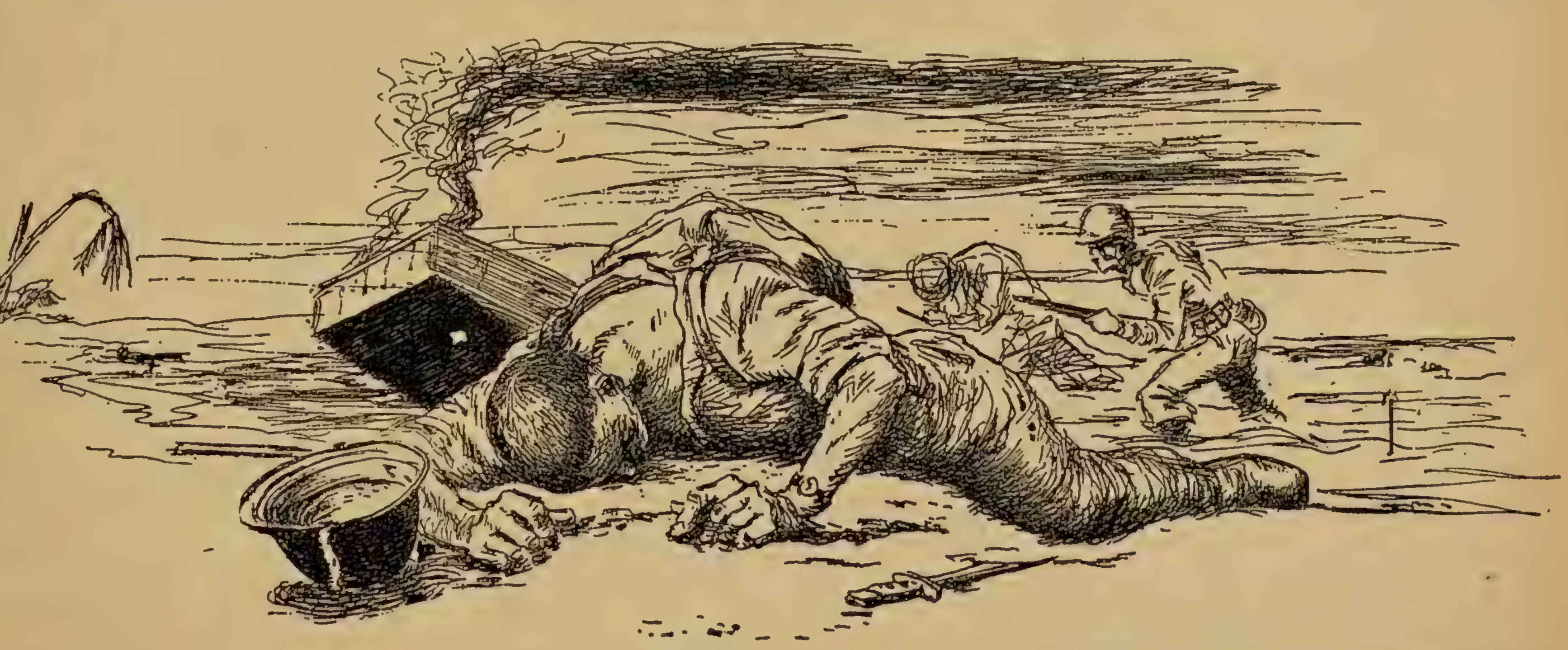
"'At's too much, Mary!" the Marine cried. "Give you thirty." Bloody Mary spat and flung at the man the Marine Corps' choicest vilification.

"Soandso major!" she cried.

◆ On the island of Efate, Nellie Forbush looked at the photograph smiling at her from the newspaper clipping. The caption read: "Our Heroine. Otolousa Girl Arrives in New Hebrides to Help Wounded Americans." She was a happy girl when she posed for that picture. She had gone into Little Rock with her mother and Charlie Benedict. They were both proud of her, her mother because she looked so fine and patriotic in her new uniform. Charlie because he hoped to marry her.

Charlie had been unexpectedly glum when the pictures were delivered to Otolousa. "You're beautiful!" he said. "You'll never come back to a 4-F."

"I want to see the world, Charlie," she had replied. "I want to meet other people. Then, when the war's



I wish I could tell you about the South Pacific. The way it actually was. The timeless waiting. A day of horror. An evening of terror.

over, I'll come back." Neither she nor Charlie believed that she would.

In the New Hebrides she was seeing plenty of people. Yet at the end of a year in Navy life Nellie had found only one person who shared her longing for ideas and experiences. It was Dinah Culbert. She was sorry, therefore, when Dinah was ordered north to help set up a new hospital.

Later Dinah asked for Nellie to be sent north. Gleefully she packed and waited for the plane. She had never ridden on an airplane before. This was living!

Dinah met her at the airfield. That night Nellie met Emile De Becque. It was at a dinner given in a French plantation home in honor of the new nurses. He was in his middle forties, slim, a bit stoop-shouldered. His eyes were black and deep set. His eyebrows were bushy. He had long arms and wrists, and although he used his hands constantly in making conversation, they were relaxed in their movements. She saw a good deal of him in the ensuing weeks.

◆

The doctors, always an interested group of men, asked De Becque to their dinners from time to time. After dinner was over, Nellie and Dinah and one or two other nurses usually joined the party and argued politics or when the war in Europe would end. After De Becque had been a guest at the hospital several times he proposed that he act as host one night at his plantation. The doctors were delighted. "The nurses, too?" the Frenchman suggested, lifting his shoulders and stretching the word *too* into three syllables.

"Why not?" the doctors asked, and a few nights later a small party of Americans chugged up the hill to De Becque's plantation.

The long dining room with its deep veranda faced south, and from it one could see four lovely things: the channel where the great ships lay; the volcanoes of Vanicoro; the vast Pacific; and an old Tonk's flower garden. About the garden were flamboyants and bougainvillaeas, red flaming bushes. And everywhere there were capriciously placed frangipani trees. De Becque pulled half a dozen branches for his guests and showed them how native men wear the four-leafed white and yellow flowers in their hair. The frangipani was the odor of jungle. It was sweet, distant, and permeating. In addition it had a slightly aphrodisiac quality.

After midnight, the nurses had to return. They were reluctant to leave the plantation. At the gateway where the jeeps were parked M. De Becque detached Nellie from the group. She had stood so that he could if he were so minded. "Ensign Forbush," he said, "you have shown great interest in my home. I would like to have you visit the plantation again."

"I should like to," Nellie replied frankly.

"With your permission I shall stop by for you one afternoon. You would enjoy my cacao grove."

Three days later, in the cacao grove, Nellie admitted that she had never seen anything which so impressed her with its natural, unexploited beauty. De Becque had built himself a pavilion big enough for two or three people. Its base was teakwood in eighteen-inch planks, its half-sides of woven coconut palm, and its roof of heavy thatch. Two benches of mahogany and two massive, comfortable chairs of teak were the only pieces of furniture.

She asked him to sit by her. "Why did you build this pavilion?" she asked.

"I like to be near the jungle," he said, remaining in the doorway.

"Do you come here on rainy days? Is it nice then, too?"

"It's best on rainy days," he said. "But it's strange. The place serves no purpose. It's too far from the kitchen to eat here. There's no bed, and it isn't screened in. Yet I think I like it better than any place on my plantation."

To herself Nellie was saying, "I shall marry this man. This shall be my life from now on. This hillside shall be my home. And in the afternoons he and I will sit here."

"Mr. De Becque," she began aloud. "That sounds silly, doesn't it? I meant M. De Becque."

"Why don't you call me Emile?"

"I should like to," she said half laughing in self-consciousness.

To himself De Becque said, "This is what I have been waiting for. All the long years. Who ever thought a fresh, smiling girl like this would climb up my hill? It was worth waiting for. I wonder . . ."

"Emile," Nellie began, "may I ask you a question?"

"Of course you may," he replied, smiling.

"Why did you leave France?"

There was a long pause. Nellie and Emile studied one another.

"It was not to my discredit," the Frenchman replied.

"I know that," Nellie assured him.

"I killed a man," Emile went on dreamily, his voice blending into the heavy silence of the cacao grove.

"Why?" Nellie asked, not the least disturbed. It seemed as natural a mode of behavior for Emile De Becque as writing a letter.

"A town bully. A town cheat. It was in a little place near Marseilles. Everyone was glad to see him die, and the fault was his. But they thought I should leave."

"You've never regretted being out here, have you?" she asked.

"Never!" he said emphatically and simply. Then he added, "This plantation is worth more than a hundred thousand dollars."

In the cacao pavilion the two strangers looked at one another. Each had a half-smile. De Becque's gold tooth showed. Nellie's infectious grin fought for possession of her full lips. She thought that he was not an old man, and yet not a young man, either. He was a respected man, wealthy, a man with ideas.

"Nellie," he said quietly, "in the hottest months you could go to Australia." Nellie made no reply. She merely watched De Becque as he crossed the silent pavilion and bent over her. She raised her lips. Although he merely brushed her lips with his, she had the distinct impression that she had been kissed by a man, a whole man, a man worthy to be loved.

◆

He sat upon the arm of her teakwood chair for several minutes. "I must go soon," she said quietly. As she rose, standing beside him, she noticed that her nose came to his shoulder.

"Are you married, Emile?"

"No," he replied.

"I'm so glad," she murmured.

He patted her on the head and led the way down the long path.

"Emile," Nellie said, "let me think for a few days. I'll tell you then."

"All right," he said.

That evening Nellie confided the news to Dinah. "I think I'll marry him," she said.

"I don't suppose it's up to me to tell you that you hardly know the man," Dinah said, looking at the pretty young nurse.

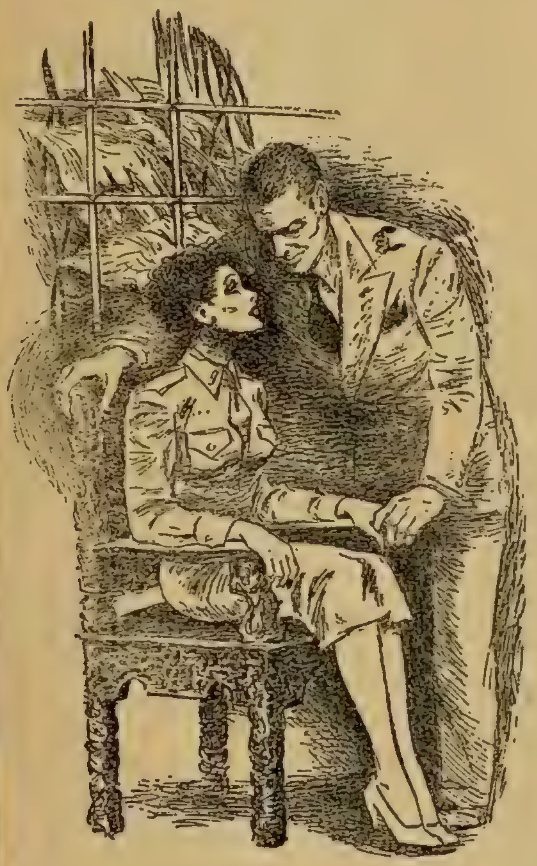
When De Becque called for Nellie next day, she suggested they spend the afternoon in the pavilion. When they reached it, they were warm and breathing hard.

"I've thought as best I can, Emile,"

the young nurse said. "I want to marry you!"

"Fine!" Emile said with much restraint. They kissed twice. Then they sat and watched the life and beauty of the cacao grove.

"It will be a good life, Nellie," the Frenchman said. "You will like it. There is a good hospital on the other island. And if you like, you can go to Australia to have your children. The boat comes once every three months, and there are many people here. I have my own small boat, and two plantation owners have a large power launch. I shall teach you to read French, too. I have many books. And we can get English books, too. I have not told you, but I have a lot of money saved."


As he bent over her, Nellie raised her lips.

Before De Becque left Nellie at the wire gate of the nurses' quarters, he told her that he would be gone for a few days. He had to deliver some beef to the island on which the French government had sequestered all young girls and unmarried women. It was a small island some sixteen miles distant. De Becque and other planters kept it supplied with food. For the first time, Nellie kissed him goodbye at the gate. She winked at the guard. "We're getting married!" she said.

At dinner one night Dinah Culbert asked Nellie if, seeing that De Becque was away, she might like to sit at a table where an entertaining naval aviator was a guest. He was back from a tour of the islands. At dinner Nellie sat next to the guest, a Lt. Bus Adams. As the meal progressed he told one fascinating story after another. He finally asked for another drink and said, "I've never told this story before to a mixed group. It's really a man's story, but women might enjoy it, too. I call it *The Frenchman's Daughter!* It took place on Luana Pori, and I know it's true. I know the Frenchman's daughter. She's a magnificent woman, about twenty-three. Half French, half Javanese!" Adams continued with a rambling narrative that captivated his listeners.

"I suppose all these islands are loaded with unbelievable happenings," a doctor suggested when Bus had finished. "As strangers, we don't hear about them!"

"That's interesting!" Adams said. "Because the Frenchman in this story lives on your island. Quite a character, I'm told. Raised hell when they wanted to go Pétain some years ago.

Before anyone could stop him, Adams had blurted out the news. The Frenchman's daughter was De Becque's daughter. Her mother was a Javanese. The Frenchman's three other daughters who lived on Luana Pori were half Javanese, too, but by a different mother. And somewhere near Vanicoro, on a small island, he had four other daughters, more beautiful than their sisters. The mothers of these girls were Polynesian and Tonkinese.

"He never married," Adams concluded. "Women were crazy about him, and he treated them fine."

Nellie Forbush sat very straight and smiled at the aviator.

She and Dinah talked late into the night. Other nurses, catching the story by grapevine, spent the night telling one another what a rotten break it was that Nellie . . . They were somewhat disappointed when she appeared at breakfast bright and chipper. She hadn't yet made up her mind to be heartbroken.

Two days passed, and finally De Becque called her on the hospital telephone. Mustering up her courage, she smiled at the girls on her hall and hurried down to meet him. She noticed with apprehension that he was morose, too! In strained silence the two lovers drove along the coral roads and up the hill to his plantation. They parked his car by the gate and walked slowly between the coconut palms. Nellie's heart was pounding harder than her lungs. As they neared the end of the coconuts and the beginning of the cacaos, De Becque stopped impulsively and kissed his bride-to-be tenderly. "You are my hope," he whispered.

Nellie consciously placed her hand in his and walked with him toward the pavilion. She felt him trembling, and thought it was she. They stepped into the cool pavilion.

"Aloo! Nellie!" cried four young voices.

Nellie looked in astonishment at four little girls who stood behind one of the teakwood chairs. "Aloo, Nellie!" they cried again. Then they came forth, in gingham frocks, pigtails, and curtseys.

Two were Tonkinese, that is, they were half Tonkinese, and they were beautiful as only Eurasian girls can be. They were seven and nine. The two other girls were half Polynesian. They were round of face and darker.

"They're my daughters," De Becque said proudly. "I have four others. They live in Luana Pori with their married sister. I have their pictures here." From an envelope he produced a well-thumbed photograph of four tall, thin, sharp-eyed girls. The first and third were exquisite beauties, lovelier than Bus Adams had painted them in his story. The second and fourth were handsome girls.

"My family!" De Becque said. He put his hand on Nellie's shoulder. "I had to tell you first," he said.

◆ Nellie Forbush, of Otolousa, Arkansas, could not speak. Watching her shiver, he motioned to the little girls and they left the pavilion. "Nellie," he said, pulling her into a chair and standing over it, "I have no apologies. I came out here as a young man. There were no white women in this area. I lived as I could. No woman ever hated me or tried to hurt me. You must believe me, Nellie. I loved those women and was kind to them. But I never married because I knew that some day you would come to this island."

She swallowed hard. The pounding in her chest was still strong. "Where are their mothers?"

De Becque clasped his hands and looked away. "The Javanese are back in Java. They went a long time ago. I don't know where the Tonkinese is. She was no good. The Polynesian girl is dead."

Nellie was ashamed of herself, but a surge of joy ran through her entire body when she heard that. She buried her head in her hands, and in the torment of conflicting thoughts and ideals started to cry.

"Please take me home," she said.

At the foot of the hill the Tonkinese cook expressed his astonishment that she was leaving. He held up his hands in horror. "Dinner all fine. He cooked. He good!" the cook protested. Moved by his appeal, Nellie agreed to have dinner and then go immediately. At a separate table the four little girls, obviously great favorites of the cook, had their dinners. They babbled quietly in French, displayed exquisite manners, and excused themselves when they went to bed.

Emile drove down the hill in silence, but at the turn onto the coral road four thugs were waiting for the car. They had been planning this assault for some time, four crazy young Americans, their minds addled by wild emotions. As they leaped at the car, Emile sped the motor and whipped out a brass pipe on the end of a knotted chain. It cut across the face of one assailant and hit another on the head. The swerving car wiped the remaining two loose against a tree. De Becque drove furiously until he met some enlisted men coming the other way in a truck. Wheeling around in a spire of dust, he led them back to where the assault had taken place. One rapist had been unable to run away, his leg bashed in by the car. The enlisted men jumped on him and started beating the bushes for the others. They found one.

"Take them to the police, if you please," De Becque said quietly.

"You bet we will, mister!" an Army man said.

◆

The truck pulled away. De Becque slumped over the wheel for a moment. Then he carefully rewound his lethal weapon and stowed it where it could be most easily grabbed in a hurry. Nellie was afraid to talk. She rested her head on his shoulder. De Becque drove very slowly.

"The world is not pretty," he said. "It's only the hard work of some people that makes it so. Remember that, Nellie. This could be your island. Your home. You'd make it that!"

At the barred gate she made up her mind.

"I can't marry you," she said. "I could never marry you!"

De Becque kissed her goodbye. The guards smiled. One made a circle with his forefinger and thumb. He winked at De Becque.

"Hey!" he whispered to his pal when Nellie had gone. "The guy had tears in his eyes! What the hell goes on here?"

In her room Nellie undressed and lay upon the bed. She was excited and nervous. She could still see the ugly, hungry looks of the men who had tried to pull her out of the car.

She rose, pulled a dressing gown from a nail over her head, and started to write a feverish letter. It was to Charlie Benedict in Otolousa, Arkansas. She told him something he had been waiting years to hear. She would marry him.

At that moment Dinah Culbert entered the room. "Made up your mind?"

"Yep! I'm going to get married!"

"Good! Nellie, that's a fine decision!" Dinah's enthusiasm upset Nellie a bit.

"But to Charlie Benedict back home!" She bit her lip and laid the pen down. "Oh, Dinah," she cried, "I couldn't marry a man who had lived—"

"Of course not," Dinah said dryly. "Hello! What's this?" She picked up from Nellie's desk a picture from an Arkansas newspaper. "Why, Nellie!" she cried. "This is you!" Then she read the caption, "Our heroine!" Then she looked at Nellie. "Our heroine!" she shouted, waving the picture in Nellie's wet face.

Nurse Forbush caught a fleeting glimpse of herself in the clipping. She started laughing at Dinah. Then she laughed at herself. The two nurses caught one another by the arms and started dancing.

"Our little heroine!" Dinah repeated over and over again until her chuckling became uncontrolled. Then she sat in Nellie's chair. In doing so, she knocked the letter to Charlie Benedict on the floor. With a grand sweep Nellie picked it up and crumpled it into a little ball.

"So long, Charlie!" she cried, tossing the ball into a corner.

"Nellie!" Dinah cried. "Where did you get this? It was on the floor by your jacket." It was the picture of the four De Becque girls.

"Oh!" Nellie cried in astonishment. "Emile must have . . ."

"What lovely girls!" Dinah said.

◆

Nellie stopped laughing. She looked over Dinah's shoulder. They were lovely girls. Look at Latouche, the eldest! Winsome and confident. Her three sisters, too.

"They *are* like De Becque!" Nellie said in a whisper. "Look at them! How much fun they seem to have!"

"You'd never have a bored moment around them," Dinah replied sagaciously.

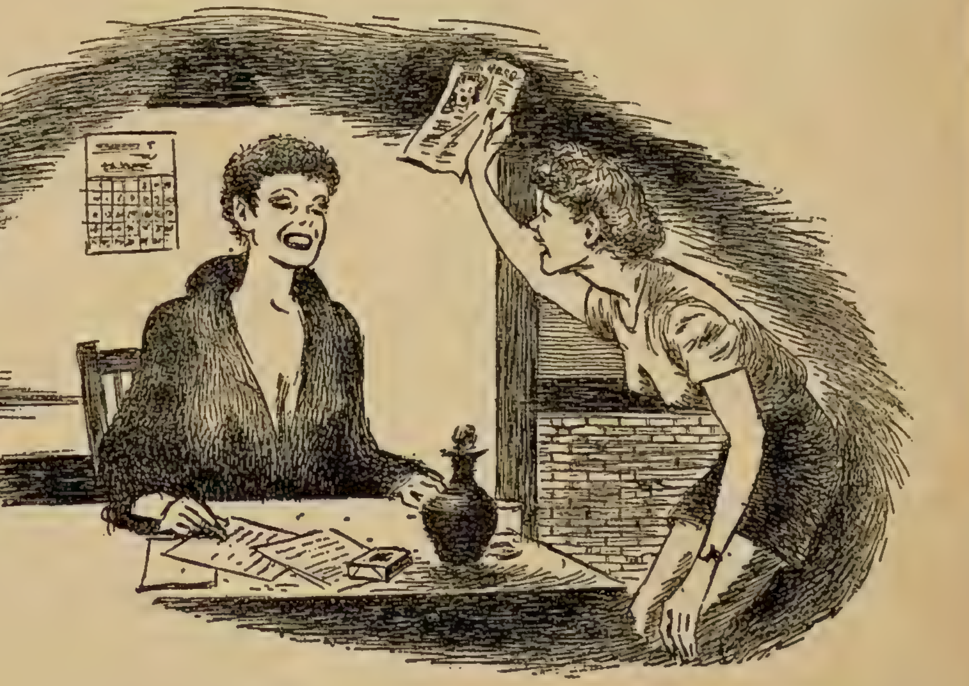
"Now I *have* made up my mind. I want to marry him . . . so very much!" Nellie started crying and sank her head on Dinah's shoulder. Dinah thereupon consoled her by crying, too. In mutual happiness they blubbered for a while.

"I think your mind is made up the right way this time," Dinah whispered.

"Quick!" Nellie cried. "See if you can get a jeep! We've got to get one right away! I've got to tell him, tonight! Oh, Dinah!" she chortled. "Think what it will be like! A big family in a big house! Eight daughters, and they're darlings. I got me a man! My mind's made up!"

In great joy she dressed. While they waited for the jeep the guard asked, "Changed your mind, ensign?"

"Yep!" she laughed. "I did!" He made a circle with his thumb and



Dinah picked up a picture from a newspaper. "Why, Nellie!" she cried. "This is you!"

finger and winked at her. "Good hunting!" he said.

As they reached the plantation, Nellie directed Dinah and the driver to wait. Hurrying across the garden she went to the veranda. It was empty. The dining room was empty, too. Then she heard sounds from one of the bedrooms. The little girls' bedroom. She opened the door. The four girls were in nightgowns, standing about a bed on which De Becque sat. They were singing "Au clair de la lune" in childish voices. Emile rose, smiled at Nellie, and hummed along with his daughters. Nellie added her uncertain treble, and before long they were singing the old song so loudly that Dinah and the driver could join in from the jeep.

◆ When I returned to Noumea from the island of Vanicoro, after our victory in the Coral Sea, Admiral Kester called me into his office. He said, "We were lucky at Coral Sea. It's the next battle that counts." He waved his hand over a map. His finger came to rest, I remember, on a large island shaped like a kidney, Guadalcanal.

"Some day we'll go into one of those islands. When we do, we've got to have a steady flow of planes from New Zealand and Australia. We have Santo. We'll keep it. It's the key. And we can supply Santo from Noumea. But if we ever need planes in an emergency, we must be able to fly them up to Noumea from New Zealand and Australia." He slashed his thumb boldly from Guadalcanal to Auckland. "That's the life line."

"Now if you'll look at the air route from Noumea to Auckland you'll see a speck in the ocean. That speck's an island. It's vital. Absolutely vital!" His stubby forefinger stabbed at the map. The vital speck was Norfolk Island.

"You'll find some Americans down there building an airstrip. They're bogged down. Look." He handed me a dispatch from Norfolk: "TWO SITES CHOSEN X OPPOSITION TO BETTER SITE TERRIFIC X CAN WE IGNORE LOCAL WISHES X ADVISE X TONY FRY X."

"This man Fry," the admiral remarked, "is a queer duck. One of the best reserves I've seen. He wouldn't bother me with details unless something important had developed. Obviously, we can ignore local opposition if we have to. The Australian government has placed responsibility for the protection of Norfolk squarely on us. But it's always wisest to exercise your power with judgment. Either you do what the local people want to do, or you jolly them into wanting to do what you've got to do anyway.

"We've got to have an airstrip on Norfolk. And a big one." He turned away from the map. "Now you run on down to Norfolk. Take the old PBY. And you tell Fry you have my full authority to settle the problem. Don't make anyone mad, if you can help it. But remember the first job: Win the war!"

After six hours' flying, Norfolk was below us. I remember clearly every detail of that first view. Not much more than ten square miles. Forbidding cliffs along all shores. A prominent mountain to the north. Fine plateau land elsewhere.

"Oughtn't to be much trouble building an airstrip there," I mused aloft. "Run it right down the plateau. Throw a cross strip about like that, and you have an all-wind landing area."

We came roaring in from the tiny bay, sped over a winding hill road leading up to the plateau and then right down the imaginary line I had drawn as the logical location for the airstrip. On each side of that line, like the pillars of a vast and glorious cathedral, ran pine trees, a stately double column stretching for two miles toward the mountain. Then I whispered to myself, "That's it. That's the problem."

◆ Lt. (jg) Tony Fry, dressed in a sloppy shirt and a pair of shorts, greeted us when we climbed ashore and said, "Glad to have you aboard, sir." He had twinkling eyes and a merry manner. "Now if you'll step over here to our shed, I'll make the welcome more sincere."

He produced a bottle of Scotch. I learned later that no one ever asked Tony where or how he got his whiskey. He always had it.

"Well!" I said, looking at Tony. "About this airstrip?"

He smiled at me quizzically. "Admiral Kester?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You came down here to see about the airstrip?" I nodded. He grinned, an infectious grin showing somewhat irregular teeth. "Commander," he said, "let's have one more drink!"

"I have a terrible premonition that the trouble is that row of pine trees," I said as he poured.

Fry grinned warmly at me and raised his glass. "To the airstrip!" he said. "Thank God it's your decision, not mine."

At this moment there was a commotion outside the shed. "It's Teta!" voices cried. A horse, panting from his gallop, drew to a halt and wagon wheels crunched in the red dust. A high voice cried, "Where's Tony?"

"In there! In with the new American."

"Let me in!" the high voice cried.

And into our shed burst Teta Christian, something over ninety. She had four gaunt teeth in her upper jaw and two in her lower. Her hair was thin and wispy. But her frail body was erect. She went immediately to Tony. He took her by the hand and patted her on the shoulder. "Take it easy now, Teta," he said.

She pushed him away and stood before me. "Why do you come here to cut down the pine trees?" she asked, her high voice rising to a wail.

"I merely came down to see what should be done," I said.

"Well, go back!" Teta cried, pushing me with her bony hand. "Get in the airplane. Leave me alone."

"We'd better get out of here," I said. "Where do I bunk?"

◆ I reached for my single piece of luggage, a parachute bag battered from the jungle life on Vanicoro. As I did so, a chubby young girl of fifteen or sixteen came into the shed and ran up to Tony in that strange way you can spot every time. She was desperately in love with him. To my utter disgust, I noticed that she was vacant-eyed and that her lower jaw was permanently hung open.

"This is Lucy," Fry said, patting the young girl affectionately on the shoulder.

"Why don't you get in the plane and fly back?" old Teta whined.

Fry wiped his forehead. "Now look, Teta. You run along. Get us some orangeade fixed up. Get us a nice dinner for tonight." He reached in his pocket and pulled out what change he had. Mostly pennies. "Have you a buck?" he asked me. I gave him one. "You take this, Teta, and scram!"

We climbed into his jeep. Lucy was already sitting in front. "No, Lucy!" Fry said. "You'll have to get in back." As the girl climbed over the seats, Tony returned to the shed to speak to a group of sullen native men. In this instant a young Army lieutenant hurried up to the jeep.

"Boy, are we glad to see you!" he blurted out. "It's about time somebody came down here to straighten things up. We were all ready to start building the strip when Fry called the whole thing off. You got to be firm, commander," he whispered. "Stop all this nonsense. That old Teta is the worst of the lot."

I looked over my shoulder at Lucy. "Don't bother about her, commander," the lieutenant said. "She's crazier than a bedbug." Fry left the shed and the Army man hurried off.

When Tony dropped me off at my quarters he coughed once or twice. "I'd have you up to my diggings," he said, "but it would be terribly embarrassing to you. That's the mistake I made. You see, I board with old Teta Christian. She'd love to have you stay with her. The soul of hospitality. But if you did, she'd capture you the way she has me."

"The pine trees?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "The only good site on the island."

"Then why don't you cut them down and build the strip?"

Fry looked at me for more than a minute. His eyes were clear and joking. He had a sharp nose and chin. He was about thirty years old and didn't give a damn about anything or anybody. He was taking my measure, and although I was his superior officer I stood at attention and tried to pass muster. Apparently I did. He punched me softly on the arm. "You see, commander," he said, "old Teta Christian is the granddaughter of Fletcher Christian, the mutineer. All those people at the pier were *Bounty* people. They don't push around easy." He winked at me and left. Lucy leaned over and blew the horn as he backed the jeep into a tight circle.

"*Bounty* people!" I said to myself. "So this is where they wound up when they left Pitcairn Island? This paradise!"

◆

Late that afternoon Tony drove down for me. "Old Teta asked a few of the *Bounty* people in for dinner. They want to meet you. Purely social," he said.

"Fry, I don't want to be brusque about this, but the reason I'm down here is that Admiral Kester is pretty well browned off at the shilly-shallying. There's a war on!"

"That I'm aware of," Tony replied. "I'm in it."

"So if you don't mind, I'd like to see the two sites right now."

"Very well," Fry said.

As we drove along, Lucy ran out into the road. "We better take her," Tony said. "She never says much." So he stopped the jeep and Lucy climbed in back.

The first location was disappointing indeed. To the east and south the mountain encroached on the potential field. Landings would be difficult. Cliffs prohibited much more than a four thousand foot runway. Any cross runway for alternate winds was out of the question. "Not much of a location for an airstrip," I said.

We drove south.

"This is the other site," Fry said. We were on a little hill. Before us spread the heart of the plateau, with the pines of Norfolk laid out along an ideal runway.

"I saw this from the air," I said. "Ideal. We can even run a six thousand foot auxiliary strip for alternate landings. Let's get going tomorrow," I suggested.

"Good idea. Let's eat now." Tony threw the jeep into low and started slowly down the hill. When he reached the bottom, Lucy cried out, "Blow the horn! Blow the horn!" Fry did not obey, so Lucy leaned over the seat and pushed the button for about a minute. From a ramshackle house a host of children ran into the dusty road. "It's Lucy! It's Lucy!" they screamed. "It's Lucy in the jeep!" Our chubby moron grinned at them, threw them kisses, and twisted the horn button. Then she sat back in her seat quietly and said no more.

◆

We entered a garden filled with all kinds of flowers, shrubs, and fruit trees. This was Teta Christian's home. "When the *Bounty* folk first came here, commander," she said in her high thin voice, "my father, Fletcher Christian, chose this place for his farm. He liked the view down that valley. My father, Fletcher Christian, planted all this land. But I put in the orange trees." It was uncanny, oranges growing so luxuriantly beside the pines. It was like having a citrus grove in Minnesota.

Teta showed me a petition signed by Fletcher Christian, Adams Quintal, Nobbs Buffet and Thomas Young: "Because God has been kind in his wisdom to bring us here, it is proposed that an avenue of pine trees that grow upon this island and nowhere else in the world be planted and if we do not live to see them tall our children will." The petition was granted.

I went up to the proposed airstrip next morning and surveyed the job that lay ahead. The energetic young Army lieutenant was wheeling his tractors into position. "Well," he said, "I guess we're ready to go."

I was about to nod when I looked over toward the Norfolk pines and there was old Teta. She was in her wagon, the reins tied to the whip. Just watching. "You can start clearing away the brush," I said.

"But the trees, commander!"

"We'll wait a few days on that."

"But damn it all, commander! It will take us a long time to get those trees down. We can't do anything till that's done."

"I want to look over that other site first. We can get that land cheaper."

"But we been through all that before," the lieutenant cried.

"We'll go through it again!" I shouted.

◆

Back at my quarters that afternoon I was in a confusion of thoughts. No one could tell how urgently we might need the airstrip on Norfolk, nor how soon. The pines of Norfolk must go. An end to this silly nonsense!

I walked slowly down to the old stone cow shed where the Army had its headquarters. "We'll start in the morning," I told them. "Get the trees out of there."

"It's only three now, sir," the eager young lieutenant said. "We could get a couple down this afternoon!"

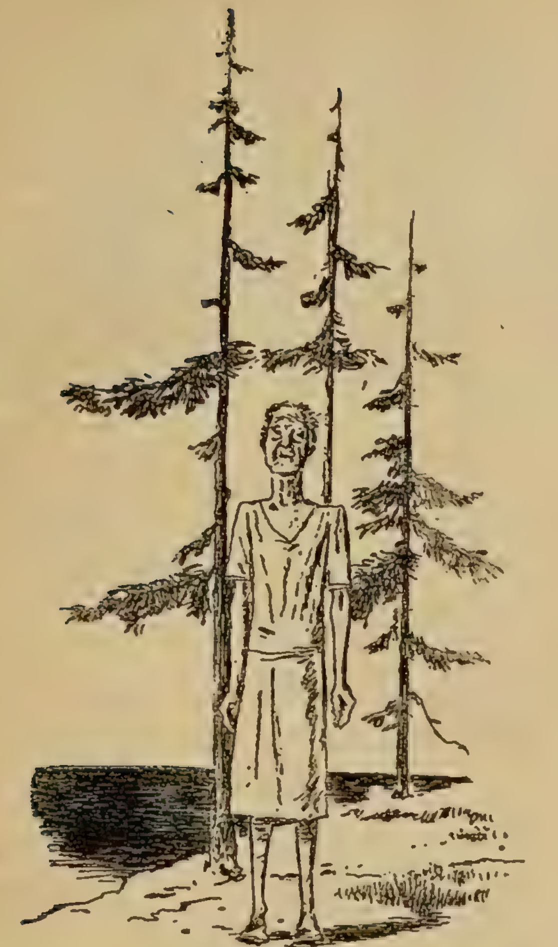
"Time enough in the morning," I said. "Get your gear ready."

"It's been ready for two weeks," he said coldly.

I felt honor-bound to tell the islanders that the irrevocable decision had been made. I planned to do so that evening, at Teta's.

But when I walked out to the avenue of pines my resolution wavered. I said, "I can't permit this thing! The loveliest monument in the South Pacific completely destroyed. No, by God! I'll do everything I can. Up to the hilt. I've got to!" And I hurried back and sent an urgent dispatch to Admiral Kester. I closed it as follows: "REQUEST PERMISSION PROCEED NORTH FIELD."

I did not go to Teta's for dinner. I missed dinner and was not aware of that fact. About ten o'clock that night I got my answer. It was brief, and in it I could hear many oaths from the admiral such as: "What are those damned fools doing down there?" and "By God, why can't they look at the goddam facts and make up their minds?" His dispatch



Teta Christian, over ninety, frail but erect.

had its mind made up: "RE UR 140522 X NEGATIVE X REPEAT NEGATIVE X KESTER."

I clutched it in my hand and walked up the hill to Teta's house. Teta and Tony were alone, drinking rum. Lucy, of course, sat in a corner and watched Tony.

"Teta," I said quietly, "we start to take the trees down tomorrow."

The old mutineer looked at me. She licked her six gaunt teeth and took a big drink of rum. "I remember when my father, Fletcher Christain, planted those trees," she said. "I ran beside the men." The old woman dropped her head on her hands. The lamp threw an eerie glow upon her white hair.

"She's drunk again," Lucy said. "Too much rum."

"Lucy!" Fry said. "I told you to sit over there and not talk."

I don't know who spread the word. Perhaps the islanders heard it from the Army. At any rate, early next morning a crowd of people gathered at the pine trees. As I approached with the Army engineers, Nobbs Quintal, whose photograph had served as the frontispiece to a book which proved that all Norfolk *Bounty* people were degenerate, tipped his hat and asked me if he could speak. I clenched my hands and thought, "Here it comes!"

"Commander," Nobbs Quintal said, "we know the trees have to go. We know there's war. My son is at war. In Egypt. Old Teta has five grandsons in the Army. We know you've tried to change the airport. We heard about your message yesterday. But won't you wait one more day? We want to take some pictures of the trees."

They had an old box camera and some film. An American soldier had a pretty good miniature camera, and an Australian had a very good French job. All morning they took pictures of the trees. All film was used up by two o'clock.

The engineers moved in. With rotary saws they cut part way through the first tree. Then two bulldozers shoved against the trunk. The great pine broke loose and almost imperceptibly started to fall. As it did so, it caught for a moment, twisted in the air like a soldier shot as he runs forward. The old *Bounty* people watched the felling of the trees as simply one more tragedy in the long series their clans had had to tolerate.

"You'll have to move back," the Army engineers said. "We've got to blast the stumps."

We moved to a safe distance and watched the engineers place sticks of dynamite among the roots of each fallen tree. Then a detonator was attached and the wires gathered together at a plunger box. The charge was exploded, but nothing much happened. Just some dirt and dust in the air, with a few fragments of wood. It was not until the bulldozers came back and nudged the stumps that we saw what had happened. The roots had been destroyed. Like old hulks of men who can be pushed and bullied about the slums of a large city, the stumps of Norfolk were harried into a dump.

◆

I could not go back to Teta's that night. I stayed with some Australians who had built their camp near the line of trees. "It's a bloody shime," one of them said in Anzac cockney. "One bloody line of trees on the bloody island, and we put the bloody airport there!"

Our thoughts were broken by a crashing explosion outside. We rushed out and saw in the moonlight a cloud of dust rising by the trees.

We hurried across the field. We found one of the smaller bulldozers blown to bits. Dynamite. "Those dirty bastards!" an Army engineer said. Then, in true military fashion, he got busy proving that it wasn't his fault. He shouted, "These things were supposed to be guarded. Sergeant!" He ran toward some lights shouting, "Sergeant! Sergeant!"

I left the Australians. I caught a glimpse of a woman running ahead of me. I hurried as fast as I could and overtook fat Lucy. I grabbed her by the shoulders and started to shake her, but she burst into a heavy flow of tears. I turned, therefore, toward old Teta's house and did so in time to see her door open and close. "Come along, Lucy!" I said.

In Teta's house Fry and the old woman were drinking rum. Teta was not puffing, but she seemed out of breath. Fry had obviously not moved for some time.

◆

The old woman droned on and on until it was obvious to me that she was drunk from too much of Tony's rum. Toward morning she left us and went into her bedroom. I sat drumming my fingers on the table and Tony said, "Come on! We'll drive Lucy home."

"I don't want to go home!" she cried.

"Get in the jeep!" Tony commanded, adding in a low voice, "You've done enough for one night."

The crazy girl climbed in behind us. At the hill Tony drove very slowly and pushed on the horn. Kids from everywhere came screaming in the night. "It's Lucy!" they shouted. "Lucy comin' home in the American jeep!"

"So she blew up the bulldozer?" I asked.

"That's right," Tony said sleepily. "She and Teta."

"Fry," I said coldly, "those two women could never in a million years figure out how to explode dynamite."

"It was an old bulldozer anyway," Fry said as we drove back to Teta's. "That's the one that broke down this afternoon and the Army man said it couldn't be fixed."

"Fry," I said, "you could be court-martialed for this."

Tony turned to face me. "Who would believe you?" he asked.

"I could understand your helping them in peacetime," I said, "but this is war."

"That's when people need help, commander!" Fry said quietly. "Not when everything is going smoothly."

"It's all so damned futile," I said. "Blowing up one bulldozer."

"Commander," Fry said with quiet passion, "right now I can see it. Some sawed-off runt in Dachau prison. Plotting his escape. Plotting to kill the guards. Working against the Nazis. You probably wouldn't invite him to your house for dinner. He smells. So futile. But by God, I'm for him. I'm on his side, commander." Fry punched me lightly on the shoulder. "These people on Norfolk can't be dismissed lightly," he continued. "They're like the little runt. If blowing up a broken bulldozer helps keep the spirit alive, that's OK with me."

Tony submitted a vague report on the bulldozer. I endorsed it and sent it on to my own files in Noumea. I don't know where it is now.

◆ One day in November, 1942, a group of admirals met in the Navy Building in Washington. They discussed the limited victory at Coral Sea. They estimated our chances on Guadalcanal. Toward the end of the meeting the officer who was serving as improvised chairman said, "We will take Kuralei!"

It was a preposterous decision. Our forces at that moment were more than a thousand enemy-held miles from Kuralei. We barely had enough planes in the Pacific to protect the Marines on Guadalcanal. Our ability to hold what we had grabbed and to digest what we held was uncertain. The outcome in the Pacific was undecided.

Seven months passed. An inspiring whisper was sweeping the Navy: "A big strike is on." But *where* was the strike directed? *When* was it timed to hit? *Alligator* was the code word decided upon. It was the Alligator operation.

The intensity, the inevitability, the grindingness of Alligator were too great for any one man to comprehend. It changed lives in every country in the world. It exacted a cost from every family in Japan and America. Babies were born and unborn because of Alligator, and because of Alligator a snub-nosed little girl in Columbia, South Carolina, who never in a hundred years would otherwise have found herself a husband, was proposed to by a Marine corporal she had met only once.

He was on the first wave that hit the beach, and the night before, when he thought of the next day, he cast up in his mind all the good things he had known in life. There was Mom and Pop, and an old Ford, and Saturday nights in a little Georgia town, and being a Marine, and being a corporal, and there wasn't a hell of a lot more. But there was that little girl in Columbia, South Carolina. She was plain, but she was nice. She was the kind of a girl that sort of looked up to a fellow. So this Marine borrowed a piece of paper and wrote to that girl: *"Dear Florella, Mabe you dont no who i am i am that marine Joe Blight brot over to see you. You was very sweet to me that night Florella and I want to tell you that if i . . ."*

But he didn't. Some don't. To Florella, though, who would never be married in a hundred years anyway, that letter, plus the one the chaplain sent with it . . . well, it was almost as good as being married.

◆ I think that Segi Point, at the southern end of New Georgia, is my favorite spot in the South Pacific. I cannot tell you what the charm of Segi was. Partly it was the natives, who made lovely canes of ebony and pearl. Partly it was the mission boys, who, as you will see, sang in Latin. It was the limes, too, best in the Solomons, the fishing, the great air battles where your friends died, and the blue-green coral water. But mostly, I guess, it was Tony Fry.

On my trips up and down The Slot I made it a point to stop off at Segi whenever I could. Tony had a small hut on the hillside overlooking the tiny fighter strip. There I was sure of a welcome, a hot bath, some good food, and a native boy to do my laundry. When Tony pulled out the cork of a whiskey bottle, draped a long leg over a chair, pointed a long finger at you, and asked, "How about those planes?" you could tell at once that his combination of laziness, insolence, competence and good breeding could have been concocted only at Yale.

It was Tony's job to run the Wine Mess at Segi Point. Officers who drank more than I never missed Segi, even if they had to wreck their planes to justify a landing. Admiral Kester might be low on whiskey; Tony Fry, no.

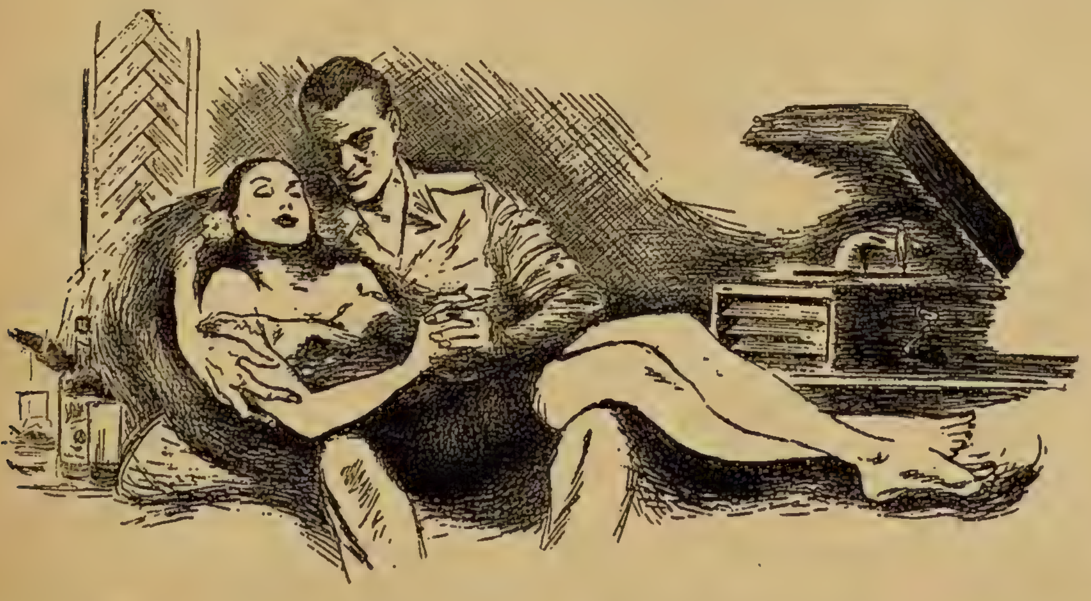
Word seeped out that there would soon be a strike at Kuralei or Truk. There was pretty good authority for the belief that the crowd at Segi Point would be in on it. Therefore the skipper said, "This will be our last Christmas here. We'll make it the best there ever was!"

◆ It was the third week in December when Tony discovered that he could get no more whiskey from his regular sources. I was his guest at the time. With nebulous permission from his skipper he told Bus Adams to get old *Bouncing Belch* stripped for action. The *Belch* was a condemned TBF which Fry and Adams had patched together for the purpose of carrying beer back from Guadalcanal. If you had your beer sent up by surface craft, you lost half of it. Solicitous deck hands sampled it hourly to see if it was getting too hot.

We started out from Segi one stinking hot December morning at 0900. We had with us $350 in mess funds, four dynamotors, a radio that would pick up Tokyo Rose, and an electric iron. We proposed to hop about and horsetrade until we got refreshments for Christmas.

There was whiskey in Noumea. Barrels of it. Using our official permit, we bought $350 worth and then tossed in all the spare cash we had. We traded our dynamotors, ice machine, electric iron, and hot-water heater for more. If we could have traded the rear end of the *Belch* we would have done so. We wound up with twenty-two cases of Christmas cheer. We locked it in a warehouse, gave the mechanics two bottles for checking the engine, and set out to find some fun in Noumea.

Next morning Bus and Tony looked at one another, each waiting for the other to make the suggestion.



Latouche and I sat and played records. When she grew tired, she would kiss me.

Finally Bus gave in. "Tony," he drawled, "what do you say we fly up to Luana Pori and look around?" Fry, as if his heart were not thumping for such a trip, yawned and said casually, "Why don't we?" And I, who had never seen either Luana Pori or the Frenchman's daughter, made patterns with my toe and wondered, "Why don't they get started? They're both dying to go."

We flew north over the hundred islands of New Caledonia, down the valleys between massive mountains, and over to Luana Pori. Bus lowered the *Belch* for a wild buzzing of the plantation. The Frenchman's daughter ran out into the garden and waved. I could see her standing on tiptoe, a handsome, black-haired Javanese girl. She turned gracefully with her arms up and watched us.

◆

At the airfield Tony gave the mechanics a quart of whiskey for a jeep. As we drew near the plantation, I could see that he was excited. Then I saw why. At the white fence the Frenchman's daughter was waiting for us. She was like an ancient statuette, carved of gold.

"This is Madame Latouche De Becque Barzan," Bus began. But she ignored me. She rushed to Tony, caught him in her arms, and pulled his face down for a shower of kisses. Every gesture she made was like the exquisite posing of a jeweled statue.

"Tony!" she whispered. "I dream you coming back. I see you so plain." She led him to a small white house near the edge of her garden and Bus took me to the salon at Luana Pori. I had heard much of this place, of the way in which American officers used it as a kind of club. Bus sat down at the piano and picked out "The Last Time I Saw Paris" with two fingers. He tried a few chords.

"The ice, Monsieur Bus!" a tinkling voice behind me announced. I whirled around. A young Javanese girl, more delicate even than her sister, stood in the doorway. Bus leaped from the piano and caught her by the waist, kissing her across the bowl of ice. "This is Laurencin De Becque," he cried delightedly. "And your sisters?"

"They're coming," Laurencin said softly. In a moment they appeared.

"Marthe," Bus said gravely, "and Josephine." He kissed each one lightly.

"Not so many Americans here now," Laurencin said to me. "They all up north. I think they try to take Kuralei next." I gasped at the easy way she discussed what to me was a top secret.

Marthe disappeared and soon returned with some sandwiches. Tony and Latouche appeared. A two-engined plane came in for a landing. It would be our pilot to Espiritu.

"We better be shoving!" Bus said presently. "It's a long hop to Santo. That C-47 won't wait for us."

We went to the jeep escorted by the Army men and the three sisters. We buzzed the garden while waiting for the C-47 to take to the air. The younger girls ran out and threw kisses to us. But not Latouche. Goodbyes for her were terrible, whether one said them to human beings or to airplanes.

The C-47 landed right behind us at Luganville. "We'll be going north at 0400," the pilot said. "You can tag along if you want."

At 0400 we were in the air again, climbing to 12,000 feet, where the temperature felt like Christmas. From the bomb bay Tony whistled "Jingle Bells" into the mike. As we landed at Guadal a groundcrewman hurried up and told us we were spitting oil. It was hydraulic fluid. So that was it! Bus laughed and said all the old girl needed was another drink. But even as he spoke the port wheel slowly folded up.

"Can you fix it by 1400?" Bus asked.

"Can't do it, sir," the mechanic replied.

"If you knew what we had in there, you'd be able to," Bus said.

"What's in her?" the mech asked.

"Tomorrow's Christmas, ain't it?" Bus countered.

"You ain't foolin' there, sir!" the mech grinned.

"Well, maybe you fix that hydraulic system, maybe tomorrow really will be Christmas!"

The mech hunched his shoulders up and tried not to appear too happy. "You can take her up at 1400. But I ain't sayin' you can get her down later."

"You see to it that she gets up, pal," Bus said. "I'll get her down!"

◆

When Bus and I looked around, Tony was gone. We didn't see him for several hours, and then at 1400 an ambulance clanged furiously across the field.

"Where's the *Bouncing Belch?*" the driver cried in some agitation.

"What's up!" I shouted. "What's happened?"

"Nothin'," the ambulance driver replied. "I just want to get rid of this damned washing machine and get back to the hospital." He jumped out of the ambulance and threw the doors open. There was Tony Fry, riding in comfort, with the prettiest white washing machine you ever saw!

"Don't ask me where I got it!" he yelled. "Give the driver two cases of whiskey!" We broke out the whiskey and turned it over to the sweating driver. He shook Tony's hand warmly and drove off as we loaded the washing machine, priceless above opals, in the *Belch.*

"Are the wheels up?" Bus asked, when we were airborne.

There was a long silence and then Tony's languid voice: "All but the starboard!" he said. "And the port is dragging, too!"

"Well, anyway, we're up!" Bus said. "Even if the wheels aren't."

Bus cleared with the tower at Segi. "I've got a washing machine, nineteen cases of whiskey, and Tony Fry in the bomb compartment," he announced. Then, with nerve and know-how, he brought *Bouncing Belch* in for her last landing. She pancaked in and screamed ahead, cutting herself to death upon the coral.

◆

That night we celebrated on Segi Point! Many toasts were drunk to the *Bouncing Belch.* There would never be another like her! Tony, in honor of the occasion, set up his washing machine and ran through a preliminary laundry of six khaki shirts and some underwear. Already the washer was supplanting the *Belch* in his affections.

At 2300 the chaplain held Christmas Eve services. Even men already drunk attended. In simple manner the chaplain reminded us of Christmas. He read in slow voice the glorious passage from St. Luke: *"And it came to pass . . . to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife . . . And there were in the same country . . . I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . lying in a manger . . . and on earth peace, good will toward men."* Then a choir of mission boys, dressed only in khaki shorts, rose and sang five Christmas carols. They sang "Adeste Fideles" in Latin, and "Silent Night" in German. Their voices were majestic. Between numbers they grinned at the little sailor who had taught them the carols.

Finally the skipper took over. He said only a few words. "I see from the glassy stares of some of you men that you have already received certain presents." A roar went up. "I have a Christmas present of another kind for you!" He paused and unfolded a small piece of yellow paper. "The news is in, men! It came this afternoon!" The excitement was unbearable. "You have been selected to hit the next beachhead!"

There was a moment of silence, and then somebody started to cheer. The long waiting was over! Another voice took up the shout, and for more than two minutes Segi Point echoed with hoarse cheers. These men had their Christmas present, a grim and bloody one. Yet their shout of thanks could be heard half a mile away along the shore.

◆

"The loneliness! The longing!" An aviator was throwing words into the cool night at Konora. We knew the landing on Kuralei was not far off. We were thinking of hungry things.

One of the words hit Bus Adams. "Damn!" he cried. "I tell you! Sometimes out here I've had a longing that almost broke my guts in two." Stars blazed over the silent lagoon. "To bomb a Jap ship! To see a football game in the snow. To kiss the Frenchman's daughter."

We leaned forward. A Frenchman! And his daughter! It sounded like a fine, sexy story. In many ways it was.

There were two houses at Luana Pori—Bus began. There was the Red House for enlisted men. The Green House was for officers, of course. The Frenchman's daughter had nothing to do with the two houses at Luana Pori. Of that I am convinced. The girl was part Javanese. She was about twenty-three, weighed less than a hundred pounds, and was five feet three. She had wide shoulders and thin hips. She was clever, witty, pensive, industrious, hot-tempered, and—well—pretty damned sexy. In a nice way, you understand.

I think, said Bus, everyone who dined with Latouche Barzan will agree that dinner with her was a memorable affair. On her plantation were many small houses. One was a marvelous salon. It was made of woven bamboo—floor, roofing and side panels. In it were twelve or fifteen chairs, four small tables, three long benches and a bar. Before dinner we gathered there for drinks.

You could find most of the officers on Luana Pori at Latouche's. Everyone was welcome. Latouche sat at the head of the table. While we waited for the soup to be served there was a moment of great anticipation. Then Latouche's three sisters entered. First was Josephine. She was nineteen. More Javanese than Latouche. She was engaged to a Marine sergeant. When he almost got killed on Konora, he became like a wild man. His C.O. let him hitchhike back more than two thousand miles to marry her. She was like that. Laurencin was seventeen. Beautiful like Latouche. Marthe was only fifteen when I saw her first. She was the queen of the group. There was a good deal of food spilt at Luana Pori, mostly by young men looking at Marthe.

Latouche served excellent meals. When dinner was over she led her guests back to the salon, where six or seven attractive French women of the islands were waiting. I understand not less than six marriages resulted from Latouche's dinners.

But for me the best part came when Noé, the servant, finished removing the dishes and took the pressure lamp back to the kitchen. Then Latouche and I sat in the shadowy darkness of the dining house and played records on the old Victrola her father had brought her from Australia. When she grew tired, she would kiss me softly in the ear and whisper, "This next one for Mister Bus Adams, special." Then she would play Yvonne Printemps' French recording of "Au clair de la lune."

The last record was for Latouche. Then I kissed her, and she closed her eyes. By the way, have you ever heard Hildegarde sing "The Last Time I Saw Paris"? Not much of a song, but brother, when you hear it in a bamboo room, with Latouche Barzan in your arms . . .

"Bus?" she whispered. "Paris? What it like?"

◆

I would try to tell her. I made up a lot, for she was mad to know about Paris. When the music stopped and my voice with it, Latouche would kiss me wildly and cry, "Oh, Bus! I wish you not married. I wish my husban' he dead. You and I we get married . . ."

"Latouche!" I whispered. "For God's sake, don't talk like that."

I felt funny inside. You know how it is. You're out in the islands. You have a wife, but you don't have a wife. I didn't blame Latouche for wanting her husband dead. Achille Barzan was a pretty poor sort, the son of French peasants who had been deported to Noumea years before for some crime, no one remembered what. Their son married Latouche De Becque, bastard daughter of a renegade Frenchman.

The family could do nothing to make her stop ridiculing old Pétain. In Noumea, most substantial men were Pétainists. The Barzans were pleasantly surprised when Latouche suddenly became disciplined, accepted her husband's judgment, and became a respectable Pétainist. They were even more surprised when two boats put into the bay and a group of fiery men, led by Latouche's own father, stormed ashore and placed everyone under arrest. Everyone, that is, except Achille, who fled to the jungle.

Latouche brought her three sisters to the plantation before the Americans came. She reasoned that the Yanks would occupy Luana Pori. She wanted her sisters ready. Even during the agonizing days of the Coral Sea battles she refused to move inland.

◆

Lt. Col. Haricot stormed into the salon one night about seven and stood at attention like a gauleiter. "Everything on this plantation stolen from the United States government will be hauled away tomorrow morning," he announced. He even clapped his hands, and a very young lieutenant made a note of the order. Then he nodded to a French woman much older than Latouche and started to go.

"But I own everything," Latouche said, interrupting his passage.

"Are you the madame's daughter?" he asked pompously.

"I am Madame Barzan! You think I some mean old woman steal government property from U.S.A.?" She pouted at him.

"No," he replied cajolingly. "Not steal. But you have it all the same, and I've got to get it back."

"What you think you take?" Latouche asked, her chin stuck out.

"That generator," Haricot replied.

"Colonel Hensley gave me that." The colonel was taken aback by the name.

"He had no right to do that," he blustered.

"And I have it rebuilt," Latouche insisted. "No damn good when I get it. Salvaged! See, I got bills right here. I no s'pose you take that away, Colonel Haricot!"

"Everything goes tomorrow morning. We start at nine o'clock. This stealing of government property has got to stop." He clicked his heels again and left. He'd teach these Frenchmen a thing or two.

Of course, we worked half the night hiding G.I. gear all through the jungle. In the morning Haricot appeared with his men and hauled away the odds and ends we had overlooked. But they didn't take the generator! Latouche calmly loaded a Marine revolver with American ball cartridges, and stood guard over the power plant. Haricot studied her wryly for a moment and ordered his men elsewhere.

When the work was completed the colonel appeared in the salon. "Gentlemen," he said dramatically. "This place is now off limits. A guard has been posted!"

◆

The fun started when the sergeant in charge of the guard applied to the colonel for permission to marry Mlle. Marthe De Becque. "Who's she?" the colonel asked.

"She's Madame Barzan's sister, sir."

"You mean up at the plantation?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Damn it all! I told you to guard the place, not invade it. How long has this been going on?"

"I fell in love with her."

"What were you doing inside the gates?"

"I wasn't inside the gates, sir! She came outside. That is, after I went inside."

"What in the world goes on here?" the confused colonel shouted. "You jump in that jeep!"

Latouche greeted Haricot with demure attention. "Something missing at the camp?" she asked.

"Sir?" the colonel bellowed at me. "What are you doing here?"

"Problem at the PT base, sir," I explained. "Important business."

"Oh!" the colonel replied. After all, it was customary for the Navy to have a lieutenant doing what a colonel did in the Army. He studied me and then turned toward Latouche.

"Army in trouble, Colonel Haricot?" she asked.

"This man says he wants to marry your sister."

"My sister? Laurencin? Noé!" she called. "Send Laurencin."

"It's Marthe," the sergeant protested, but Latouche ignored him.

"You shut up!" the colonel ordered.

Soon Laurencin, blushing prettily, entered the room. She, like her sister, had a sprig of frangipani in her hair.

"What's this I hear, Laurencin?" Latouche demanded abruptly. "You fall in love with this boy?"

"It's Marthe!" the sergeant protested.

"You be still!" Haricot thundered. He was rather enjoying the scene. By heavens, he could understand how the young fellow . . .

Laurencin held up her frail hands. "I never seen him before," she said.

"What's that?" Haricot demanded.

"It's her sister!" the sergeant said again.

"I know it's her sister," the colonel shouted.

"Oh!" Latouche cried in mock embarrassment. "Oh, Colonel Haricot!" She gently pushed the colonel in the chest. "Of course! My other sister! Noé! Ask Marthe to come in!" She took the colonel by the arm and pressed quite closely to him. "Come over to this chair," she suggested. "It's warm today."

Laurencin, blushing, entered the room.

When Marthe came in there was no acting. She went to the sergeant and held his hand. Colonel Haricot, buttered up by now, smiled at the girl. "And what is your name?"

"Marthe," the girl replied.

"And you want to marry my sergeant?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can't do it!" Haricot blustered. "Too many marriages out here. Bad for morale."

This turn of events pleased Latouche highly. She did not want Marthe marrying the first boy she met. As a matter of fact, Latouche had her eye on Haricot as a very proper husband for either Laurencin or Marthe. He had money, was not ugly, and looked as if his wife could manage him pretty easily.

That night Lt. Col. Haricot returned to the plantation. He said to himself, "I'll look the place over. See that the guards are on duty."

But when he entered the dining house and found a dinner party in progress, he was taken off guard. "I . . ." He sputtered a bit. Then he snapped to attention and said in low, harsh tones, "Madame Barzan! If you don't quit this, I'll close this joint up forever. And," he threatened darkly, "I'll close your two houses up there on the hill, too!"

Like an angry cat Latouche sprang at the man and slapped his face four times. Then she kicked him in the legs. I was first at her side and pulled her away. "Never say that, Colonel Haricot!" she hissed. "They not my houses! Next time I kill you!"

He turned sharply and left the dining room. At the wicket gate he stopped and gave the sentries strict orders to shoot if any officers tried to leave the plantation. Then he drove hurriedly down the road.

Deep within him a voice kept saying over and over, *"They were having a good time.* And I'm not having a good time. I've never had any fun since I left high school in Terre Haute. Maybe they sing after dinner! Or maybe they just sit around and talk. There was nothing wrong there tonight. *And they were having a good time."*

◆

We were all in the salon when he came back. The officers rose and bowed. Haricot was in his early forties and fat. His rump was quite round and bobbed grotesquely when he clicked his heels before Latouche. "I have come to apologize," he said simply. "I acted like a fool."

Latouche rose, extended her lovely hand, and forgave him. She managed to brush against him hesitatingly as she did so. Col. Haricot made a motion as if he wished to sit down and apologize further. But Latouche had foreseen this. Gently twining her arm in his she said, "I am so sorry, Colonel Haricot, after you so nice to come back this way. I have engagement with the pilot here." Whereupon, with no further comment, she grabbed my arm and led me from the salon.

Outside she sprang into activity. "Noé!" she called in a low voice. "Hurry! Find Laurencin!" When that frail girl, then only seventeen, came up, Latouche hurriedly adjusted her sister's dress, straightened the flowers in her hair, and kissed her. "Look pretty," she whispered. "Now you' big chance!" She half slapped, half pushed the hesitating Laurencin toward the salon door where Colonel Haricot was preparing to leave.

A few days later the guard was removed.

◆

Our drowsy routine was broken when we found that Marthe was going to have a baby. "That sergeant!" Latouche sniffled. She pulled Marthe tenderly into a big chair made of teakwood. "How this thing happen?" she asked softly.

"I love him." Marthe buried her head on her sister's shoulder. "We get a room in the Green House."

Latouche sprang to her feet and threw Marthe to the floor. Then, in great fury, she dashed to her bedroom and returned with her revolver. I dived at her and caught her by the wrist. I wrenched the revolver from her.

She panted heavily for a moment and then said, "We go now, Bus." I followed her to the jeep Colonel Haricot had loaned her. She climbed in. We drove to the Green House. Eight or ten cars stood outside. Inside we could hear the cheap piano and sounds of dancing. Latouche pushed the door wide open. The girls inside gasped as they saw her flashing beauty. "It's Madame Barzan!" they whispered, and drew back along the wall.

Latouche surveyed the garish room. Then, seeing the madame in a plush chair, she walked up, grabbed the plump middle-aged woman by the shoulders and dragged her to her feet.

"Damned fool!" Latouche hissed. She slapped the woman's face eight or ten times and gave her a brutal shove in the stomach. "Good thing the officer take away my gun. I kill you for sure! My sister in here!" She turned slowly and studied the room and its occupants. "We go!" she said.

Back at the plantation Latouche sought Marthe and told her she was sorry. She placed her arm about the lovely little girl and began to cry a little.

From the snorts and puffings outside we judged that Colonel Haricot had arrived with the offending sergeant, whom he was giving some sound abuse. He entered the salon in the grand manner, bowed low to Latouche, and tenderly approached Marthe as if that poor child were already encouched.

"Well!" he shouted at the embarrassed sergeant. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I want to marry her," the sergeant said, stepping beside his pale sweetheart.

"It's about time!" the colonel snorted. Then he magnanimously grasped the sergeant's hand, adding in a voice of great emotion, "It's good to see a decent fellow play the man." The sergeant was bewildered. He had wanted to marry Marthe from the first day he had seen her.

At this moment Laurencin entered the salon. The colonel looked at her briefly and dropped his head, blushing furiously. "We are going to be married, too," he said.

"Oh, Colonel Haricot!" Latouche cried, as if she alone in the salon were surprised at this astonishing news. As senior naval officer present, I was very crisp, very proper. I extended the congratulations of my service.

"I don't know what they'll say in Terre Haute!" Haricot chuckled. "But to the devil with them, whatever they say. I wrote to my mother about Laurencin. Her being half Javanese, you know. Mom was very broadminded. Been giving money to missions all her life. A Baptist, Mom is. She said if she'd given all that money to save souls, she guessed some of them must be saved by now!" He nudged me and grinned.

◆

Lt. Col. Haricot and Laurencin were married in the salon. An island missionary, a Baptist, officiated. Tony Fry was best man. I gave the bride away. As always, I had tears in my eyes. I'm a sucker for a wedding.

At the reception Latouche pressed my hand and said in a hushed voice, "Meet me by the shed. Please." My heart thumped as I hastened down a dark path which led to the little huts in which the Javanese workmen lived. Latouche was waiting for me in the shadows. To my dismay, Tony was with her. "A surprise!" she said.

There, ahead of us, in a hollow square formed by two huts, the shed, and a bamboo screen, the local Buddhists had set up a temple. They were holding sacred ceremonials to honor the marriage of Marthe De Becque and her American sergeant. We sat upon the ground. In ghastly and uncertain light from flickering candles Marthe and the sergeant stood before the priest.

Suddenly there was a disturbance behind me. Into the holy place strode a gaunt Frenchman. Achille Barzan was down from the hills. He rushed toward the altar and knocked it over. Then seeing Latouche he lunged at her. I interceded. Barzan struck me with a heavy club. I stumbled backward. I thought my arm was broken.

Seeing this, Latouche screamed and rushed from the enclosure. Her flowing gown caught in the bamboo screen and pulled it down. She rushed up the hill toward the safety of her white house. I made a football dive for Barzan but bumped into Tony Fry instead.

Latouche did not reach her room in time to lock the door. In a wild burst of fury Achille Barzan pushed his way into the white house. Swinging his club over his head, he lunged at his wife. There were four pistol shots. Barzan, stumbling backward, clutched twice at the stars, and fell dead.

◆

In the long questioning that ensued Lt. Col. Haricot was superb. The French interrogators liked him. He had a French name and could speak their language badly enough to win both their respect and pity. He was also a moral man, a man of sentiment. Colonel Haricot pointed out four facts. "Had Achille Barzan threatened his wife?" He had. "Had he tried to break the American pilot's arm?" He had. "Had he raised a club to strike his wife?" Nine witnesses saw that. "Had she shot him in self-defense?" Obviously.

Well, commissioner? Well . . . Yes . . . Of course, Madame Barzan must be arrested, yes. A mere formality. Colonel Haricot's testimony had already taken care of that.

Of course, Colonel Haricot had to leave Luana Pori. He had, in a sense, disgraced the Army. Marrying a half-caste. Mixed up in a murder. He kissed Laurencin lovingly before he left.

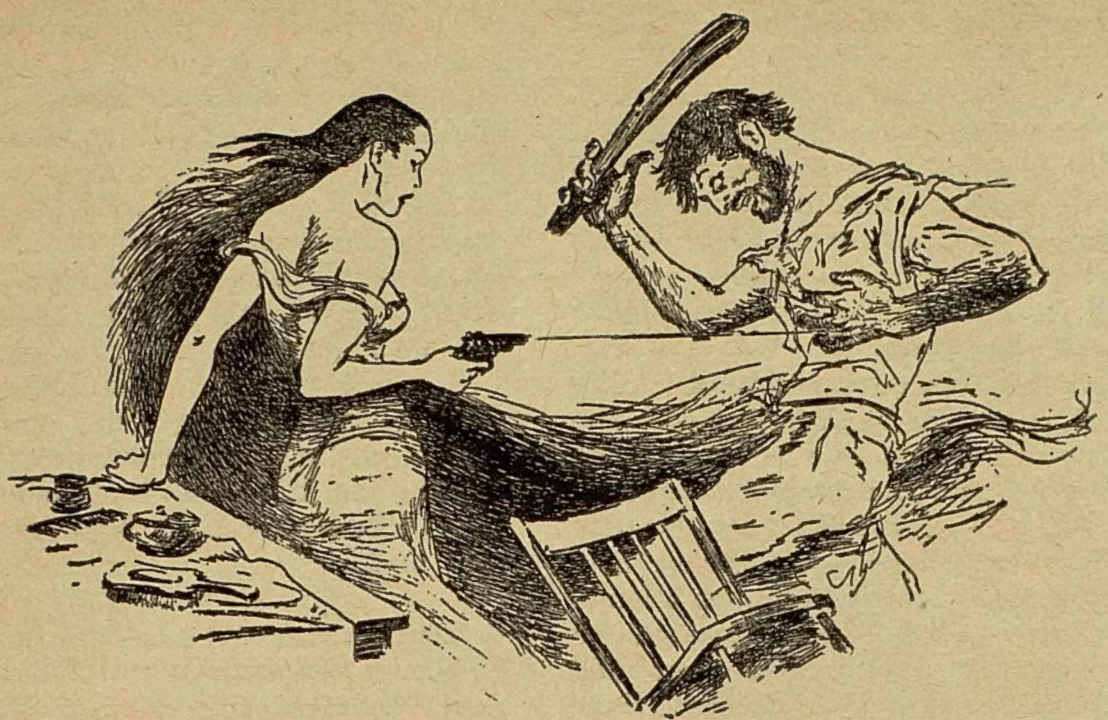
I knew we were moving north to Kuralei, Bus went on. I had done little more than get the jeeps and bulldozers ready for the ship when Tony came to see me.

"Bus, I want you to be my best man. I'm getting married."

"It won't stand up in court," I said, rubbing my head. "You're just kidding yourself and the girl."

"Now look, Bus," Tony said very quietly. "I know what I want. I'm a big boy. See? This girl's for me."

"Tony, that Achille Barzan deal! The girl's little better than a murderess! I'm sorry, but there it is."



Swinging his club over his head, he lunged at his wife. There were four pistol shots.

"Bus," he chuckled, "you're a lovely guy. That Achille Barzan deal, as you call it. What would you say if I told you that Latouche and I planned every step? For days and days. Natives reported each morning where Barzan was hiding. We paid them to let Barzan overhear that Marthe was being married. When and where. We knew he was coming. We considered six different ways of doing him in. I wanted to shoot him myself. Take a general court. Self-defense. Latouche could join me later. But she figured a better way. She knew he hated her because she went on being a Buddhist. Same time she was a Catholic. We knew Barzan would try to break up the wedding."

"So it was all an act?"

"No, it was real. Your arm was almost broken, wasn't it? He tried to kill her with a club, didn't he? Just as we planned it. We knew you would try to catch Achille before he reached the door. Why do you suppose I bumped you when you started to chase him? Did you think you stumbled?"

That Saturday night Tony married the girl. On Sunday the ship came to take us north. I hurried out to the plantation to get Fry. I found him sitting on a bench among the flowers. Latouche lay with her head in his lap. He was reading to her.

"The ship's in," I said.

"Well," Latouche replied, "it got to come some time."

"I'll go pack," Tony said. Latouche shrugged her shoulders and followed him across the garden. Her black hair blew lightly over her shoulder. Her legs were slim and resolute, an anchorage in the ocean of any guy's despair.

Well, you know what happened—Bus ended his tale—we moved up to Santo and waited there a while.

◆

It was now midsummer. The sun blazed directly overhead, and at times it seemed as if we could stand the heat no longer. But we had to work, for a strike was in progress. Upon us depended the success of Alligator, the Kuralei operation.

So all through the steaming hell of January and February we worked on. Each day a few men would find their prickly heat unbearable and would have to be hospitalized. Or fungus would break out in their ears. Or athlete's foot would incapacitate them. Incessant glare of sun on coral sent some to the hospital until their eyes recovered, and once or twice men keeled over for no reason. We sluiced them off with cold water and sent them to bed for the day. But mostly we worked on.

For a long period prior to the actual landing on Kuralei and before the attack on Konora, I served as Admiral Kester's representative at the Naval Supply Depot which was to provision the fleet serving in those operations. Constantly, in a stream that varied only in size, officers and men from the fleet came to the Depot. They came with chits, signed always by some nebulous authority whom they considered sound but whom the men at the Depot had never heard of. "We got to have two thousand feet of Grade A wire," a seaman would plead urgently. "Give him 1200 feet!" There was no appeal. "We need four more gas stoves." "Give him three." "Skipper says we got to have two more Aldis lamps." "Where you headed?" "North." "OK. Give him two."

In two weeks you heard every possible excuse for getting equipment. You became calloused and looked at everyone as if he were a crook. At church, if you went, you wondered, "What's he saying that for? What is it he wants?" Suspicious, charged with heavy responsibility, eager to see the fleet go forth well armed but knowing the men of the fleet were a gang of robbers, you worked yourself dizzy and knocked off twenty-five percent from each request.

I was on the LCS-108 when we hit Kuralei. I joined the small ship at Noumea and was on it nine days before we hit the beachhead.

LCS-108 was a landing craft, very small, loaded with guns. It was the smallest ship that went to the invasion under its own power. Its job was to carry an initial assault crew of twenty-five volunteers who were willing to do anything at the invasion and to do it first. This crew expected to wade ashore through three feet of water breaking on coral against an enemy-held beach. The other seventy-five men formed a heavily armed reserve unit to throw in where the fighting became thickest. The crew itself, about thirty men, were to man the antiaircraft guns and harass the enemy with rockets.

◆

We would have captured Kuralei according to plan if it had not been for Lt. Col. Kenjuro Hyaichi. An honor graduate from California Tech, he was a likely choice for the job the Japs gave him.

At 0527 our first amphibs hit the coral shelf which protruded underwater from the shore. They had reached a point twenty feet from the beach, when all hell ripped loose. Lt. Col. Hyaichi's fixed guns blasted our amphibs right out of the water. A few men reached shore. They walked the last twenty feet through a haze of bullets.

At 0536 our second wave reached the imaginary line twenty feet from shore. The Jap five-inch guns ripped loose. Of nine craft going in, five were sunk. Of the three hundred men in those five amphibs, more than one hundred were killed outright. Another hundred died wading to shore. But some reached shore. They formed a company, the first on Kuralei.

It was now dawn. The LCS-108 had nosed in toward the coral reef to report the landings. We sent word to the flagship. Admiral Kester started to sweat at his wrists. "Call off all landing attempts for eighteen minutes," he said.

At 0544 our ship laid down a gigantic barrage. On the small beach to the west of the promontory 118 men huddled together as the shells ripped overhead. Our code for this beach was Green; for the one to the east, Red. The lone walkie-talkie on Green Beach got the orders: "Wait till the bombardment ends. Proceed to the first line of coconut trees." Before the signalman could answer, one of our short shells landed among the men. The survivors re-formed, but they had no walkie-talkie.

At 0602 the third wave of amphibs set out for the beach. The vast bombardment rode over their heads until they were onto the coral shelf. Then a shattering silence followed. It was full morning. The sun was rising. Our amphibs waddled over the coral. At the fatal twenty-foot line some Japs opened up on the amphibs. Three were destroyed. But eight got through and deposited their men ashore. Jap machine gunners and snipers tied into tall trees took a heavy toll. But our men formed and set out for the coconut trees.

They were halfway to the jagged stumps when the Japs opened fire from carefully dug trenches behind the trees. Our men tried to outfight the bullets but could not. They retreated to the beach. The coconut grove was lined with fixed positions.

As our men withdrew they watched a hapless amphib broach to on the coral. It hung suspended, turning slowly. A Jap shell hit it full in the middle. It rose in the air. Bodies danced violently against the rising sun and fell back dead upon the coral. "Them poor guys," the Marines on the beach said.

◆

At 0631 American planes appeared. F6F's. They strafed the first trench until no man but a Jap could live. They ripped Green Beach for twelve minutes. Then the next wave of amphibs went in.

At 0710 the big ships opened up again. They fired for twenty-eight minutes this time. When they stopped, our men tried again. This time they reached the trees, but were again repulsed. Almost four hundred men were ashore now. They formed in tight circles along the edge of the beach. At 0748 we heard the news from Red Beach, on the other side of the promontory. "Repulsed four times. First men now safely ashore!" Four times! we said. Why, that's worse than here!

At 1400 our men were still huddled on the beach. At 1422 Admiral Kester put into operation his alternative plan. While slim beachheads were maintained at Red and Green, all available shock troops were ordered to hit the rugged western side of the promontory.

At 1425 we got our orders. "LCS-108. All hands to Objective 66." The men winked at one another. They climbed into the landing barges.

Lt. Col. Hyaichi's men waited. Then two fixed guns whose sole purpose was to wait for such a landing fired. Shells ripped through the barges. One with men from 108 turned in the air. Its men flung their arms outward and tried to fly free, but the barge caught them all. A few swam out from under. They could not touch bottom, so they swam for the shore, as they had been trained to do. A few reached shore. One man cried out to a friend. "Red Beach! Green Beach! Sonova Beach!" You can see that in the official reports: "At 1430 elements from LCS-108 and the transport *Julius Kennedy* started operations at Sonova Beach." . . .

◆

Field headquarters were set up that night on Green Beach. I went ashore in the dark. It was strange to think that so many men had died there. The reports dragged in. We were exactly where Alligator said we should be. Everything according to plan. That is, all but one detail. Casualties were far above estimate. We hadn't expected a Cal Tech honors graduate to be waiting for us on the very beach we wanted.

"We'll have to appoint a new beachmaster," a young officer reported to the colonel.

"Ours get it?" the colonel asked.

"Yessir. He went inland with the troops."

"Goddam it!" the colonel shouted. "I told Fry a hundred times . . . Well, we lost a damned good beachmaster. You take over tomorrow."

I grabbed the new beachmaster by the arm. "Tony Fry?"

"Yes. You know him?"

"Yes," I said weakly. "How?"

"If you know him, you can guess." The young officer wiped his face. "His job on the beach was done. No more craft coming in. We were attacking the blockhouse. Fry followed us in. Our captain said, 'Better stay back there, lieutenant. This is Marines' work.' Fry laughed and turned back. That was when the Japs hit from the cliffs. Our own rockets wiped out some of our men. Fry grabbed a carbine. But the Japs got him right away. Two slugs in the belly."

I felt sick. "Thanks," I said.

The colonel came over. He grabbed my arm. "What's the matter, son? You better take a shot of that sleeping stuff," he said.

"I'm all right," I said. "I was thinking about a couple of guys."

"We all are," the colonel said. He had the sad, tired look that old men wear when they have sent young men to die.

◆

I went out to dig a place to sleep. Two men in a foxhole were talking. Eager for some kind of companionship, I listened in the darkness.

"Don't give me that stuff," one was saying. "Europe is twice as tough as this! Wait till we try to hit France! I doubt we get a ship ashore. Them Krauts is plenty tough."

"You read too many papers!" the second Marine argued. "You think when they write up this war they won't say the Jap was the toughest soldier we ever met?"

"Look! I tell you a thousand times. We ain't met the Jap yet. Mark my words. When we finally tangle with him in some place like the Philippines . . ."

"What were we doin' today? Who was them little yellow fellows? Snow White and the Dwarfs?"

"Now wait! Now wait just a minute! Answer me one question. Just one question! Was it as tough as you thought it would be?"

There was a long moment of silence. These were the men who had landed in the first wave. The young man carefully considered the facts. "No," he said.

"See what I mean?" his heckler reasoned.

"But it wasn't no pushover, neither," the young man defended himself. "Maybe it *was* as tough as I thought last night! Burke, I was scared when we hit the beach."

"Just a rough tussle!" the older man assured him. "You thank your lucky stars you ain't goin' up against the Krauts. That's big-league stuff!"

Silence and then another question: "But if the Japs is such pushovers, why you want me to stand guard tonight while you sleep?"

"It's war! If we was fighting the Eyetalians, we'd still stand guard! Plain common sense! Call me at midnight. I'll let you get some sleep." ◆ ◆

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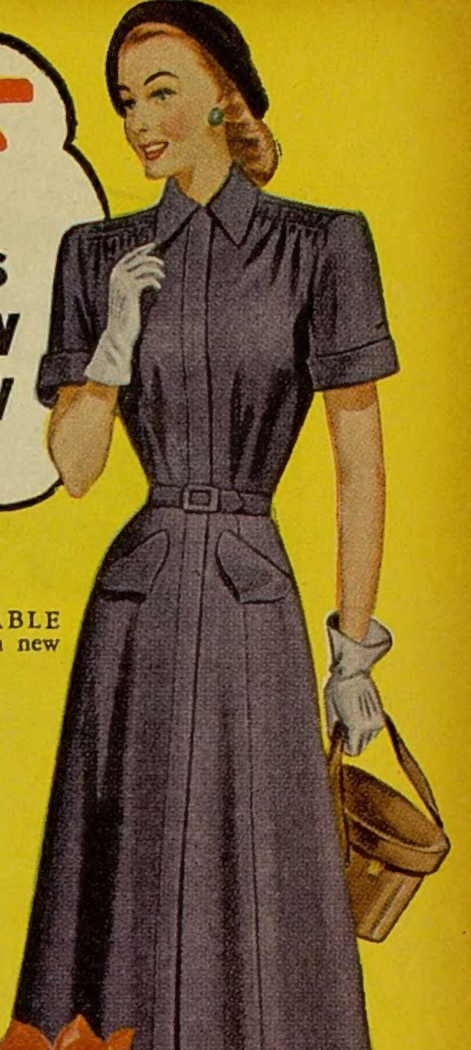

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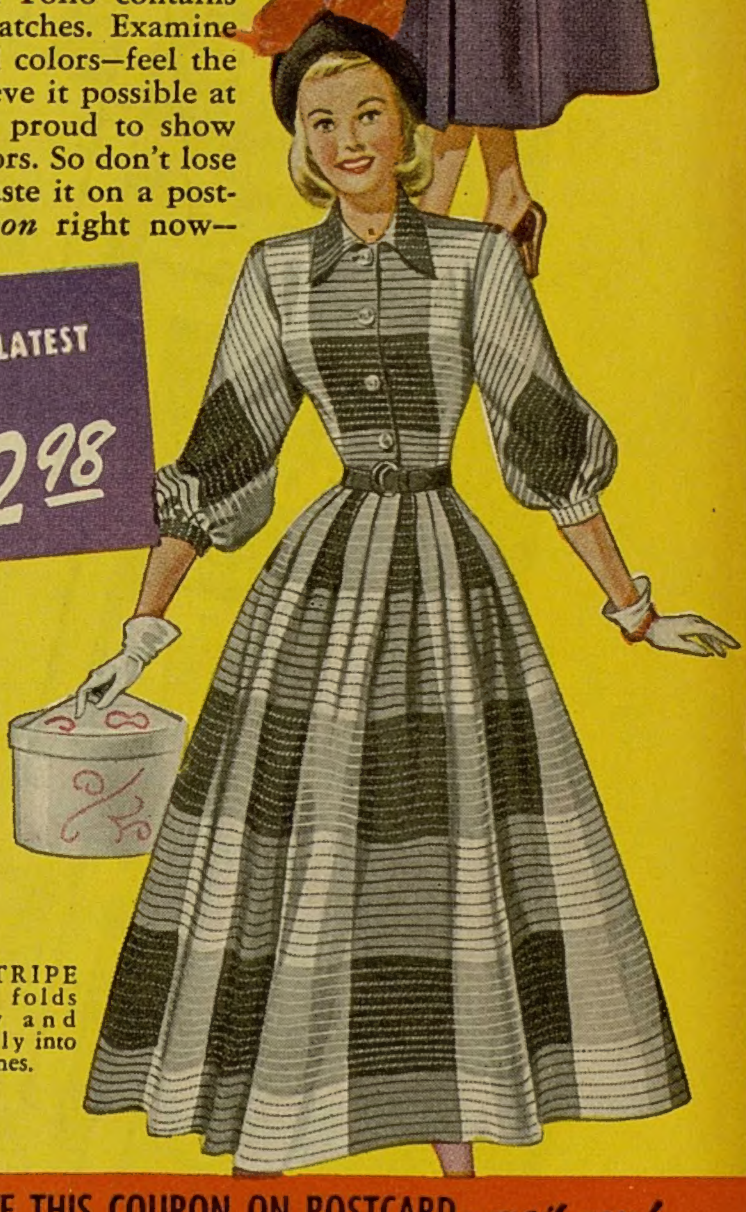

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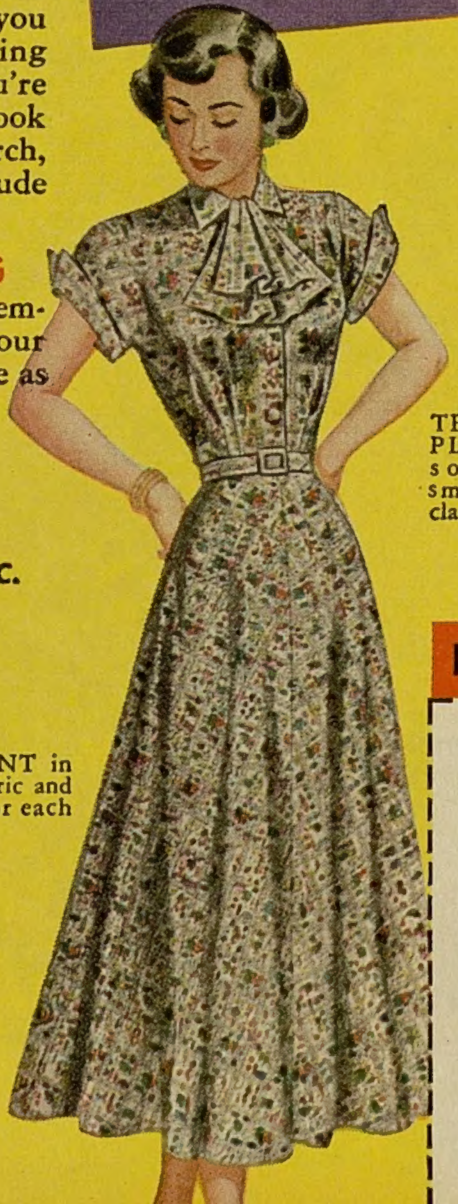

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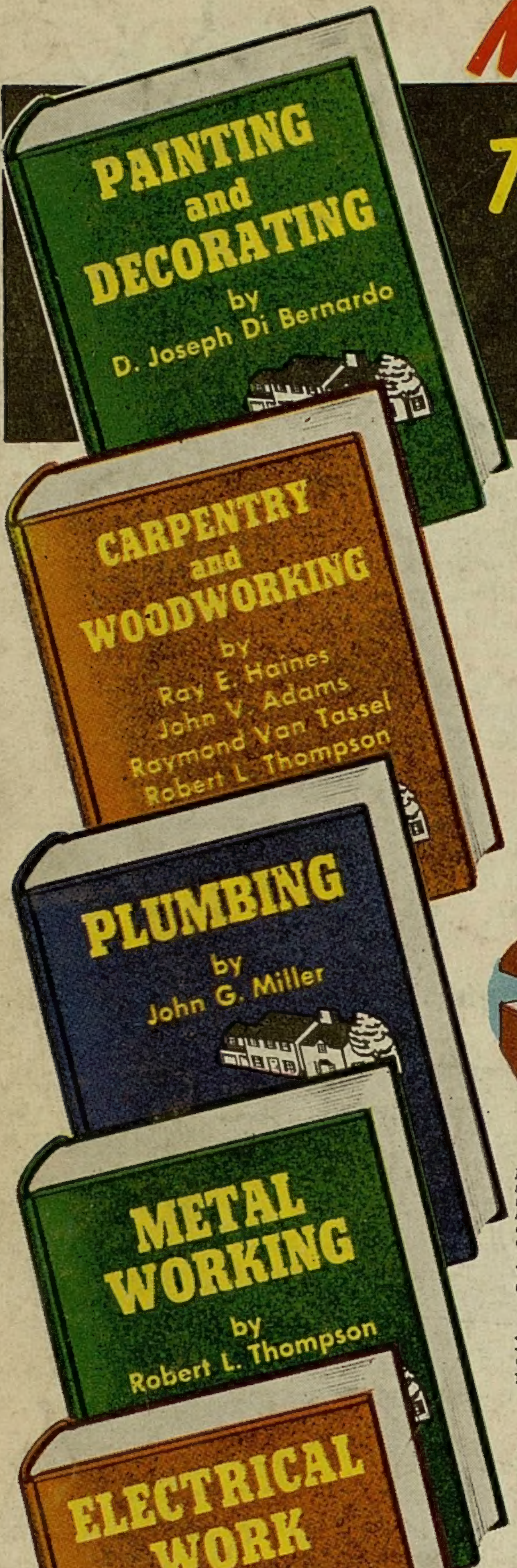
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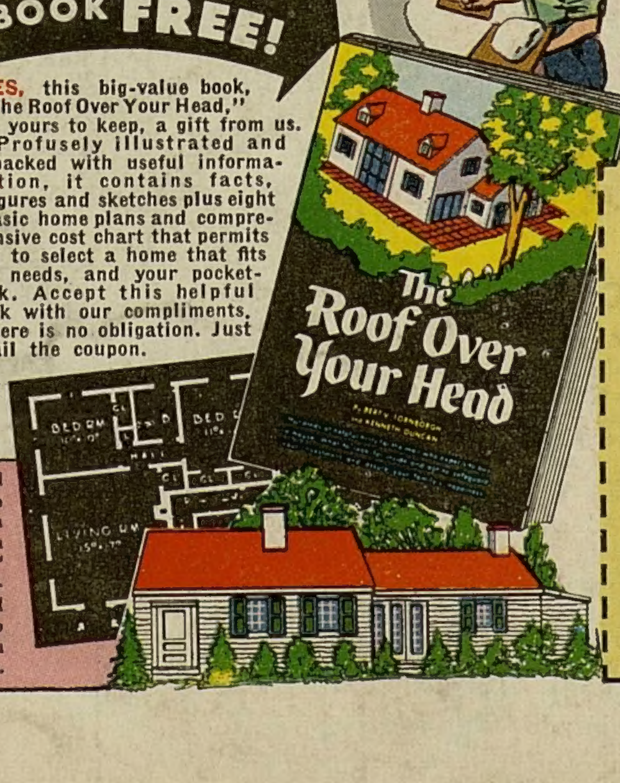
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